AMERICA'S FORGOTTEN MAJORITY: WHITE WORKING-CLASS VOTERS

The Atlantic Monthly

JUNE 2000

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UNABOMBER

THE BOY TED KACZYNSKI.

THE CULTURE OF DESPAIR.

THE EXPERIMENT.

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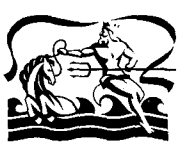

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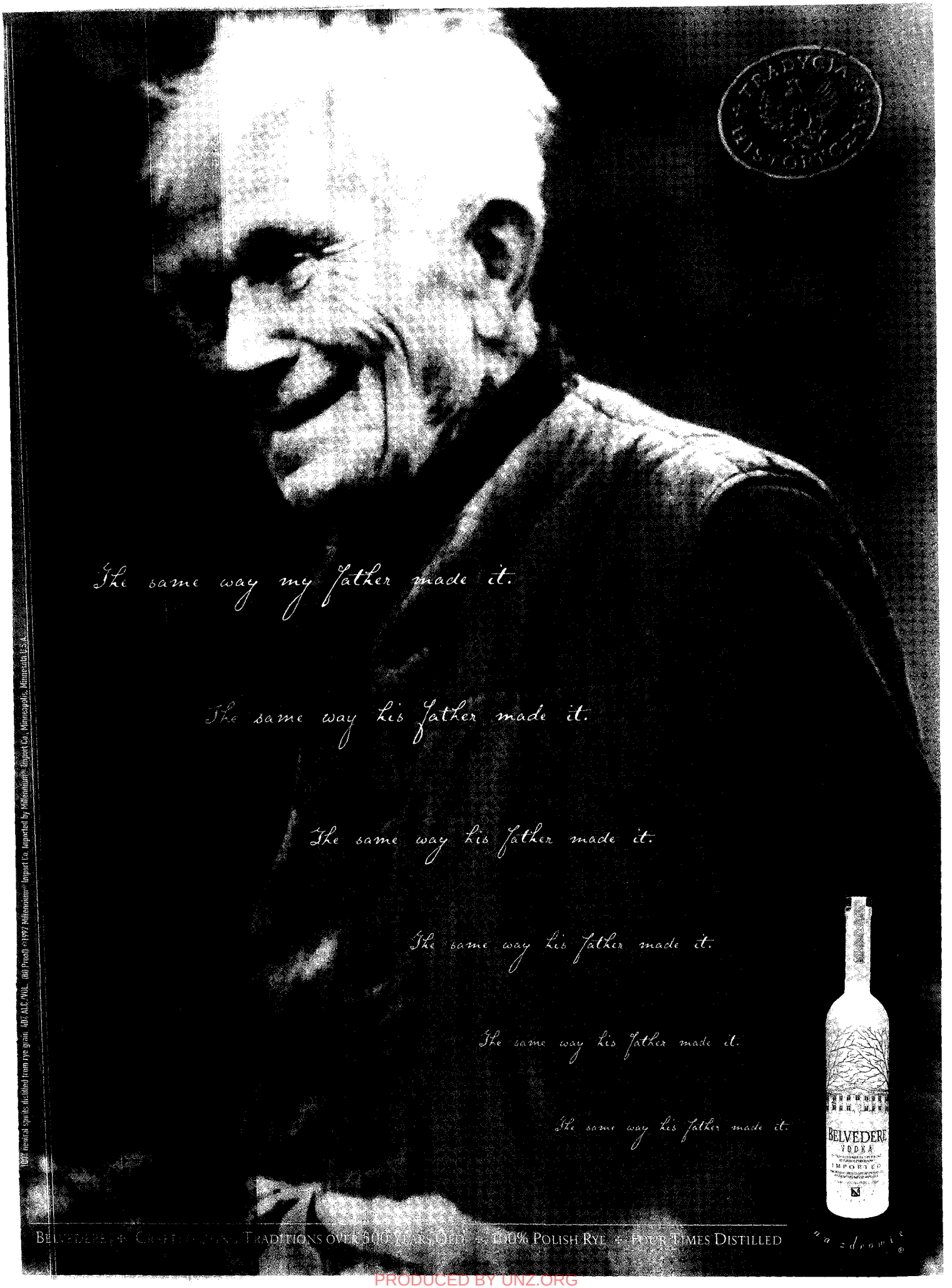

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77 NORTH WASHINGTON STREET

ALSTON Chase, the author of "Harvard and the Making of the Unabomber," this month's cover story, has been associated with *The Atlantic Monthly* since 1978, when the magazine published his first article intended for a wide audience, "Skipping Through College," about the decline of liberal-arts education. A few years later *The Atlantic* published Chase's "The Last Bears of Yellowstone," which triggered Senate hearings on the fate of the grizzly. The two articles conveniently frame the great preoccupations of Alston Chase's professional life: the preservation of our intellectual and our natural heritage.

TOM MURPHY

Chase, sixty-five, the son of an Army officer, is a former professor of philosophy with a distinguished academic pedigree (Harvard, Oxford, Princeton), who abandoned full-time university life in the 1970s in order to move with his family to Montana. They were "unwitting participants," as he now describes it, "in a broad-scale 'back to the land' movement." As a writer, a lecturer, and an independent scholar, Chase is today among the nation's most respected voices on issues of natural preservation. He keeps his prose understated and his humor dry. The opening sentence from a memoir: "The road was even worse than I remembered it, which was a good sign."

A conjunction of *The Wall Street Journal* and the *Earth Island Journal* is a rare ideological event, but both praised Chase's 1986 book *Playing God in Yellowstone*, a powerful critique of wildlife policy and the National Park Service. Chase's most recent book, *In a Dark Wood* (1995), offers a critical history of forest ecology and describes the misunderstandings that underlie policy debates on how our forests are managed. Readers surveyed last year by Random House listed *In a Dark Wood* as one of the century's hundred best works of nonfiction.

Chase's deep interest in intellectual history and the environment has brought him to the subject of the Unabomber, whose story combines elements of the two. "The book I'm working on," Chase says, "is about Ted Kaczynski, the times in which he grew up, and what they tell us about ourselves and contemporary America. In pursuing Kaczynski's past I'm not excusing his crimes by saying he's a 'product of his environment.' Those who dismiss him as crazy are the ones who would avoid moral judgments. I believe he is indeed evil. But I think that examining his life and era helps us to understand the nature of his evil and, through this, the moral dangers facing the country today." —THE EDITORS

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Sophie Cabot Black ("The Tree") teaches the writing of poetry at Columbia University. Her collection of poems, *The Misunderstanding of Nature* (1994), received the Norma Farber First Book Award.

Alston Chase ("Harvard and the Making of the Unabomber") is the author of *Playing God in Yellowstone* (1986) and *In a Dark Wood* (1995). He is at work on a book about Theodore Kaczynski.

William Drayton ("Secret Gardens"), a former management consultant for McKinsey and Company, is a social entrepreneur and the founder of the organizations Youth Venture, Get America Working!, and Ashoka: Innovators for the Public.

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David Schiff ("Threepenny Composer") is a composer and a professor of music at Reed College, in Portland, Oregon.

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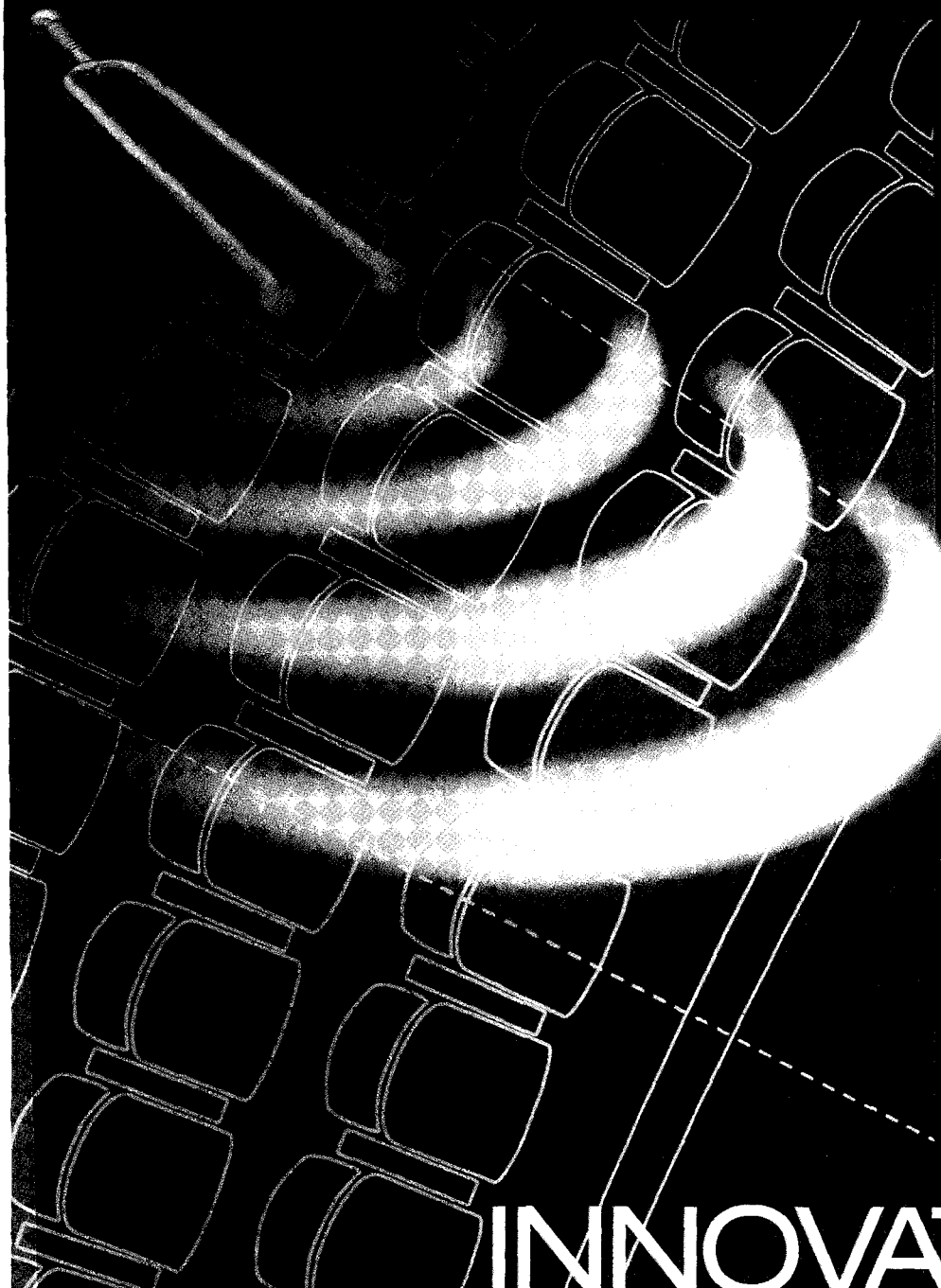

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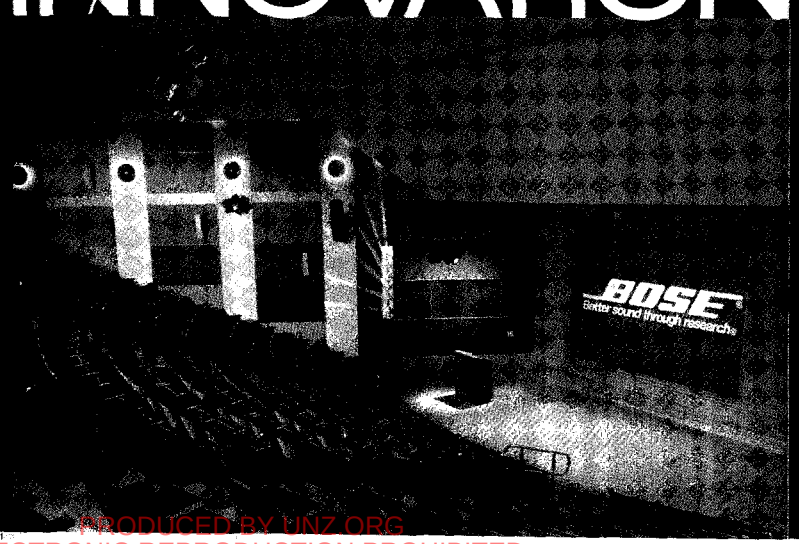

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LETTERS

The Kept University

"The Kept University," by Eyal Press and Jennifer Washburn (March *Atlantic*), contained several significant inaccuracies about me and my work. Since I was not contacted by either the authors or a fact checker, I would like to correct these errors here.

I and my colleagues did not, as the authors imply, try to extend the life of the patent on the anti-cancer drug cisplatin by double patenting. The patent applications filed on the drug, which was discovered by my laboratory at Michigan State University, covered both the pharmaceutical composition of matter and the method of use. The patent office initially allowed only method-of-use claims. Research Corporation, and later Research Corporation Technologies, acting on behalf of the university, kept a running battle going with the patent office for many years. Finally, in 1996, the patent office agreed to allow these claims, and they were issued as the second patent. We do not consider this "filing twice on the same invention," nor did the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office.

The four companies filing with the Food and Drug Administration for permission to produce cisplatin as a generic drug are not suing Michigan State University, as the authors state. They are being sued by Research Corporation Technologies to prohibit such production and sales. This is fully within the scope and responsibilities of RCT to protect the patent under a 1950 agreement with MSU (similar to those with hundreds of other universities and research institutions).

Press and Washburn have also taken a comment by me out of context. I did indeed tell the *Chronicle of Higher Education* that the university acted in a less than academic manner, but this was in reference to a totally different matter. In 1995, with large amounts of royalties accruing, MSU decided it wanted a bigger piece of the pie and sued Research Corporation Technologies to break the 1950 agreement. It was this act that led me (and other academics) to believe that MSU was wrong, and led to my statement about "selfish, money-hungry university personnel."

Barnett Rosenberg
Emeritus Professor
Michigan State University
Holt, Mich.

Eyal Press and Jennifer Washburn seriously misrepresent the agreement between UCLA Extension and OnlineLearning.net for the distribution of online courses. They fail to account for important changes made to the agreement when online education was added to the original terms, and they are wrong when they claim that Online Learning.net has acquired the copyright to Extension's online courses.

The original agreement—signed in June of 1994 by Extension and The Home Education Network, the predecessor to Online Learning.net—envisioned principally the audio and visual recording of Extension courses for distribution as secondary products that would augment Extension's regular course revenues through a royalty stream to be shared with participating instructors.

In late 1995 The Home Education Network proposed to shift its focus from distributing course recordings to distributing courses online (and in the process becoming OnlineLearning.net). Although the rapid development of the Internet and computer technology made such a shift understandable, Extension did not initially agree that the terms of the 1994 agreement covered online courses. A brief dispute with The Home Education Network ensued, leading to an amendment of the agreement in 1996 that incorporated online courses, but did so on the assumption that the agreement's terms would be further modified to provide the appropriate operating basis for online distribution. The negotiation of these modifications, which proved more complicated than either party anticipated, was completed in early 1999, and after review by the campus academic senate a second amendment was signed that recast the original agreement terms to reflect the shift from recordings to online.

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David C. Menninger
Associate Dean
UCLA Continuing Education and Extension
Los Angeles, Calif.

At the root of the debate over academic-industrial partnerships is the question of intellectual property—how to protect it without stifling the free and open exchange of ideas so crucial to academia. The problem hit home when, in reading your excellent article "The Kept University," I noticed a quotation lifted verbatim from an article I wrote in 1997 about the same topic. Michael McCarthy, an editor at *Lancet*, was quoted in your magazine as saying he "often can't find anyone who doesn't have a financial interest" when medical researchers submit their study results for publication. He said the same thing in my newspaper two years ago, and it remains true today.

Should I be upset that the authors, despite writing about intellectual property, failed to acknowledge where they got the quotation? Should I celebrate this minor act of plagiarism as being in keeping with the spirit of free and open exchange of information? I guess I'll celebrate.

Tom Paulson
Seattle Post-Intelligencer
Seattle, Wash.

Eyal Press and Jennifer Washburn reply:

We apologize to Barnett Rosenberg for not speaking to him directly concerning his comment about "money-hungry university personnel"—which, as he states, referred to an earlier lawsuit filed by Michigan State University against Research Corporation Technologies, its licensing agency, over royalties. Also, we acknowledge our error concerning the cisplatin lawsuit, which should have stated that RCT (acting on behalf of MSU) and Bristol-Meyers Squibb (the manufacturer) sued four drug companies for attempting to market generic versions of the drug.

Dr. Rosenberg's contention that RCT (and MSU) never sought "double patenting" on cisplatin, however, is contradicted by an October, 1999, U.S. district court ruling in New Jersey, which invalidated the second patent for "obviousness-type double patenting." It is true that the original cisplatin patent, issued in 1979, discussed both composition and "method of use." But according to Leydig, Voit & Mayer, a firm representing one of the generic-drug manufacturers, RCT and MSU did not actively pursue a second "composition-type" claim until six years later, and it was not until 1995 that the claim was amended to address cisplatin's light sensitivity, which was the basis of the second patent. Interestingly, shortly after the second patent was issued, MSU quietly settled its earlier royalty dispute with RCT.

David Menninger claims that we were "wrong" to assert that OnlineLearning.net acquired the copyright to courses in its 1994 agreement with UCLA's Extension school. Yet the agreement, far from being limited to audio and visual recording, explicitly grants the company "the sole, exclusive and irrevocable right under copyright and otherwise to make, produce and copyright by any means or 'Technology'" courses at the Extension school. The 1999 amendment does contain a clause assuring instructors that they control copyright, but only under condition that OnlineLearning.net retains "exclusive right to distribute UNEX's Classes By On-Line Means." In other words, professors are told that they retain the rights—but not when it comes to marketing and distributing their courses online, which is the crux of the issue.

We appreciate—and agree with—Tom Paulson's nonproprietary philosophy on the sharing of quotations in the public domain, but we apologize for not citing his article as the source of Michael McCarthy's quotation.

The Soundtracking of America

For the record (or the CD, as the case may be): In "The Soundtracking of America" (March *Atlantic*), J. Bottum quotes at some length from an essay I wrote in *The New York Times* last June. Unfortunately, this excerpt leaves out the final words of the anecdote and of my essay—a crucial omission that allows Bottum (wittingly or

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not) to misrepresent a conversation I had with my son as an "induction of a child into the complex trivialities of popular culture"—trivialities that for Bottum represent "the meaninglessness of the knowledge the boy and the father share, the way it doesn't fit anywhere or do anything."

I was not inducting my son into anything—he came to the Beatles' *White Album* and *Anthology* himself and surprised me with his interest in and knowledge of them. The "Lucky him" that Bottum characterizes as a "father's earnest irony about a son's memorizing his father's music" was, as the full quotation might have suggested ("Lucky him, growing up in a world without Answers"), precisely the opposite: a father's earnest gratitude for his son's *not* memorizing his father's music—for his *not* according "a piece of popular music recorded twenty-three years before he was born" the same reverence that many members of his father's generation did. In fact, the entire essay was an attempt to capture and question the fetishism that my generation continues to attach to the trivialities of popular music—again, precisely the opposite of Bottum's characterization of it.

Having stripped the anecdote of its context and my essay of its point, Bottum deplores the contextlessness of my conversation with my son as "disconcerting" and the pointlessness of our communication as "disturbing." I might agree—if that's what had happened and that's what I'd written.

Richard Panek
New York, N.Y.

The claim that Beethoven's "thunder echoed in a landscape of generally accepted ideas about God and man and nature" and that the purpose of his music was to "express and . . . perpetuate [a] shared sense of coherence" is preposterous. Beethoven's era was one of immense cultural and political upheaval, and his compositions revolutionized musical form. The same can be said of many of the composers Bottum seems to think were composing a yea-saying soundtrack for a stable "public metaphysics." This leads to a larger question: Where and when did this "shared sense of coherence" actually exist? I wonder if it is not a vague term for something that never existed.

Bottum's butchering of Nietzsche is even less forgivable. He writes that "Nietzsche wanted to end inhibition" and that "music hasn't melted us down into Nietzsche's unconstrained beasts." This is egregiously false: either Bottum has never read Niet-

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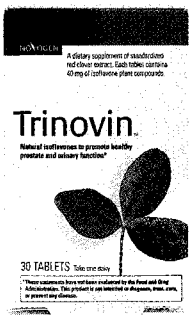

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American Opportunities Fund Class B received 5 stars for 10 years (of 786 domestic equity funds) and 4 stars for 5 years (of 2,283 funds) and 3 years (of 3,571 funds). European Growth Fund Class B received 5 stars for 5 years (of 672 international equity funds) and 4 stars for 3 years (of 1,124 funds). Information Fund Class B received 5 stars for 3 years (of 3,571 domestic equity funds). Mid-Cap Equity Trust Class B received 5 stars for 3 years (of 3,571 domestic equity funds). Prime Income Trust received 5 stars for 10 years (of 389 taxable bond funds), 5 years (of 1,279 funds) and 3 years (of 1,680 funds). Short-Term Bond Fund received 5 stars for 5 years (of 1,279 taxable bond funds) and 3 years (of 1,680 funds). Small Cap Growth Fund Class B received 5 stars for 5 years (of 2,283 domestic equity funds) and 3 years (of 3,571 funds). Tax-Exempt Securities Trust Class D received 4 stars for 10 years (of 403 municipal bond funds) and 5 stars for 5 years (of 1,394 funds) and 3 years (of 1,682 funds). Ratings are for the share classes indicated; other share class ratings may vary. Past performance is no guarantee of future results.

zsche or he has learned about him through the distortions of his philosophy by fascist hacks. In fact Nietzsche's argument in *The Birth of Tragedy* is that the Dionysian excesses of music can strengthen civilization by keeping us aware of our human limitations and channeling our irrational drives. Nietzsche's is one of the most powerful accounts of the cultural function of music, as even his opponents recognize, and deserves a better treatment than Bottum's caricature.

Geoffrey A. Shullenberger
Yonkers, N.Y.

The Black Book

It is a cruel irony that one month after you featured the London trial of David Irving, who, it seems beyond doubt, is a Holocaust denier, you published Professor J. Arch Getty's review of *The Black Book of Communism* ("The Future Did Not Work," March *Atlantic*). Getty does not review the book so much as conduct a polemic, mainly against the preface to *The Black Book* rather than against the work itself. He relentlessly tries to mitigate the murderous tendencies of Communist totalitarianism. And in order to do so he has to negate and distort the history and historiography of the countries in question. A scholar who has to make his case by falsehood and by denigrating the works of his colleagues and teachers—for example, by saying that nothing but crimes of the Soviet Union appeared in Soviet studies before 1980, or that the famine in Ukraine and elsewhere in the USSR was merely a "blunder"—cannot be relied on. It is distressing and even shameful to see you allowing polemic to masquerade as analysis on so crucial a subject.

Stephen Blank
United States Army War College
Carlisle, Pa.

Since J. Arch Getty has devoted a substantial part of his career to the revisionist history of the Soviet Union, which includes strenuous attempts to revise downward the number of its victims, it is hardly surprising that the volumes he reviewed found little favor with him.

Although Getty has recently upped his estimates of the victims of Soviet mass murders, he still feels a residual compulsion to mitigate or dissolve the guilt of that regime—now in the name of balance and objectivity. He also remains unwilling to entertain the possibility that the ideas and ideology of Marx and Lenin had something to do with Soviet (and other Communist) political violence.

Getty is disturbed by the moral equation of Nazism and communism to which the French authors incline. It seems to escape him that whatever the precise comparative body counts and whatever institutional differences there were between the two systems, it is still possible to reach the conclusion that each was unequivocally evil in its own distinctive way.

Getty seeks to take the moral sting out of the Soviet Communist repression by suggesting that it was unplanned, haphazard, stupid, incompetent, and ineffective, and not carried out by a "coldly efficient machine." But the system was efficient enough to eliminate its designated enemies. The definition and classification of the enemy had many irrational aspects, but once the decision was made to label particular groups or individuals as the enemy, they rarely escaped retribution.

Getty complains of an excess of Western writings about Soviet repression: "Soviet specialists provided us with a full menu of Communist atrocities," he writes with apparent irritation. But Solzhenitsyn (whom he mentions as an example) is not a Western "Soviet specialist," and without him and other Soviet (and other Communist) exiles and defectors, the Western literature on the crimes of communism would be very slight indeed.

Paul Hollander
Professor of Sociology
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Mass.

J. Arch Getty replies:

The figures I used are taken from the archives of the Soviet gulag. They were published six years ago by me and others, and have been confirmed by Khrushchev's and Gorbachev's politburos (in secret) and by Yeltsin's administration and the Russian Memorial Society (in public).

My critics are most concerned that my review mitigates the evils of Stalinist repression. This was certainly not my intention, but not for the reasons they suspect. I sought to draw distinctions between Nazi and Stalinist terror as a matter of historical fact. The moral aspect is not the only lens through which we can try to understand these events. A terror of 800,000 summary executions is as immoral as one of six million. Communist terror was no less evil than fascist terror. But they were not the same.

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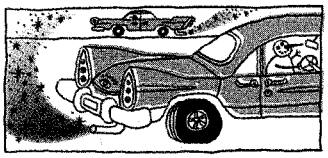
THE JUNE ALMANAC

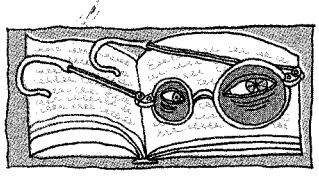


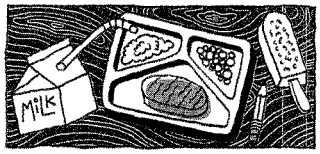
Demographics

Factory shipments of air-conditioning equipment to dealers and distributors typically peak in June. Last June they reached a record high, with some 870,000 central-air-conditioning units shipped. The strong economy and unprecedented levels of housing sales and construction are thought to be the main factors. The spate of heat waves in recent years has also contributed, as air-conditioning has come to be seen not as a luxury but as a potential lifesaver, especially for the elderly. Half of all American homes have central air-conditioning, and 80 percent of new homes do. The market is even more saturated in Japan. Accordingly, the industry is eyeing the long-resistant European market, which shows signs of relenting: for example, from 1993 to 1998 the percentage of new cars equipped with air-conditioning rose from just about zero to 28.

Arts & Letters

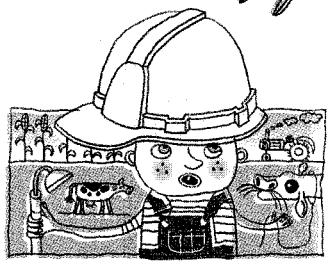
June **16**: "Bloomsday," the date on which James Joyce's novel *Ulysses* takes place, and the annual occasion of commemorative events throughout the world. This year celebrants in Dublin, the novel's setting, can see the only complete handwritten manuscript of the novel in existence, a document that has never before been in Ireland (Joyce wrote *Ulysses* while living abroad). The manuscript will be on exhibit at the Chester Beatty Library, in Dublin Castle; it is on loan from the Rosenbach Museum & Library, in Philadelphia. In 1919 Joyce arranged to sell a manuscript of his novel-in-progress to the New York attorney and art collector John Quinn. He sent the material to Quinn in installments—often before he had finished revising it—until the book's publication, in 1922. Quinn sold the manuscript to the book dealer A.S.W. Rosenbach in 1924. It contains the earliest and most complete existing versions of many of the book's chapters, and also the cleanest—something that Joyce's publisher, faced with deciphering his countless revisions, would no doubt have appreciated.





Food

Each June, as schools let out for the year, the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Summer Food Service Program—an affiliate of the National School Lunch program, which subsidizes lunches for children from low-income families—resumes. This year lunches will be served at some 31,000 sites, ranging from schools and community centers to churches and camps; this is the largest number in the program's 32-year history. The number of children who receive lunches through the summer program has been rising recently, after dropping drastically in the 1980s; during the 1990s the program drew roughly 2.2 million children annually. Even so, participation is far lower than in the school-year program, which served 15 million children last year. The disparity in enrollments apparently relates to visibility and accessibility: a 1994 survey found that half the families who were eligible for the summer program were unaware of its existence, and half of those who did know about it lived too far from a program site to want to participate.

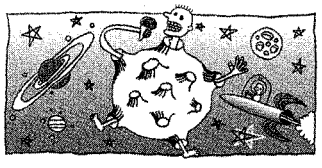


Health & Safety

Farming fatalities typically peak during the summer, especially among children, who do more farm work when school is out. In 1998 some 32,000 children and teenagers were injured, and 100 killed, in farm-related accidents, half of which occurred during the summer months. This season brings the first national safety guidelines for children working on farms. The North American Guidelines for Children's Agricultural Tasks—a series produced collaboratively by various agricultural health and safety commissions—will be available at fairs, 4-H clubs, supply companies, and other venues. The guidelines contain questions to help parents assess a child's readiness for specific tasks—"Do the bales weigh less than 10-15% of the child's body weight?" "Does the child do things that seem dangerous for the thrill of it?"—along with corresponding advice. The guidelines are an attempt to reduce injuries without resorting to government regulation.

The Skies

June **5**: The waxing crescent Moon lies above the western horizon, with the bright stars Castor and Pollux—the heads of the twins in the constellation Gemini—to the north. **16**: Full Moon, also known this month as the Rose, the Honey, or the Strawberry Moon or the Moon of Making Fat. **20**: At 9:48 P.M. EDT the Summer Solstice, marking the official beginning of summer.



Government

June **1**: A stronger version of the 1994 Driver's Privacy Protection Act takes effect today. Both versions restrict the freedom of states to sell names, addresses, and other personal information collected in issuing drivers' licenses. Some states have made this information available to direct marketers, journalists, and others for less than a dollar a request; New York earned $17 million from such sales in one year alone. The original legislation, prompted by the murder of an actress whose stalker obtained her home address from the California Department of Motor Vehicles, allowed information to be sold except when individual drivers requested otherwise. The new version prohibits states from disclosing information about any driver who does not explicitly consent.

50 Years Ago

Lord David Cecil, writing in the June, 1950, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "To train our taste is to increase our capacity for pleasure: for it enables us to enter into such a variety of experience. This indeed is the special precious power of literature. In actual life our experience is inevitably restricted both by the limitations imposed by circumstances and by our own character. No one person can ever know in practice what it is like to be both a man and a woman, a mystic and a materialist, a criminal and a pillar of society. . . . But books can teach us to be all these things in imagination. Every reader is a Lady of Shalott, who, secluded in his secret chamber, forgets the hours, as he sits watching the endless procession of human thought and passion and action, as it passes, motley and tumultuous, across the gleaming mirror of literature."

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The Return of Ancient Times

Why the warrior politics of the twenty-first century will demand a pagan ethos

by Robert D. Kaplan

IN 1988, during the Palestinian intifada, the Israeli Defense Minister, Yitzhak Rabin, referring to Palestinian protesters, reportedly told Israeli soldiers to "go in and break their bones." Rabin's standing with the public began to rise thereafter. In 1992 hard-line Israeli voters switched to the Labor Party, only because Rabin headed the ticket. As Prime Minister, Rabin used his new power to start peace talks with the Palestinians and the Jordanians. Rabin, who was assassinated in 1995, is now judged a hero by enlightened public opinion the world over.

In 1970 and again in the 1980s King Hussein of Jordan cracked down brutally on the Palestinians. Had Hussein been subject to Western judicial procedures, he might have been implicated in mistreating considerable numbers of people through his security services. Yet Hussein's crackdown saved his kingdom from those who would have been less just in office than he was.

Western admirers of Rabin and Hussein prefer to forget their ruthlessness. But Niccolò Machiavelli would have understood that such tactics were central to their virtue. In an imperfect world, Machiavelli wrote, good men bent on doing good must learn how to be bad. And in this world virtue has much less to do with individual perfection than with political results.

By substituting pagan for Christian virtue, Machiavelli ex-

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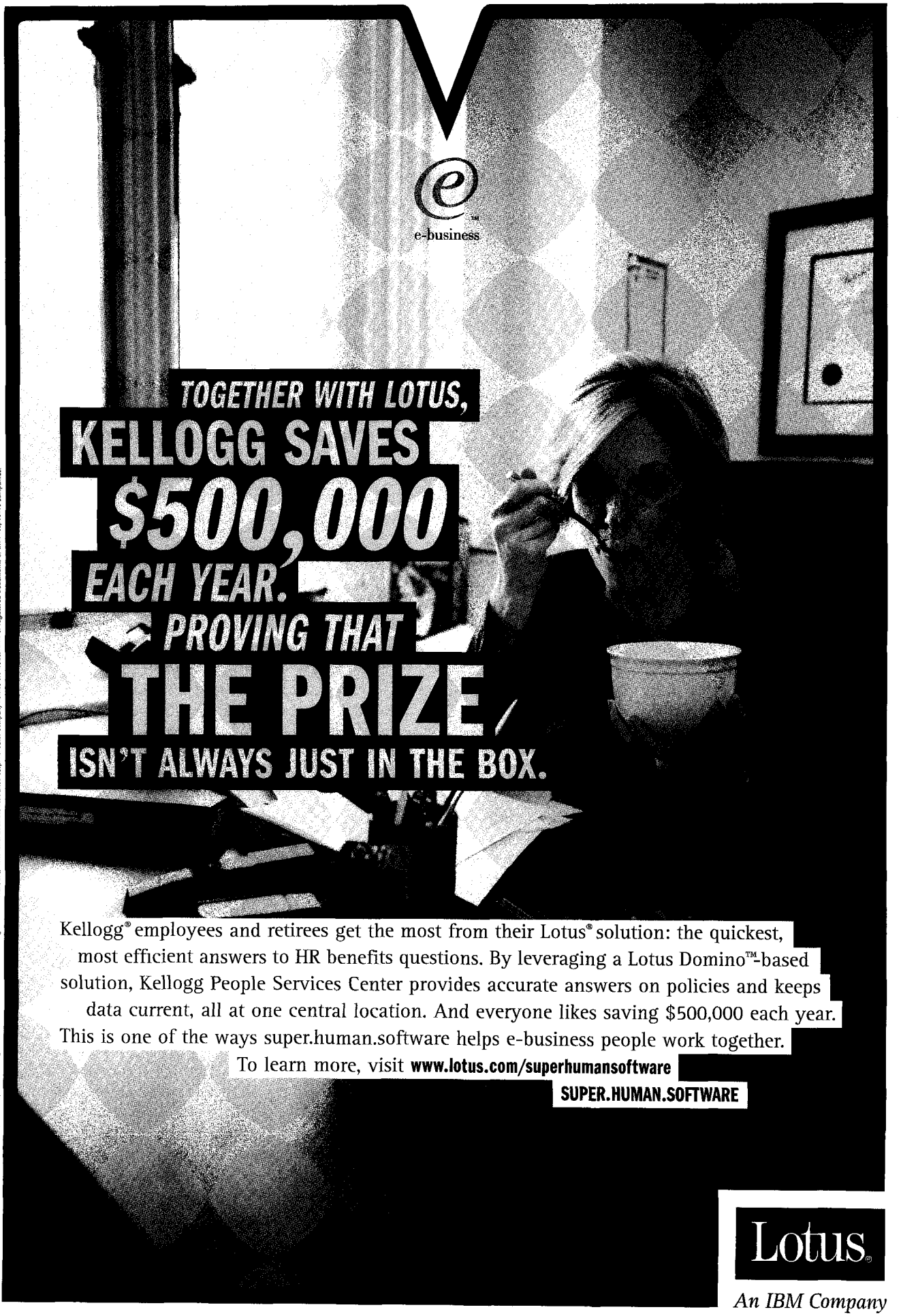

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plained better than any political scientist today how Rabin and Hussein could become what they were. There is nothing amoral about Machiavelli's pagan virtue either. The late Oxford philosopher Isaiah Berlin observed that Machiavelli's values may not be Christian but they are moral. Berlin implied that they are the Periclean and Aristotelian values of the ancient *polis*—values that secure a stable political community. (If you want to act strictly according to Christian ethics, Berlin suggested in explaining Machiavelli, that's fine—so long as you don't assume political responsibility for the lives of too many others.) But even Machiavelli has his limits. By his standards, Rabin and Hussein are moral, because they used only the minimum degree of cruelty required to further a virtuous cause. Augusto Pinochet is not. His cruelty was excessive and his cause was questionable, so he lacks virtue.

Machiavelli's emphasis on political necessity rather than moral perfection framed his philosophical attack on the Church. By in effect leaving the Church, he left the medieval world and kindled the political Renaissance, renewing links with Thucydides, Polybius, Livy, Tacitus, Seneca, Sallust, and other classical thinkers.

A tenet of classical philosophy states that primitive necessity and self-interest drive politics—all to the good, because competing self-interests allow for compromise, whereas rigid moral arguments lead to war, which is rarely the better option. Explaining Machiavelli brilliantly, the Harvard professor Harvey Mansfield writes in *Machiavelli's Virtue* (1966) that primitive necessity is irresistible, because human affairs are always "in motion": "A man or a country may be able to afford generosity today, but what of tomorrow?" (Today we may be able to intervene in East Timor, but what if we have to fight China over the Taiwan Strait tomorrow?) "Anxious foresight" must therefore be the centerpiece of any prudent policy. In recent decades, however, such verities have sometimes been disdained by American foreign-policy makers, journalists, academics, and intellectuals.

The uncomfortable classical truths enunciated in the fifth century B.C. by the historian Thucydides, revived by Machiavelli, and imbibed by Alexander Hamilton and James Madison—truths such as *Morality and patriotism can best be obtained through self-interest; Conflict is inherent in the human condition; The law of nature precludes a republic of perfect virtue and demands instead a balance of forces among men and groups*—are often forgotten. The American elite has come to believe that the solution for humanity is to adopt a few universally applicable remedies, such as democracy, respect for minority rights, and free-market capitalism. Whether liberals or neoconservatives, many of those who came of age in the 1960s have trouble dealing with such facts as national characteristics ingrained by historical and geographic circumstance, and violence for its own sake.

The 1994–1996 war in Chechnya illustrates ancient verities to which policymakers and intellectuals often cannot admit. Chechen fighters pulled rockets out of the pods of downed Russian helicopters and refitted them in order to shoot down low-flying Russian planes, and wore fur masks to keep their faces from being burned by the backfire. The Chechens fought with a ferocity and an ingenuity unusual even by the standards of the Caucasus, which can be explained by a nineteenth-century Muslim warrior tradition against Russian colonialism. But nowadays thinking in terms of group character is often dismissed as deterministic: to think of Chechens as Chechens is to stereotype, denying each Chechen his individuality. Any reference to tragic histories anywhere—the Balkans, sub-Saharan Africa—is similarly tagged deterministic and therefore invalid.

Seeing the future purely in terms of group characteristics and historical experience can certainly immobilize policy. But it is also true that outlawing generalizations about peoples and regions immobilizes meaningful discussion about them. Denying such factors as history and culture and geography, and denying the effects of these factors on group behavior, would end the work of intelligence services and others who try to forestall crises through anxious foresight. Seneca, the first-century Roman stoic, wrote that foresight based on probability is all we ever have to go by, and probability need not mean inevitability.

Statements regarding Kosovo by the Clinton Administration in the spring of last year are another example of an inability to confront difficult truths. Because the Administration insufficiently acknowledged the historical hatred between Serbs and Albanians in Kosovo, it seemed ill prepared for both the ethnic-cleansing campaign the Serbs perpetrated against Albanians in response to the NATO bombing and the retributive attacks by Albanians against Serbs. The Serbian leader, Slobodan Milosevic, bears responsibility for the atrocities, but he also had historical memory with which to work. The Administration sold the war as a moral crusade against Milosevic; because the American public would tolerate significant casualties only for reasons of national interest, the Administration limited itself to a low-risk air campaign. The air war eventually succeeded, but by the time it did, thousands of Albanian Kosovars had died. Just as good men must learn how to be bad in order to do good, moral goals often require "amoral" arguments, or, rather, arguments using an ancient morality—arguments the Administration failed to make convincingly.

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Nothing demonstrates the gulf between our lofty goals and the reality of the human condition better than the refrain "No more Bosnias." In fact there were several Bosnias in the Caucasus of the early 1990s, to which the American media and intellectual community paid scant attention. Abkhazia, Ossetia, and Nagorno-Karabakh all suffered ethnic killings and expulsions involving more than a million people combined. The American elite yearns for singularity: if atrocities are rare, then they are preventable. But the truth is that sectarian killing in poor parts of the world may for the foreseeable future overwhelm our appetite for armed intervention. Thus triage, rather than wish fulfillment ("No more Bosnias"), will define American foreign policy.

Preventing even selected Bosnias will depend on our use of anxious foresight based on models of historical and geographical circumstance, national characteristics, and the like, reinforced by strong intelligence agencies and conflict-resolution teams. We must remember that human progress has often been made in the space between idealism and savagery: idealism, by idealizing, ignores difficult facts, however well-intentioned it is.

Indeed, the more modern and technological we become—the more our lives

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become a mechanized routine against instinct—the more the most instinctual forces within us rebel. And in those places that fail to compete technologically, many young men may become ancient warriors, raping and pillaging and wearing tribal insignia rather than uniforms—as we have already seen in the Balkans, sub-Saharan Africa, and elsewhere. We will learn that there is no modern or post-modern anymore. There is only the continuation of the ancient—a world that, however technological and united by global institutions, the Greek and Roman philosophers would recognize and be able to cope with.

▪ ▪ ▪

The outlines of the post–Cold War world have now emerged. The evils of the twentieth century—Nazism, fascism, communism—were caused by populist mass movements in Europe whose powers were magnified by industrialization; likewise, the terrors of the next century will be caused by populist movements (themselves an aspect of worldwide democratization), this time empowered by post-industrialization. Because industrialization depended on scale, it concentrated power in the hands of state rulers; the evils of Hitler and Stalin were consequently enormous. Post-industrialization, with its miniaturization, puts power in the hands of anyone with a laptop and a pocketful of plastic explosives. So we will have new evils and chronic instability. The world will truly be ancient.

The thinkers who will guide us through these troubling but by no means apocalyptic times will be those who teach us how to discern unpleasant truths in the midst of crises and how to act with both caution and cunning. The United States requires a generation of policymakers armed with a classical education.

The curriculum should consist of ancient historians and philosophers and those who have carried on their tradition: Machiavelli, Burke, Hobbes, Gibbon, Kant, Madison, Hamilton, Tocqueville, Mill, and, in the twentieth century, Berlin, Raymond Aron, Arnold Toynbee, Reinhold Niebuhr, and George Kennan. These are only examples, and a range of opinions exists within this group. (Berlin, for instance, opposes the determinism implicit in Gibbon's and Toynbee's grand sweep of history.)

What most of these men have in common is skepticism and a constructive realism. Machiavelli and the eighteenth-century Briton Edmund Burke both thought that conscience was a pretense to cover self-interest. Hobbes instructed that faith must be excluded from philosophy, because it is not supported by reason; reason concerns cause and effect, and so philosophy ultimately concerns the resolution of forces; and in politics this leads to the balance of power and a search for order. As distasteful as the ideas of Machiavelli and Hobbes may seem to the contemporary mind, those two philosophers invented the modern state. They saw that all men needed security in order to acquire material possessions, and that a bureaucratic organ was required to regulate the struggle for acquisition peacefully and impartially. The aim of such an organ was never to seek the highest good, only the common good.

The Founding Fathers departed from Machiavelli in placing more faith in ordinary people, but they did adhere to his ideas of pagan virtue. Recognizing that faction and struggle are basic to the human condition, they substituted the arenas of party politics and the marketplace for actual battlefields.

The same principles have also governed the relationships between states, which shift constantly for advantage and frequently take the law into their own hands. In such a world, the theologian Niebuhr cautioned, America's very dominance would ultimately ensnarl its destiny with those of many other nations; thus our democratic vision would be weakened by a vast web of history. Kennan, the statesman, warned that the more underdeveloped the country, the more ruthless we must be toward its inhabitants to improve their society. Such unsavory truths, all descending ultimately from Thucydides' *The Peloponnesian War*, are too rarely taught. Our elites are less like Renaissance pragmatists than like medieval churchmen, sanctimoniously dividing the world into good and evil.

Ancient wisdom is certainly not a cure for the foreign-policy challenges ahead. It is merely a way of reintroducing a kind of thinking, long pilloried, that will be useful in a world where—for some decades, at least—the sheer number and complexity of crises will test our moralistic certainties. Ancient morality need not undermine Judeo-Christian ethics. Rather, the sophisticated use of the one in foreign policy may help to advance the other.

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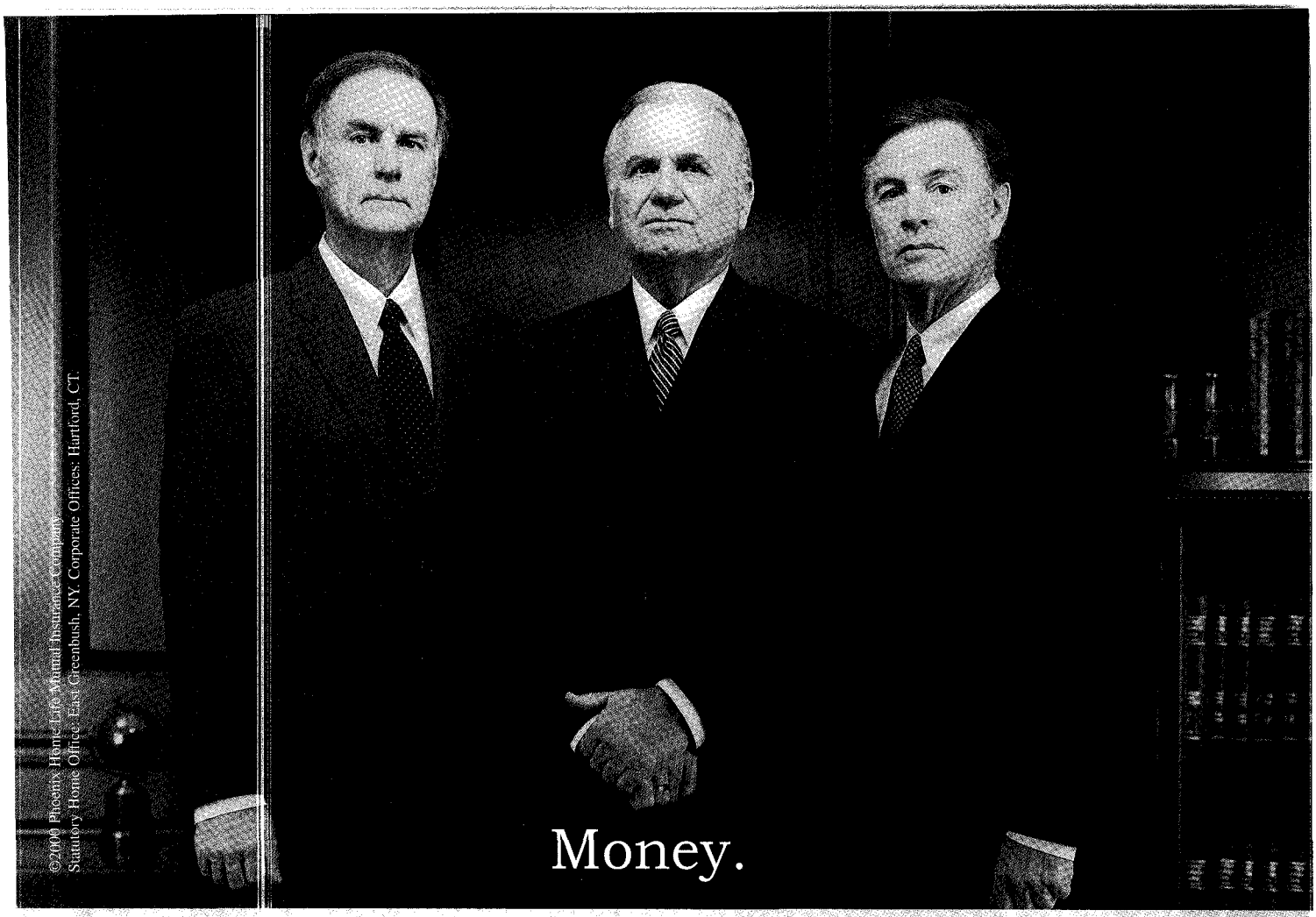

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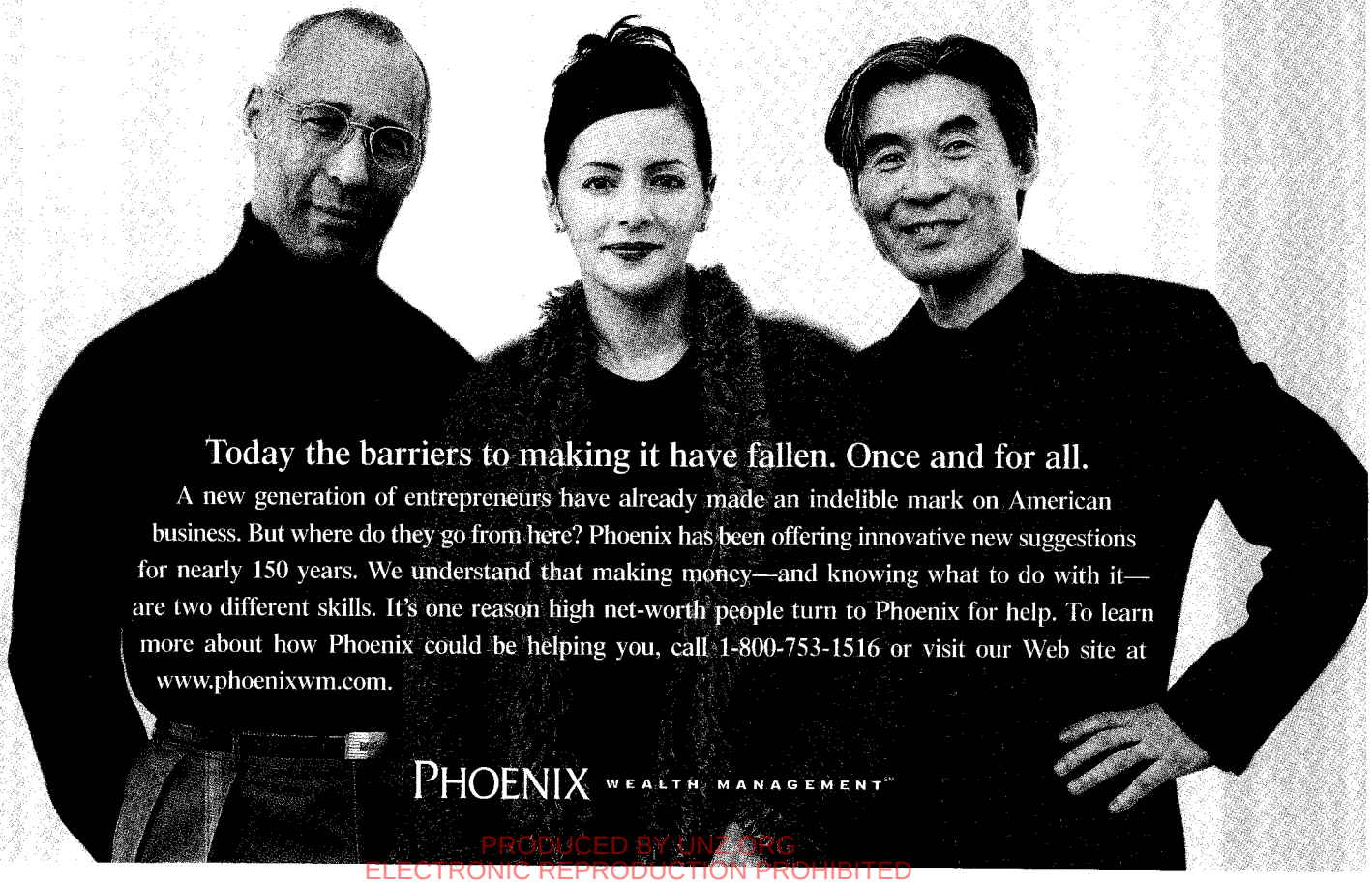

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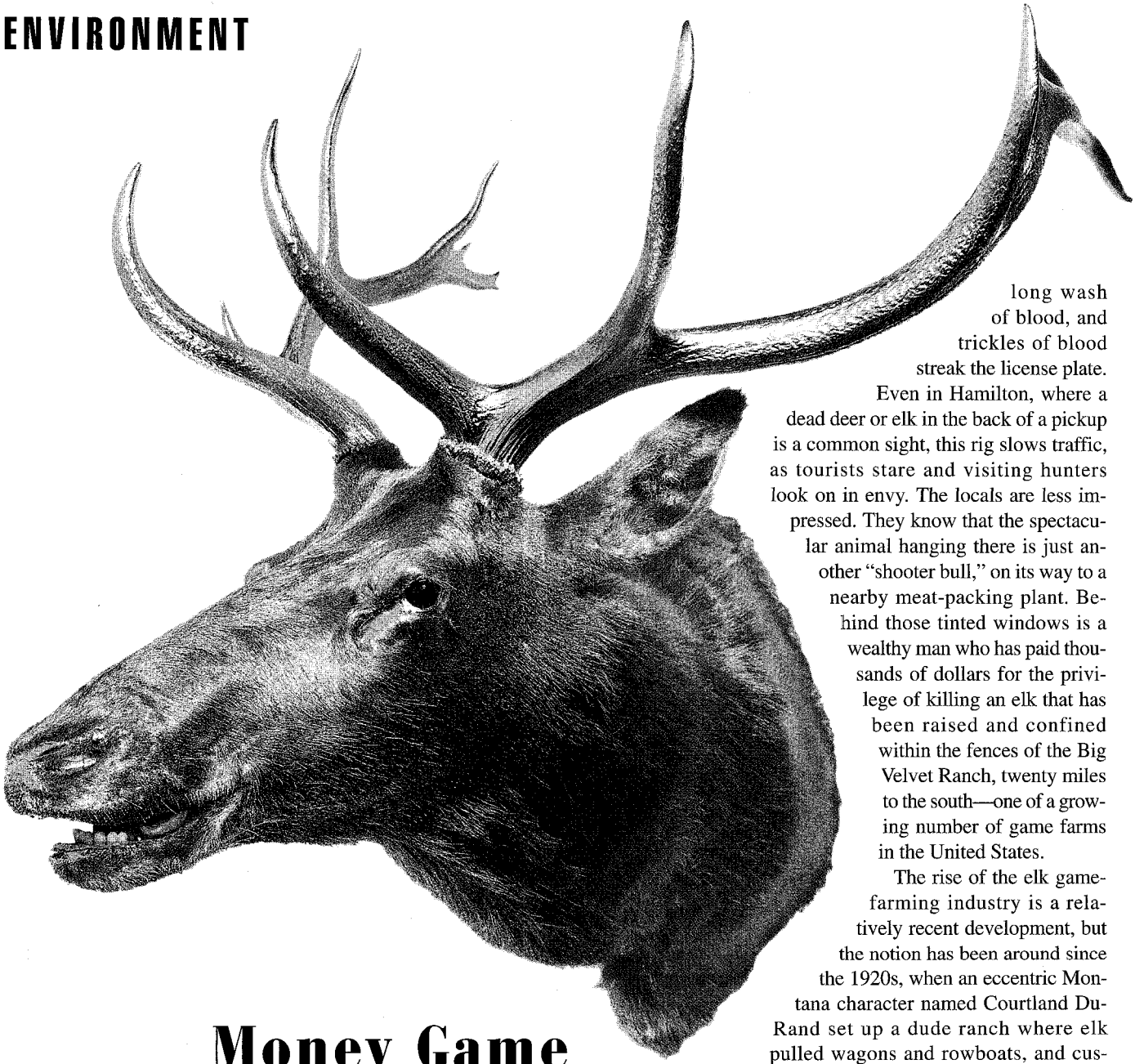

Money Game

Impatient hunters seeking guaranteed trophy antlers—and impatient Asians seeking aphrodisiacs—have made elk farms a thriving business. We're just starting to assess the damage

by Hal Herring

ON a hot September afternoon the small town of Hamilton, Montana, is a busy place. Expensive Jeep Cherokees are towing rafts and drift boats. Sport utility vehicles cruise by full of camping and fishing and rock-climbing gear. Old pickups loaded with firewood and a .22 rifle or a shotgun in the gun rack wait at stoplights. Conspicuous in the traffic is a brand-new flatbed four-wheel-drive with tinted windows and a special rack in the back, from which hangs a truly monumental bull elk, the smooth mahogany-colored surface of its antlers protected by a wrap of rubber inner tube. The metal of the flatbed shows a long wash of blood, and trickles of blood streak the license plate. Even in Hamilton, where a dead deer or elk in the back of a pickup is a common sight, this rig slows traffic, as tourists stare and visiting hunters look on in envy. The locals are less impressed. They know that the spectacular animal hanging there is just another "shooter bull," on its way to a nearby meat-packing plant. Behind those tinted windows is a wealthy man who has paid thousands of dollars for the privilege of killing an elk that has been raised and confined within the fences of the Big Velvet Ranch, twenty miles to the south—one of a growing number of game farms in the United States.

The rise of the elk game-farming industry is a relatively recent development, but the notion has been around since the 1920s, when an eccentric Montana character named Courtland DuRand set up a dude ranch where elk pulled wagons and rowboats, and customers applauded as trained bison dropped from a forty-foot-high platform into an artificial lake.

The modern industry is a more serious business. North American farmed elk produce 100 tons a year of blood-rich immature "velvet" antler, cut from bulls' heads annually in June and sold mostly by the Asian medicine trade, which markets it as a general tonic and an aphrodisiac—by some estimates a $3 billion industry worldwide. Farmed elk also provide shoots for trophy seekers who have neither the time nor the inclination to take their chances in the Rocky Mountain wilderness. The number of people taking part in these staged hunts is growing. Last year the Big Velvet broke its own record, providing trophy heads for more than 140 clients. The price for a bull varies accord-

Photograph by Michael Indresano

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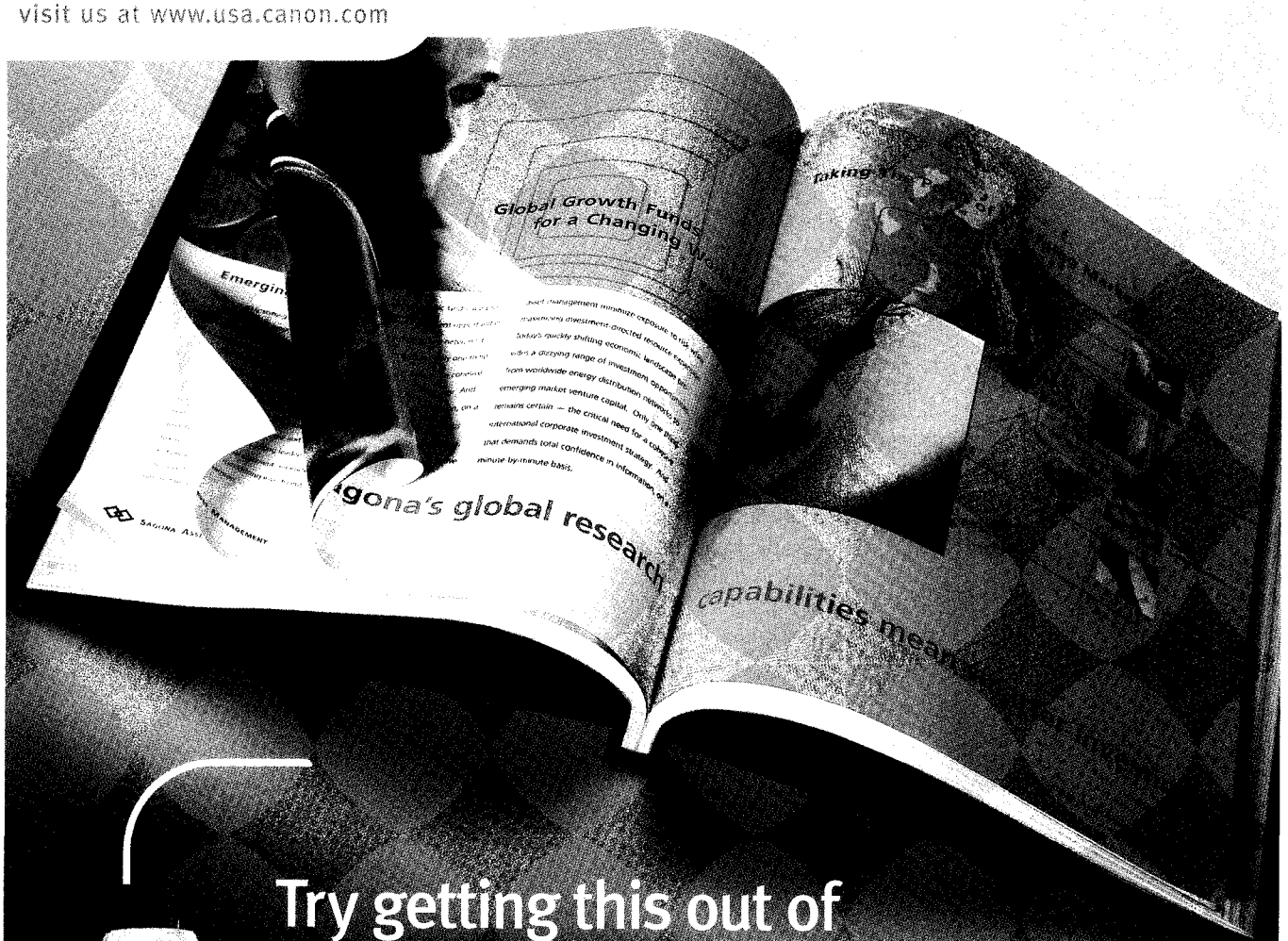

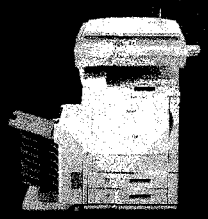

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ing to how large the antlers are. Hunts at the Big Velvet start at $5,500 and may cost $20,000 or more.

Colorado is the current leader in elk ranching, with more than 140 game farms holding more than 10,000 elk captive. In 1994 the game-farming industry in Colorado successfully lobbied the state to transfer the regulation of elk game farms from the Division of Wildlife—which worried about habitat loss and the spread of disease from captive elk to native wildlife populations—to the Department of Agriculture, which is less concerned with such matters. Wyoming is the only Rocky Mountain state that has outlawed game farming and captive shooting—after a campaign that took several years and a great deal of public money.

Many hunters prefer not to discuss the origins of the trophy head that hangs on the living-room wall.

In Montana, despite the efforts of industry lobbyists, state wildlife officials still share jurisdiction with the Department of Livestock. And even here the property-rights movement, whose interests dominate the state legislature, has successfully deflected attempts by wildlife advocates to ban or further regulate the industry. Across the state, as new game farms are established, their fenced-in herds displace native deer, elk, antelope—and just about every other wild creature except birds, which have probably benefited from the creation of large areas newly freed of natural predators.

Because wildlife is considered a public resource, the land to be fenced for a game farm must first be cleared of all wild game. The "game-proof" fences that went up for the Big Velvet, in 1993, enclosed some particularly valuable deer habitat and elk winter range. Len Wallace, the Big Velvet's owner, hired local teenagers to run through the gullies and coulees of the property, driving mule deer to the proposed fenceline. Helicopters buzzed the scattered herds of deer to keep them moving. The area was then opened to hunters who held unused deer tags from the past season. Finally game wardens moved in and shot forty-nine mule deer that refused to leave the area. The wild elk were still in the high country, so they escaped slaughter. When snow brought them down to their winter range, they encountered an eight-foot-high fence and came face to face with their captive brethren.

Prospective clients of the Big Velvet are sent photographs of available shooter bulls and a promotional video narrated by Wallace, who shows the bulls wandering around the property and reports exactly what each animal will score on the Boone and Crockett scale—a standard measure of the horns and antlers of North American big game. In the video's finale happy trophy seekers—including a bow hunter in full camouflage garb and facepaint—pose with their elk. "Finally I got one exactly the way I wanted it," one client says. In game-magazine advertisements the Big Velvet boasts of "The Worlds Most Successful Trophy Elk Hunt! 100% Success, No Kill, No Pay" and promises a "video of your hunt" along with transportation and lodging. Other ads show giant bull elk killed by clients of the fenced Yellowstone Game Ranch, near Sidney, Montana, far out on the plains.

Fenced trophy shoots are in themselves nothing new. In Texas, which has very little public land and almost no opportunities for public hunting, they have been around for decades. A client in Texas can choose from an array of exotic game on dozens of fenced ranches and make guaranteed kills of everything from greater kudu to gemsbok to addax to giant white-tailed deer fed on supplements and selectively bred for fantastic antler production. What is new is the growth of captive shooting in the Rocky Mountain states, where wild herds still roam public lands and the tradition of "fair chase" hunting has attained an almost religious status.

THE modern version of farming elk for breeding stock and velvet came to Montana in the mid-1970s, when a Corwin Springs outfitter and restaurant owner named Welch Brogan started the Cinnabar Game Farm, in Paradise Valley, north of Yellowstone National Park. Brogan, with help from a Korean entrepreneur, was the first to exploit the Asian market for velvet antler. Beginning in 1974, he also air-freighted over 300 head of elk to buyers in Korea. In the late 1980s state game officials began to suspect that Brogan and others were supplementing their herds with elk captured from the wild. Brogan was found guilty in 1991 of capturing eighty wild elk, and lost his license to operate.

One outspoken critic of the growing game-farming industry is Jim Posewitz. Posewitz spent thirty-two years as a fish-and-wildlife biologist in Montana before retiring to start Orion The Hunter's Institute, a kind of think tank dedicated to conservation and the preservation of ethical hunting traditions. He is the author of *Beyond Fair Chase* (1994), an eloquent discourse on the ethics of hunting which is often used as a text in state-sponsored hunting-education programs, and *Inherit the Hunt, A Journey Into the Heart of American Hunting* (1999). Posewitz is appalled by the growth of captive shooting. "It is killing," he says, "and nothing more. The worst crime is that it prostitutes and trivializes both hunting and wild game animals."

Game farmers have little concern for such pieties. Mark Taylor, a lawyer in Helena and a representative of the Montana Alternative Livestock Producers, views captive shooting pragmatically. "You have a product," Taylor says, "and as a business owner you have a responsibility to explore the markets that will yield the best profits. If a harvest situation is your best market, then you go with that." Len Wallace said in a 1997 interview that state wildlife officials had persecuted the Big Velvet because they were in direct competition with him to provide big game for hunters. "People who hunt on my property don't have to buy a hunting license," he said. "Besides, I produce a better product, and [the wardens] know that."

Many hunters prefer not to discuss the origins of the trophy head that hangs on the living-room wall or above the office desk. One Big Velvet client willing to talk is Mike Ferrari, an international hunter and the owner of a successful southern-California greenhouse business. The experience changed the way Ferrari thinks about hunting. "I wouldn't want my name out there as a pro-game-ranch hunter," he says. "At the same time, I don't want to take anything away from the Big Velvet. Len Wallace is a hell of a nice guy, and so are his guides. But I'm sitting here right now looking at that

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JAGUAR

THE ART *of* PERFORMANCE

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animal on my wall, and it just doesn't mean very much to me. And if somebody asks, I have to tell them how I really got it." Ferrari says that he has also hunted at game ranches in Texas, and that the trophy animals there are even easier to kill than elk at the Big Velvet. "In Texas they have what they call a Texas Grand Slam," he says, "where you shoot all the species of sheep, and some of these animals, you have to honk the horn on the truck to make them get out of the way." Ferrari has given up shooting game-farm trophies.

FROM the beginning, many biologists warned that if game farms were permitted in areas that had served as traditional range for wild game, there was a severe risk that captive animals would pass on troublesome and exotic diseases to their free-ranging brethren. Since captive herds are usually made up of animals from many different farms in various parts of the country, there is always the possibility that diseases to which native wildlife have little or no natural resistance will be transmitted. Game farmers dismissed the fear as baseless, but it wasn't. In 1988 shipments of elk from the United States were thought to be responsible for introducing bovine tuberculosis to game farms across Alberta, including the Elgersma Game Farm, one of the country's first and largest. The Canadian industry was then producing more than $1.5 million worth of velvet antler a year, and operations were being established or expanded across the country, resulting in the trade and transport of large numbers of animals. In an effort to control the rapid spread of the disease, livestock officials "depopulated" fifty game farms, slaughtering 2,500 infected and exposed elk. Forty-one people received preventive treatment for tuberculosis.

Warnings had been sounded for years that disease would eventually sweep the game-farming industry.

In a very controversial decision Alberta game farmers were paid $13 million in compensation for the eradicated herds, even though they had been permitted to establish a portion of their breeding stock free, through the capture of wild elk. Six game farms in Montana were placed under quarantine, and one, the Elk Valley Farm, on the prairie near Hardin, was found to have infected some of the wild game that lived just outside its fences. So far at least seventy-five game-farm elk across the state are known to have escaped, and no one can say what effect they are having on wild herds, or what diseases or parasites they may have introduced.

Valerius Geist, a professor emeritus of environmental science at the University of Calgary, had been warning the Canadian government for years that disease would sooner or later sweep the game-farming industry. One of the infections that Geist had predicted would show up in captive elk and deer was chronic wasting disease (CWD)—a member of the mysterious family of degenerative brain diseases that includes mad-cow disease, which devastated the British beef industry in the early 1990s, and Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease, which produces dementia and rapid death in human beings. The diseases, known as transmissible spongiform encephalopathies (TSEs), cause destructive changes in the protein structures of the brain but trigger no response from the immune system, so there is no test that can determine infection. "We knew that CWD existed in the wild, in a small area of Colorado and Wyoming," Geist says, "and we knew that theft of wild elk was occurring, so it was just a matter of time." By the end of last year elk farms in South Dakota, Montana, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and Colorado were under quarantine for CWD. The brisk trade in shooter bulls and breeding stock had given speed to a disease that had been extremely slow to spread on its own.

The Kesler Game Farm, near Philipsburg, Montana, was one of the six Montana game farms placed under TB quarantine during the early 1990s in response to the epidemic in Alberta. After the quarantine ended, the owner, Dave Kesler, made a series of shipments totaling eighty-four elk to a rancher in Oklahoma in 1996 and 1997. In May of 1998 one cow elk fell sick. The animal lost weight rapidly, slobbered uncontrollably, and demonstrated the staggering that is symptomatic of TSE infection. The elk died, and a lab test of fresh brain tissue revealed the presence of CWD. A year later an apparently healthy bull elk was killed in a brawl with other bulls on the ranch, and it, too, was found to be infected. The Oklahoma ranch was placed under quarantine, and a new quarantine was imposed on the Kesler farm. A trace of intrastate elk shipments from Kesler led to the Elk Valley Farm, placing that farm under a separate quarantine.

For three days early last December the Kesler ranch was sealed off from the outside world. Game wardens and livestock officials provided security and kept the press at bay. Strategically placed farm equipment and haystacks blocked photographers. Eighty-one elk were killed, and dozens of tissue samples were collected by a team of researchers and biologists from state and federal agencies. The elk carcasses were packed into plastic-lined dumpsters to await disposal, the nature of which sparked an angry debate. One of the mysteries of TSE is the resilience of the infectious agent: CWD is suspected of persisting in soil for years and resists most routine disinfectants. Finally, livestock officials imported a special incinerator from Mandan, North Dakota, and burned the elk carcasses and ranch equipment suspected of CWD contamination.

Wildlife officials have begun trying to determine if the disease has escaped into the wild mule deer and elk that use the land around the Kesler ranch; shooting from the ground and from a helicopter, they have killed nine mule deer and one elk for testing.

ONE result of the emergence of chronic wasting disease is that the game-farming industry may never again enjoy the kind of free-for-all expansion that characterized it in the late 1980s and early 1990s. In 1996 Wallace applied for a new permit to enclose another 1,100 acres of his Big Velvet property. The enclosure would have displaced both a herd of wild elk and more than 750 mule deer. "There is absolutely no benefit for me in feeding the public's wildlife," Wallace said at the time, "and I have no intention of doing so." Wildlife officials, citing negative impact on public hunting opportunities due to loss of winter range and overwhelming negative public opinion, denied the permit request and successfully fought subsequent legal appeals. This was the only

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game-farm permit ever denied by the Department of Fish, Wildlife, and Parks.

Prices for breeder cow elk are down, and the marketing of elk meat has so far been slow to get off the ground. In South Dakota the brains of farm-raised elk must be certified CWD-free by a lab before the carcasses can be sold for meat. Game farmers complain that CWD-infected wild game is threatening their industry, and that they must be protected from the wild elk and deer that surround their enclosures. Experts disagree. "CWD is just not a widespread problem in free-ranging wild game," says Michael Miller, a veterinarian for the Colorado Division of Wildlife. "And the only tool we have to deal with the disease in the small area of the wild where it does occur is to do a density reduction, which basically means clobbering the wild game animals. I don't think the public really wants us to do that."

Nevertheless, there remains a financial base for game farming. The Asian financial crises temporarily stymied the market for velvet antler, but prices have recently rebounded. Paula Southman, a spokesperson for the North American Elk Breeders Association, says the alternative-medicine market in the United States is in any case picking up the slack created by the fall in Asian demand. The market for shooter bulls is thriving.

Game farming will be an issue in the upcoming Montana governor's race. State Auditor Mark O'Keefe, who has announced his candidacy, is the first politician to fight the game-farming lobby, which involves the risk of also angering the loud and forceful property-rights movement. "We have to decide whether to bring this whole thing to a halt before we do irreparable harm to our wildlife," O'Keefe says. "No new permits, no more transport of game animals into the state." Under such a moratorium, many newcomers would fold. Game-farm representatives are already talking about "takings legislation" and what compensation farmers would accept if new regulations made conducting their business impossible.

Len Wallace should not be concerned. With so many breeding elk within his fences, he will probably be able to weather any coming regulatory storm. If the worst occurs and the state shuts down the Big Velvet, Wallace can be expected to demand ample payment for the loss of his products—which is, after all, the point of game farming.

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COURTESY OF RAY ERLENBORN

On the Air

What one man can do with two coconut halves, an empty plastic soda bottle, and a pair of athletic socks stuffed with cornstarch

by Adam Goodheart

IF you listened to the radio at all in the years 1937 to 1950 (and if you were alive to be doing much of anything back then, you probably listened to the radio quite a lot), then you must have heard Ray Erlenborn. Not heard of, mind you—just heard.

He wasn't one of those sonorous voices announcing grim news from Europe, or an intergalactic gangster purring threats at Buck Rogers, or a hapless family man yelping above the din of comedic mayhem. He was, instead, the *thrummmmm* of tanks chugging into battle, the *woo-wooooosh* of a spaceship accelerating toward Altair 7, and the *wheeeeeeee-crash!* of a comic hero barreling out the front door, late for work, and running headlong into the mailman. Erlenborn was a master of sound effects in the heyday of radio.

I am far too young to have heard Ray Erlenborn in his radio days, but I met him recently one afternoon in Seattle, where he was preparing the sound effects for an episode of *The Life of Riley*. This was not, of course, a broadcast of the famous situation comedy, which went off the air in 1951, but, rather, a live re-enactment of one of the show's original scripts, during a convention of old-time-radio veterans and their fans. There are several such conventions around the country each year, and Erlenborn rarely misses one. Back in the days of Jack Webb, Bing Crosby, and Burns and Allen he was a bit player in the world of classic radio. Now they are all dead, and Erlenborn, at eighty-five, is one of its stars, though his audiences number hundreds of people instead of millions.

On this particular day Erlenborn was standing in a big conference room at the Seattle Center, looking over a tabletop cluttered with the tools of his trade. These included two coconut halves with leather straps stapled onto them, a tiny brass whistle, a set of handcuffs, an empty plastic Safeway Select Grapefruit Soda bottle,

Ray Erlenborn and producer Jesse L. Lasky on the radio program* Gateway to Hollywood, *1939

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mingo, wing and ed lee
surfers/restaurateurs

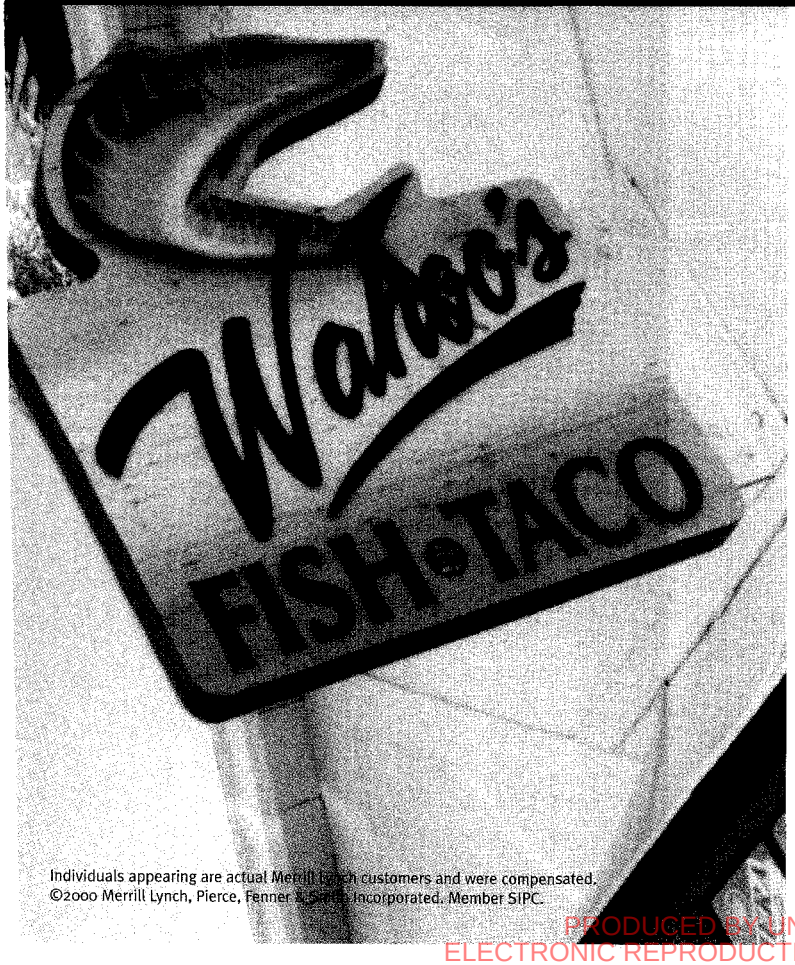
mingo: after the first wahoo's caught on, we wanted to open some new restaurants. but nobody would take a chance on these surfer guys.

ed: dom and merrill said we do see it down the road, so we'll jump in and partner with you guys.

wing: it's not just about lending us money. dom's put us together with people in our industry to share ideas with and with the right people at merrill to help us grow the business.

wing: he did make one questionable decision, though. he took up golf instead of surfing.

"they saw past the shorts and t-shirts"



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dom alvarez
duffer/financial consultant

dom: don't let the surfer dude thing fool you. these guys are good businessmen.

they've gone from 1 restaurant to 13. we put together a plan for their personal finances, too, and they've gone from, well... interesting... to a place where they've all got healthy retirement plans.

i think their dad, who's also a client, must be happiest of all. he no longer has to use his house as collateral on their loans.

be bullish **Merrill Lynch**

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and a pair of athletic socks stuffed with cornstarch. Erlenborn picked up each of these things and inspected it carefully—although "inspected" is probably the wrong word, because he was not looking at the objects so much as listening to them, giving each one a shake or a squeeze or a breath of air or whatever it took to dislodge its particular sound. The coconuts produced the *cl-cl-clop* of a cantering horse; the whistle made the *twee-twee* of a bird; and the socks, when squeezed together ever so gently beside the microphone, emitted the faint and untranscribable sound of footsteps in the snow.

In the sound-effects man's toolbox such props are the precision implements—seldom used though often admired, like a carpenter's spokeshaves and rabbet planes. The hammers and screwdrivers of Erlenborn's trade sat on the floor beside the prop table: two wooden steps with roofing shingles nailed to the treads; a brass-knobbed door and its doorframe, about three feet high; and a "splash tank"—in this case a bucket of water with a toilet plunger in it.

There were also four shallow wooden boxes: one full of gravel, one full of hardened cement, one with marble paving on the bottom, and one with plywood nailed across the top. Erlenborn stepped on each in turn, testing the gravel with the toe of a black wingtip ("my best footstep shoes," he told me), and trod the surface with the careful grace of a dancer limbering up. He listened to the rhythmic scuffing with satisfaction and then stepped back out onto the carpet. "Footsteps are surprisingly important," he said. "They really paint a picture for people. If they're right, they're right."

When, an hour or so later, the time came for the *Life of Riley* performance, the footsteps were right, and the door openings were right, and the splashes were right. The actors were surprisingly right as well; if you closed your eyes, you'd never guess that the coy, playful voice of Babs Riley, the hero's teenage daughter, belonged to an elderly lady with permed white hair—the same actress who played Babs in the 1940s. The biggest laugh of the evening was for Erlenborn and his toilet plunger. It came when Chester A. Riley, the show's maladroit protagonist, and his next-door neighbor, the chickenhearted Waldo Binny, found themselves accidental stowaways on a sailboat.

RILEY: Listen, Waldo, do you know what we've walked into? We're all alone on a boat with two gorgeous girls who are boy-crazy!

WALDO: That's never happened to me before.

RILEY: Me either. But under the circumstances, there's only one thing to do.

WALDO: You mean. . .?

RILEY: Yeah.

WALDO: Isn't that a little risky?

RILEY: We're real men, ain't we? We gotta take the chance. It's now or never.

WALDO: All right—I'm with you. . . (Two enormous splashes, as Erlenborn dunked his plunger into the water, pulled it out, and dunked it in again.)

"I'M just getting over a heck of a cold," Erlenborn told me apologetically. "I don't know if I can do this or not . . ." He cupped his hands over his mouth, wiggled them back and forth a little, and suddenly, startlingly, began to cry like a baby—not a full-throated wail but the fretful mewling of a gassy infant working itself up toward a tantrum. It was uncanny to see this sound emerging from the face of an octogenarian—though in some respects Erlenborn does resemble a newborn, with his big round bald head, pinkish complexion, and small, watery eyes. His only distinctly un-infantile features are enormous white side-whiskers bridged in the middle by a moustache, which have qualified him to be cast as Cap'n Andy in *Show Boat* and the Wizard in *The Wizard of Oz* on the southern-California light-opera circuit. Erlenborn's is an unusual face, but it's not at all the sort that some people, unkindly, might call "a face made for radio." If anything, it is a face made for vaudeville, which happens to be where Erlenborn got his start in show business.

Erlenborn is probably one of few people alive whose performance careers have lasted without interruption since the 1910s. By the time he was six months old, his mother had already moved the family to Hollywood and begun planning her only child's ascent to stardom. Los Angeles's entertainment culture was enjoying its first, Klondike-style boom; even the downtown cafeterias had string orchestras playing, and not long after he

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was old enough to talk, Erlenborn's mother would lift him onto a tabletop to sing "Pretty Baby" for the lunchtime crowd. Before long he was making the rounds of western vaudeville stages, from the Golden Gate Theatre, in San Francisco, to the Princess, in Cheyenne, Wyoming. There was plenty of work to be had at the movie studios, too. Erlenborn started out as an extra, getting three dollars a day plus a box lunch; then he graduated to a regular role in a series of silent two-reel comedies, where he played the kind of Jackie Coogan–esque ragamuffin who was always knocking baseballs through windowpanes and leaving banana peels on the sidewalk.

Vaudeville died, followed shortly by the silent cinema, and Erlenborn, as he entered young adulthood, found himself looking for work in a newer medium: radio. "There were a half dozen stations in Los Angeles," he says, "and in the early days they were trying to come up with anything they could think of to keep some kind of noise going out over the air." He'd go around with a ukulele and some sheet music, filling in as needed. One day in the mid-1930s a producer asked Erlenborn to lend a hand with the effects for the *Pennzoil News Review*; his first assignment, he remembers, was to simulate a squadron of planes passing overhead, which he did on the studio's pipe organ. (Current-events programs often included dramatic re-creations of the news, complete with sound effects.) By 1937 Erlenborn had a full-time job as a sound man at KNX, the CBS affiliate in Hollywood, which produced a number of national shows.

"There were just three sound guys there when I was hired," Erlenborn told me. "I'd start the day by playing a recording of a rooster crow for the *Hancock Oil News Review*. That was at six A.M. From then until midnight, when I did a show called *Nightcap Yarns* with Frankie Graham, I'd be doing sound effects for sometimes fifteen or twenty different shows. Sometimes you'd do the same program twice: once for the East Coast and once for the West Coast."

Very few of the sounds were as easy as that recorded rooster crow. Early sound-effects artists were reluctant to use recordings except when absolutely necessary, because 78-rpm discs wore out quickly under the steel phonograph needles then in use. "Also," Erlenborn said, "you couldn't always use the recordings of things like animal sounds, because if you needed, say, a dog with personality, all you were going to get was *wowp wowp wowp wowp wowp*. That's why I got pretty good at doing them vocally."

One particular dog with personality became a specialty of Erlenborn's: Daisy, the Bumstead family pet on the comedy show *Blondie*, which was based on the comic strip. Every time Dagwood ran out the door and crashed into the mailman, Daisy followed, yapping at his heels. "I could do the whole sequence myself," Erlenborn said. "You can choreograph it so it works: start running from off-mike, then do a whiz whistle for Dagwood flying through the door, then the dog starts barking, then you do a tom-tom for the two bodies hitting together, then I would actually drop a big handful of mail right by the mike. You just have to make sure you keep all the props where you can grab 'em." There were countless variations on this theme: Daisy might start tearing at the postman's pant leg, or she might get her tail slammed in the door, or Dagwood might crash into the doorjamb. "You'd have to tell the actor, Arthur Lake, to do a big *owwww!*, timed just right," Erlenborn said.

In the golden age of radio comedy certain sound effects, by Erlenborn and other masters, were as instantly recognizable as any star's voice. Dagwood's late-for-work sequence was one of the most famous, along with Fibber McGee's opening his closet—a great cascade of crashes and clangs, trailing off into the silvery tinkle of one last, unexpected object bouncing off Fibber's head—and Jack Benny's starting up his wheezing Maxwell automobile, an effect that Erlenborn can still re-create vocally: *chukka-chukka-chukka cha-hooo-cha pah pah pah chugga-chugga*.

THE big room in the basement of KNX where Erlenborn and the other sound men built, tested, and stored their equipment looked something like Fibber McGee's closet must have. One basic rule of the trade was never to throw away any prop, no matter how unlikely that it would ever be needed again. Also, never pass up a chance to add a new gadget to the arsenal. Sometime in the late 1930s word got around that the sound of a large troop of marching men could be imitated by attaching rows of pegs to a taut framework of rubber bands and then rocking the pegs back and forth across a piece of sandpaper: *whhh-whhh-whhh-whhh*. Before long it seemed that every good-sized station in the country had a version of this device. (In the late 1930s, understandably, there was a surge of demand for the sound of large troops of marching men.)

The point of such an invention wasn't to make a sound that would sound realistic in the studio. Rather, it was to make a sound that would sound realistic after it had agitated a microphone wire, been converted into an electrical signal, propagated itself as a radio wave, and issued forth from the speaker of an Atwater Kent in someone's living room ten or a thousand miles away—a very different proposition. "A lot of times the actual sound of a thing doesn't give you what you want," Erlenborn says. "There's too much extraneous noise." A good sound man could listen to a sound he wanted to imitate, strip it to its bare essentials, and reproduce only those.

A good sound man also had an ear for nuance. For instance, not all fires sound alike. A bundle of small bamboo sticks, when riffled and twisted, crackles like a campfire, but for a slow, consuming blaze one needs a sheet of cellophane, aged long enough to be nice and brittle, that can be slowly kneaded with the fingers. Crushing a peach basket or two creates the effect of charred timbers falling from a burning roof. Add the whooshing sound of a wind machine—wooden battens scraping rhythmically against a taut canvas—and the fire becomes an inferno. Sometimes, for a complicated effect like this, Erlenborn would organize a group of sound men to take the different parts, and conduct them like an orchestra.

The best sound effects, though, were often the simplest ones. Erlenborn showed me the method he developed to imitate a mouse's squeak: he purses his lips, holds a forefinger up horizontally against his front teeth, and wiggles it up and down. "There," he said. "That's what I use for a mouse sound. Everybody has a different technique, you know. But this one's mine." I tried to imitate him, and all I got was the sound of someone rubbing his teeth. "No," Erlenborn told me. "You have to sort of kiss your finger, like that." I watched him carefully and then gave it my best shot again. Suddenly, miraculously, coming from my own mouth was an uncanny *squee-squee-squee*: unmistakably, as any listener would agree, the voice of a mouse. Perhaps even a mouse with personality.

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Wordsworth Slept Here

And so did Charlotte Brontë and James Murray and E. M. Forster and Beatrix Potter

by Jamie James

No country on earth takes more pride in its literary heritage than Britain does—nor has any other place made such a thriving industry of it. In high season Stratford teems with bardolaters, and Haworth with busloads of Brontëans who troop through the parsonage and gaze at the prototypes for Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange. In London almost every street has a house with a round powder-blue plaque informing you what Dickens or Dr. Johnson or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle did there.

And no place on this bookish island is richer with literary associations than the Lake District, in Cumbria, England's northwest corner. William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge launched what became known as the Romantic movement in literature with the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), in which many of the best and most popular poems were Wordsworth's meditations on the region's landscape and philosophical narratives about the lives of the people who lived there. His head full of democratic ideas after a sojourn in revolutionary France, Wordsworth wanted to show "that men who do not wear fine cloaths can feel deeply." He was a native of the Lake District, having been born in Cockermouth in 1770, and he lived in the area for most of his eighty years. In December of 1799, at the height of his powers, Wordsworth and his sister, Dorothy, set up their home near the village of Grasmere, in a former tavern, the Dove and Olive Branch, now called Dove Cottage. A few years later Wordsworth took a wife, Mary Hutchinson, who had been a childhood friend. The three lived together from then on.

The restored cottage, which has been

TOP AND BOTTOM: TOM MACKIE

The valley of Grasmere: Thomas Gray's "little unsuspected paradise," Wordsworth's "fairest spot on earth"

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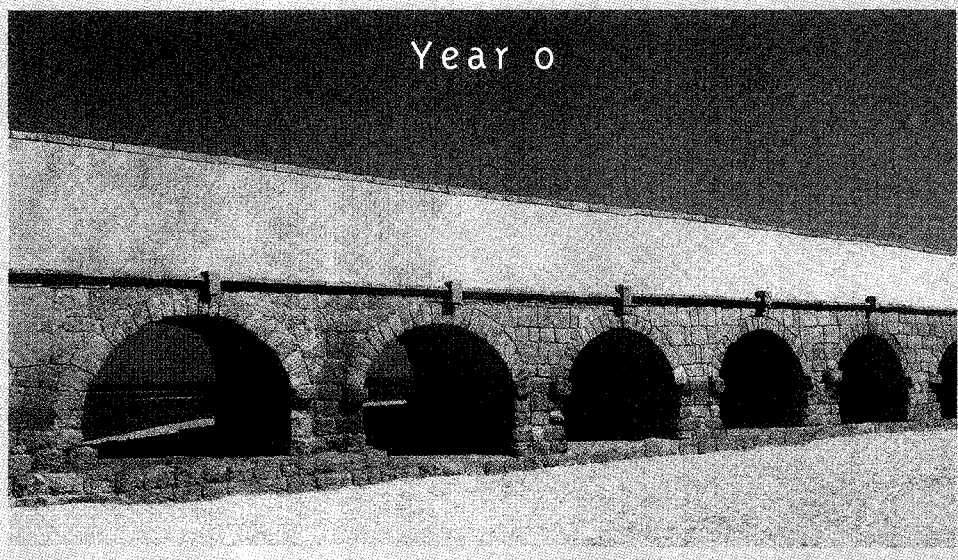

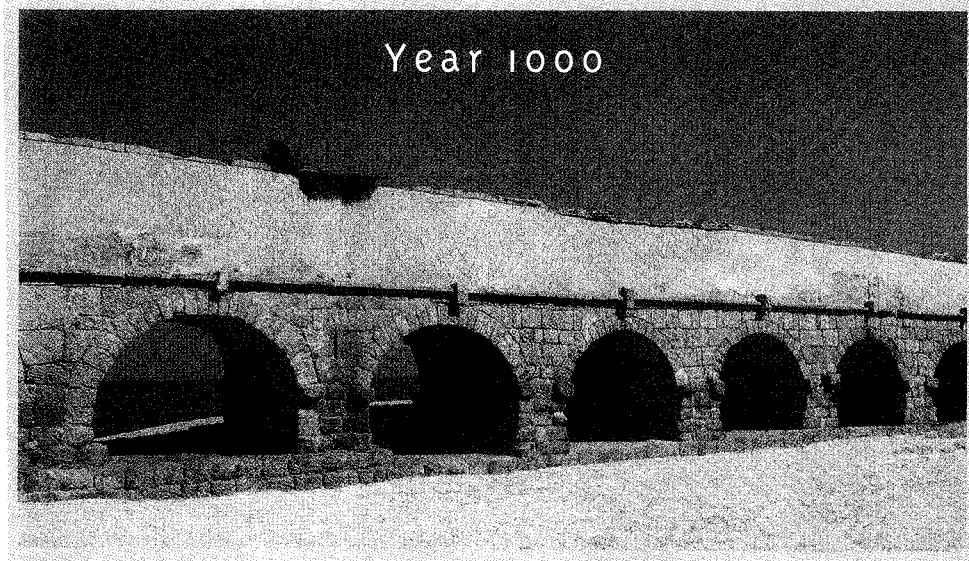

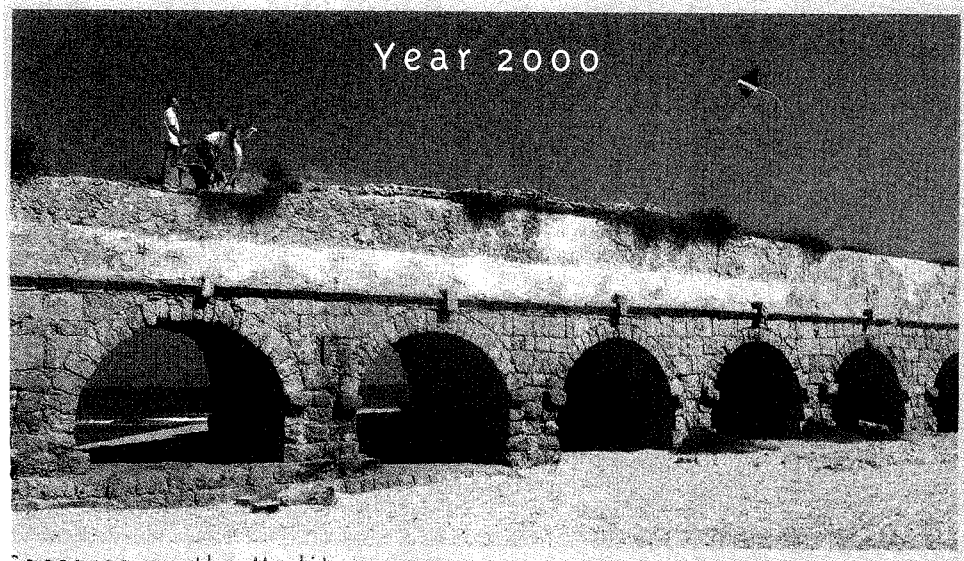

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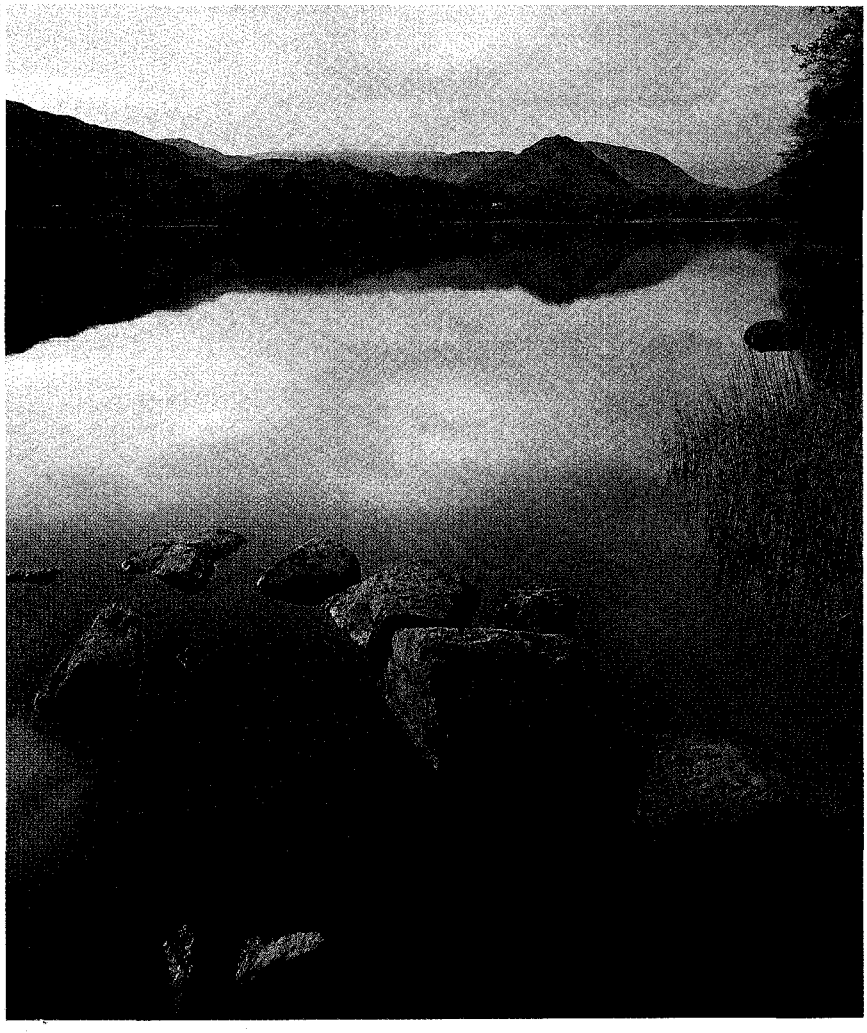
JOE CORNISH



For well over a century the English Lake District has lured not only lovers of literature but also lovers of the trail

open to tourists since 1891 (Woodrow Wilson came here on a cycling tour in 1899), is the Kaabah of a Lake District haj, a must-see for all pilgrims. Wordsworth wrote many of his finest poems here, including "Michael," "Ode: Intimations of Immortality," and the first version of his masterpiece, *The Prelude*. Every scribbling somebody dropped by for a visit at one time or another. Coleridge was a constant visitor, as, later, was the poet laureate Robert Southey, better remembered today for being the butt of Byron's derisive wit than for his own verse (though his children's story "The Three Bears" is as certain of immortality as anything ever written). Dorothy Wordsworth kept a trenchant, entertaining journal of her life with the poets in the cottage. And after the Wordsworths moved out, in 1808, to settle in another house nearby, Thomas De Quincey took the place over and wrote *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, a vivid, anecdotal account of his life and nightmares in Dove Cottage.

Fling an inkpot in Grasmere and you'll hit something with a literary association. A hundred feet from Dove Cottage is an ugly twentieth-century bungalow where Malcolm Lowry lived briefly (it's constructed of asbestos, and scheduled to be torn down soon). A hundred feet in the opposite direction is How Foot, a stately Victorian stone house that was the holiday home of the Reverend William Spooner (1844–1930), whose contribution to the language was the slips of the tongue called spoonerisms—"God bless our queer old dean," for example, and "You have hissed the mystery lectures." How Foot is now a comfortable bed-and-breakfast run by the Wordsworth Trust, which also administers Dove Cottage.

Personally, I don't find it terribly edifying to look at the chairs and tables where great authors sat and wrote. (It's a bit like being shown George Washington's shovel at Mount Vernon: How do they know it was really his? Why is it more interesting than my shovel?) I confess, however, that I was fascinated by De Quincey's opium pipes and scales. And the tour of Dove Cottage is in fact well done and enjoyable, especially if the weather's fine and the guide lets you go into the garden. But the Grasmere and Wordsworth Museum, next door, is much more enlightening about the lives and works of the writers associated with the place. In addition to manuscripts of famous literary works, the museum has an excellent collection of portraits and landscape paintings of the region.

Over the years the director of the Wordsworth Trust, Robert Woof, has mounted a series of widely praised temporary exhibitions, which have helped to earn the Grasmere and Wordsworth Museum a reputation as one of the finest small museums in the United Kingdom. Some of these exhibitions have traveled to London and even as far afield as New York. This summer the museum is presenting an ambitious retrospective of the first thousand years of English poetry, from *Beowulf*—in the form of Seamus Heaney's manuscript of his recent translation—to Tennyson's *In Memoriam* and Wordsworth's final version of *The Prelude*. (These last two were published in 1850, the year Wordsworth died and Tennyson succeeded him as poet laureate.) The array of loans is impressive: Chaucer's manuscript of *The Canterbury Tales*, Paul Getty's copy of Spenser's *The Faerie Queene*, manuscripts of some of the best-known works of Donne, Shelley, Byron, Keats, the Brontës—and even Browning's attack on Wordsworth for becoming poet laureate: "Just for a handful of silver he left us." The exhibition was opened in April by Britain's current poet laureate, Andrew Motion, and continues until October 31.

Wordsworth attained such pre-eminence in his later life that Grasmere became a literary shrine almost immediately upon his death. Much in the village remains as it was: gray-slate houses and fences, cobbled pathways, and ancient trees, all encrusted with shaggy moss and lichen. Everybody has a favorite candidate for the most charming little village in England, and Grasmere is mine. A narrow winding lane crosses a brook (which does, in fact, babble), bringing you to the parish church, squat old Saint Oswald's, parts of which date back to the thirteenth century.

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Please read this summary carefully, and then ask your doctor about PRILOSEC. No advertisement can provide all the information needed to prescribe a drug. This advertisement does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. *Only your doctor* has the training to weigh the risks and benefits of a *prescription drug for you.*

PRILOSEC®* (OMEPRAZOLE) Delayed-Release Capsules

BRIEF SUMMARY.

CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY ***Pharmacokinetics and Metabolism: Omeprazole*** – In pharmacokinetic studies of single 20 mg omeprazole doses, an increase in AUC of approximately four-fold was noted in Asian subjects compared to Caucasians. Dose adjustment, particularly where maintenance of healing of erosive esophagitis is indicated, for the hepatically impaired and Asian subjects should be considered.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE ***Duodenal Ulcer:*** PRILOSEC is indicated for short-term treatment of active duodenal ulcer. Most patients heal within 4 weeks. Some patients may require an additional 4 weeks of therapy. PRILOSEC, in combination with clarithromycin and amoxicillin, is indicated for treatment of patients with *H. pylori* infection and duodenal ulcer disease (active or up to 1-year history) to eradicate *H. pylori*. PRILOSEC, in combination with clarithromycin, is also indicated for treatment of patients with *H. pylori* infection and duodenal ulcer disease to eradicate *H. pylori*. Eradication of *H. pylori* has been shown to reduce the risk of duodenal ulcer recurrence. Among patients who fail therapy, PRILOSEC with clarithromycin is more likely to be associated with the development of clarithromycin resistance as compared with triple therapy. In patients who fail therapy, susceptibility testing should be done. If resistance to clarithromycin is demonstrated or susceptibility testing is not possible, alternative antimicrobial therapy should be instituted. (See the clarithromycin package insert, MICROBIOLOGY section.) ***Gastric Ulcer:*** PRILOSEC is indicated for short-term treatment (4-8 weeks) of active benign gastric ulcer. ***Treatment of Gastroesophageal Reflux Disease (GERD):*** **Symptomatic GERD –** PRILOSEC is indicated for the treatment of heartburn and other symptoms associated with GERD. **Erosive Esophagitis –** PRILOSEC is indicated for the short-term treatment (4-8 weeks) of erosive esophagitis which has been diagnosed by endoscopy. The efficacy of PRILOSEC used for longer than 8 weeks in these patients has not been established. In the rare instance of a patient not responding to 8 weeks of treatment, it may be helpful to give up to an additional 4 weeks of treatment. If there is recurrence of erosive esophagitis or GERD symptoms (e.g. heartburn), additional 4-8 week courses of omeprazole may be considered. ***Maintenance of Healing of Erosive Esophagitis:*** PRILOSEC is indicated to maintain healing of erosive esophagitis. Controlled studies do not extend beyond 12 months. ***Pathological Hypersecretory Conditions:*** PRILOSEC is indicated for the long-term treatment of pathological hypersecretory conditions (e.g., Zollinger-Ellison syndrome, multiple endocrine adenomas and systemic mastocytosis).

CONTRAINDICATIONS ***Omeprazole:*** PRILOSEC Delayed-Release Capsules are contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to any component of the formulation. ***Clarithromycin:*** Clarithromycin is contraindicated in patients with a known hypersensitivity to any macrolide antibiotic. Concomitant administration of clarithromycin with cisapride, pimozide, or terfenadine is contraindicated. There have been post-marketing reports of drug interactions when clarithromycin and/or erythromycin are co-administered with cisapride, pimozide, or terfenadine resulting in cardiac arrhythmias (QT prolongation, ventricular tachycardia, ventricular fibrillation, and torsades de pointes) most likely due to inhibition of hepatic metabolism of these drugs by erythromycin and clarithromycin. Fatalities have been reported. (Please refer to full prescribing information for clarithromycin before prescribing.) ***Amoxicillin:*** Amoxicillin is contraindicated in patients with a history of allergic reaction to any of the penicillins. (Please refer to full prescribing information for amoxicillin before prescribing.)

WARNINGS: ***Clarithromycin:*** **CLARITHROMYCIN SHOULD NOT BE USED IN PREGNANT WOMEN EXCEPT IN CLINICAL CIRCUMSTANCES WHERE NO ALTERNATIVE THERAPY IS APPROPRIATE. IF PREGNANCY OCCURS WHILE TAKING CLARITHROMYCIN, THE PATIENT SHOULD BE APPRISED OF THE POTENTIAL HAZARD TO THE FETUS. (See WARNINGS in prescribing information for clarithromycin.)** *Amoxicillin:* SERIOUS AND OCCASIONALLY FATAL HYPERSENSITIVITY (anaphylactic) REACTIONS HAVE BEEN REPORTED IN PATIENTS ON PENICILLIN THERAPY. THESE REACTIONS ARE MORE LIKELY TO OCCUR IN INDIVIDUALS WITH A HISTORY OF PENICILLIN HYPERSENSITIVITY AND/OR A HISTORY OF SENSITIVITY TO MULTIPLE ALLERGENS. BEFORE INITIATING THERAPY WITH AMOXICILLIN, CAREFUL INQUIRY SHOULD BE MADE CONCERNING PREVIOUS HYPERSENSITIVITY REACTIONS TO PENICILLINS, CEPHALOSPORINS OR OTHER ALLERGENS. IF AN ALLERGIC REACTION OCCURS, AMOXICILLIN SHOULD BE DISCONTINUED AND APPROPRIATE THERAPY INSTITUTED. **SERIOUS ANAPHYLACTIC REACTIONS REQUIRE IMMEDIATE EMERGENCY TREATMENT WITH EPINEPHRINE. OXYGEN, INTRAVENOUS STEROIDS AND AIRWAY MANAGEMENT, INCLUDING INTUBATION, SHOULD ALSO BE ADMINISTERED AS INDICATED.** (See WARNINGS in prescribing information for amoxicillin.) *Antimicrobials:* **Pseudomembranous colitis has been reported with nearly all antibacterial agents and may range in severity from mild to life-threatening. Therefore, it is important to consider this diagnosis in patients who present with diarrhea subsequent to the administration of antibacterial agents.** (see WARNINGS in prescribing information for clarithromycin and amoxicillin.)

PRECAUTIONS ***General:*** Symptomatic response to therapy with omeprazole does not preclude the presence of gastric malignancy. Atrophic gastritis has been noted occasionally in gastric corpus biopsies from patients treated long-term with omeprazole. ***Information for Patients:*** PRILOSEC Delayed-Release Capsules should be taken before eating. Patients should be cautioned that the PRILOSEC Delayed-Release Capsule should not be opened, chewed or crushed, and should be swallowed whole. ***Drug Interactions:*** **Other –** Omeprazole can prolong the elimination of diazepam, warfarin and phenytoin, drugs that are metabolized by oxidation in the liver. Although in normal subjects no interaction with theophylline or propranolol was found, there have been clinical reports of interaction with other drugs metabolized via the cytochrome P-450 system (e.g., cyclosporine, disulfiram, benzodiazepines). Patients should be monitored to determine if it is necessary to adjust the dosage of these drugs when taken concomitantly with PRILOSEC. Because of its profound and long lasting inhibition of gastric acid secretion, it is theoretically possible that omeprazole may interfere with absorption of drugs where gastric pH is an important determinant of their bioavailability (e.g., ketoconazole, ampicillin esters, and iron salts). In the clinical trials, antacids were used concomitantly with the administration of PRILOSEC. **Combination Therapy with Clarithromycin –** Co-administration of omeprazole and clarithromycin have resulted in increases in plasma levels of omeprazole, clarithromycin, and 14-hydroxy-clarithromycin. (See CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, *Pharmacokinetics: Combination Therapy with Antimicrobials* in full Prescribing Information.) Concomitant administration of clarithromycin with cisapride, pimozide, or terfenadine is contraindicated. There have been reports of an interaction between erythromycin and astemizole resulting in QT prolongation and torsades de pointes. Concomitant administration of erythromycin and astemizole is contraindicated. Because clarithromycin is also metabolized by cytochrome P450, concomitant administration of clarithromycin with astemizole is not recommended. (See also CONTRAINDICATIONS, *Clarithromycin*, above. Please refer to full prescribing information for clarithromycin.) ***Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility:*** In two 24-month carcinogenicity studies in rats, omeprazole at daily doses of 1.7, 3.4, 13.8, 44.0 and 140.8 mg/kg/day (approximately 4 to 352 times the human dose, based on a patient weight of 50 kg and a human dose of 20 mg) produced gastric ECL cell carcinoids in a dose-related manner in both male and female rats; the incidence of this effect was markedly higher in female rats, which had higher blood levels of omeprazole. Gastric carcinoids seldom occur in the untreated rat. In addition, ECL cell hyperplasia was present in all treated groups of both sexes. In one of these studies, female rats were treated with 13.8 mg/kg/day omeprazole (approximately 35 times the human dose) for 1 year, then followed for an additional year without the drug. No carcinoids were seen in these rats. An increased incidence of treatment-related ECL cell hyperplasia was observed at the end of 1 year (94% treated vs 10% controls). By the second year the difference between treated and control rats was much smaller (46% vs 26%) but still showed more hyperplasia in the treated group. An unusual primary malignant tumor in the stomach was seen in one rat (2%). No similar tumor was seen in male or female rats treated for 2 years. For this strain of rat no similar tumor has been noted historically, but a finding involving only one tumor is difficult to interpret. A 78-week mouse carcinogenicity study of omeprazole did not show increased tumor occurrence, but the study was not conclusive. Omeprazole was not mutagenic in an *in vitro* Ames *Salmonella typhimurium* assay, an *in vitro* mouse lymphoma cell assay and an *in vivo* rat liver DNA damage assay. A mouse micronucleus test at 625 and 6250 times the human dose gave a borderline result, as did an *in vivo* bone marrow chromosome aberration test. A second mouse micronucleus study at 2000 times the human dose, but with different (suboptimal) sampling times, was negative. ***Pregnancy:*** **Omeprazole: Pregnancy Category C –** In rabbits, omeprazole in a dose range of 6.9 to 69.1 mg/kg/day (approximately 17 to 172 times the human dose) produced dose-related increases in embryo-lethality, fetal resorptions and pregnancy disruptions. In rats, dose-related embryo/fetal toxicity and postnatal developmental toxicity were observed in offspring resulting from parents treated with omeprazole 13.8 to 138.0 mg/kg/day (approximately 35 to 345 times the human dose). There are no adequate or well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Sporadic reports have been received of congenital abnormalities occurring in infants born to women who have received omeprazole during pregnancy. Omeprazole should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus. **Clarithromycin: Pregnancy Category C –** See WARNING (above) and full prescribing information for clarithromycin before using in pregnant women. ***Nursing Mothers:*** It is not known whether omeprazole is excreted in human milk. In rats, omeprazole administration during late gestation and lactation at doses of 13.8 to 138 mg/kg/day (35 to 345 times the human dose) resulted in decreased weight gain in pups. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants from omeprazole, and because of the potential for tumorigenicity shown for omeprazole in rat carcinogenicity studies, a decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. ***Pediatric Use:*** Safety and effectiveness in pediatric patients have not been established.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: In the U.S. clinical trial population of 465 patients (including duodenal ulcer, Zollinger-Ellison syndrome and resistant ulcer patients), the following adverse experiences were reported to occur in 1% or more of patients on therapy with PRILOSEC® (omeprazole). Numbers in parentheses indicate percentages of the adverse experiences considered by investigators as possibly, probably, or definitely related to the drug.

	Omeprazole (n=465)	Placebo (n=64)	Ranitidine (n=195)
Headache	6.9 (2.4)	6.3	7.7 (2.6)
Diarrhea	3.0 (1.9)	3.1 (1.6)	2.1 (0.5)
Abdominal Pain	2.4 (0.4)	3.1	2.1
Nausea	2.2 (0.9)	3.1	4.1 (0.5)
URI	1.9	1.6	2.6
Dizziness	1.5 (0.6)	0.0	2.6 (1.0)
Vomiting	1.5 (0.4)	4.7	1.5 (0.5)
Rash	1.5 (1.1)	0.0	0.0
Constipation	1.1 (0.9)	0.0	0.0
Cough	1.1	0.0	1.5
Asthenia	1.1 (0.2)	1.6 (1.6)	1.5 (1.0)
Back Pain	1.1	0.0	0.5

The following adverse reactions which occurred in 1% or more of omeprazole-treated patients have been reported in international double-blind, and open-label, clinical trials in which 2,631 patients and subjects received omeprazole.

Incidence of Adverse Experiences ≥ 1%, Causal Relationship not Assessed

		Omeprazole (n=2631)	Placebo (n=120)
Body as a Whole, site unspecified	*Abdominal pain*	5.2	3.3
	Asthenia	1.3	0.8
Digestive System	Constipation	1.5	0.8
	Diarrhea	3.7	2.5
	Flatulence	2.7	5.8
	Nausea	4.0	6.7
	Vomiting	3.2	10.0
	Acid regurgitation	1.9	3.3
Nervous System/Psychiatric	Headache	2.9	2.5

Additional adverse experiences occurring in <1% of patients or subjects in domestic and/or international trials, or occurring since the drug was marketed, are shown below within each body system. In many instances, the relationship to PRILOSEC was unclear. *Body As a Whole:* Allergic reactions including, rarely, anaphylaxis (see also *Skin* below), fever, pain, fatigue, malaise, abdominal swelling. *Cardiovascular:* Chest pain or angina, tachycardia, bradycardia, palpitation, elevated blood pressure, peripheral edema. *Gastrointestinal:* Pancreatitis (some fatal), anorexia, irritable colon, flatulence, fecal discoloration, esophageal candidiasis, mucosal atrophy of the tongue, dry mouth. During treatment with omeprazole, gastric fundic gland polyps have been noted rarely. These polyps are benign and appear to be reversible when treatment is discontinued. Gastro-duodenal carcinoids have been reported in patients with ZE syndrome on long-term treatment with PRILOSEC. This finding is believed to be a manifestation of the underlying condition, which is known to be associated with such tumors. *Hepatic:* Mild and, rarely, marked elevations of liver function tests [ALT (SGPT), AST (SGOT), γ-glutamyl transpeptidase, alkaline phosphatase, and bilirubin (jaundice)]. In rare instances, overt liver disease has occurred, including hepatocellular, cholestatic, or mixed hepatitis, liver necrosis (some fatal), hepatic failure (some fatal), and hepatic encephalopathy. *Metabolic/Nutritional:* Hyponatremia, hypoglycemia, weight gain. *Musculoskeletal:* Muscle cramps, myalgia, muscle weakness, joint pain, leg pain. *Nervous System/Psychiatric:* Psychic disturbances including depression, aggression, hallucinations, confusion, insomnia, nervousness, tremors, apathy, somnolence, anxiety, dream abnormalities; vertigo; paresthesia; hemifacial dysesthesia. *Respiratory:* Epistaxis, pharyngeal pain. *Skin:* Rash and, rarely, cases of severe generalized skin reactions including toxic epidermal necrolysis (TEN; some fatal), Stevens-Johnson syndrome, and erythema multiforme (some severe); purpura and/or petechiae (some with rechallenge); skin inflammation, urticaria, angioedema, pruritus, alopecia, dry skin, hyperhidrosis. *Special Senses:* Tinnitus, taste perversion. *Urogenital:* Interstitial nephritis (some with positive rechallenge), urinary tract infection, microscopic pyuria, urinary frequency, elevated serum creatinine, proteinuria, hematuria, glycosuria, testicular pain, gynecomastia. *Hematologic:* Rare instances of pancytopenia, agranulocytosis (some fatal), thrombocytopenia, neutropenia, anemia, leucocytosis, and hemolytic anemia have been reported. *Combination Therapy for H. pylori Eradication:* dual therapy with PRILOSEC and clarithromycin, or triple therapy with PRILOSEC, clarithromycin, and amoxicillin. Adverse experiences that have occurred have been limited to those that have been previously reported with omeprazole, clarithromycin, or amoxicillin. *Triple Therapy (PRILOSEC/clarithromycin/amoxicillin):* The most frequent adverse experiences observed in clinical trials using combination therapy with PRILOSEC, clarithromycin, and amoxicillin (n = 274) were diarrhea (14%), taste perversion (10%), and headache (7%). None of these occurred at a higher frequency than that reported by patients taking the antimicrobial drugs alone. *Dual Therapy (PRILOSEC/clarithromycin):* Adverse experiences observed in controlled clinical trials using combination therapy with PRILOSEC and clarithromycin (n = 346) which differed from those previously described for omeprazole alone were: Taste perversion (15%), tongue discoloration (2%), rhinitis (2%), pharyngitis (1%) and flu syndrome (1%). For more information on clarithromycin or amoxicillin, refer to the respective package inserts, ADVERSE REACTIONS sections.

OVERDOSAGE: Rare reports have been received of overdosage with omeprazole. Doses ranged from 320 mg to 900 mg (16-45 times the usual recommended clinical dose). Manifestations were variable, but included confusion, drowsiness, blurred vision, tachycardia, nausea, diaphoresis, flushing, headache, and dry mouth. Symptoms were transient, and no serious clinical outcome has been reported. No specific antidote for omeprazole overdosage is known. Omeprazole is extensively protein bound and is, therefore, not readily dialyzable. In the event of overdosage, treatment should be symptomatic and supportive.

DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION ***Short-Term Treatment of Active Duodenal Ulcer:*** The recommended adult oral dose of PRILOSEC is 20 mg once daily. Most patients heal within 4 weeks. Some patients may require an additional 4 weeks of therapy. (See INDICATIONS AND USAGE.) ***H. pylori Eradication for the Reduction of the Risk of Duodenal Ulcer Recurrence*** *Triple Therapy* (PRILOSEC/clarithromycin /amoxicillin): The recommended adult oral regimen is PRILOSEC 20 mg plus clarithromycin 500 mg plus amoxicillin 1000 mg each given twice daily for 10 days. In patients with an ulcer present at the time of initiation of therapy, an additional 18 days of PRILOSEC 20 mg once daily is recommended for ulcer healing and symptom relief. *Dual Therapy* (PRILOSEC/clarithromycin): The recommended adult oral regimen is PRILOSEC 40 mg once daily plus clarithromycin 500 mg t.i.d. for 14 days. In patients with an ulcer present at the time of initiation of therapy, an additional 14 days of PRILOSEC 20 mg once daily is recommended for ulcer healing and symptom relief. Please refer to clarithromycin full prescribing information for CONTRAINDICATIONS and WARNING, and for information regarding dosing in elderly and renally impaired patients (PRECAUTIONS: *General*, PRECAUTIONS: *Geriatric Use* and PRECAUTIONS: *Drug Interactions*). Please refer to amoxicillin full prescribing information for CONTRAINDICATIONS and WARNINGS. ***Gastric Ulcer:*** The recommended adult oral dose is 40 mg once a day for 4 to 8 weeks. (See INDICATIONS AND USAGE, *Gastric Ulcer*.) ***Gastroesophageal Reflux Disease (GERD):*** The recommended adult oral dose for the treatment of patients with symptomatic GERD and no esophageal lesions is 20 mg daily for up to 4 weeks. The recommended adult oral dose for the treatment of patients with erosive esophagitis and accompanying symptoms due to GERD is 20 mg daily for 4 to 8 weeks. (See INDICATIONS AND USAGE.) ***Maintenance of Healing of Erosive Esophagitis:*** The recommended adult oral dose is 20 mg daily. ***Pathological Hypersecretory Conditions:*** The dosage of PRILOSEC in patients with pathological hypersecretory conditions varies with the individual patient. The recommended adult oral starting dose is 60 mg once a day.Doses should be adjusted to individual patient needs and should continue for as long as clinically indicated. Doses up to 120 mg t.i.d. have been administered. Daily dosages of greater than 80 mg should be administered in divided doses. No dosage adjustment is necessary for patients with renal impairment, hepatic dysfunction or for the elderly.

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December 1998 PRI31

NOTE: This summary provides important information about PRILOSEC. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the professional labeling and then discuss it with them.

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West of the church is the Rectory, which the Wordsworths rented a few years after they moved out of Dove Cottage. The poet and most of his family are buried in the churchyard, along with Coleridge's brilliant, volatile son Hartley. Next to the churchyard gate is a preposterously quaint gingerbread shop, built in 1660, formerly the schoolhouse where the little Wordsworths learned their letters.

And so forth, and so on, all over the place. I've left out the inn where Walter Scott would go for a chop after eating the frugal meals served at Dove Cottage, and the tarn where James Murray, the first editor of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, had an ecstatic religious experience. The list of literary visitors to Grasmere—from the arrival, in 1769, of Thomas Gray, who called it "a little unsuspected paradise," to the present day, when Britain's best-known poets come to give public readings of their work—is pretty close to encyclopedic: Keats, Tennyson, Ruskin, Swinburne, Hardy, John Stuart Mill, Charles and Mary Lamb, James Hogg, Thomas and Matthew Arnold, Charlotte Brontë, Edward FitzGerald, Lewis Carroll, E. M. Forster, W. H. Auden, John Betjeman, C. Day-Lewis. There are more, entertainingly chronicled in *A Literary Guide to the Lake District*, by Grevel Lindop, who is a poet himself.

The writer and artist who is today Wordsworth's most formidable rival for the hearts (and pounds) of visitors to the Lake District, however, is Beatrix Potter. Hill Top, her farmhouse in the tiny village of Sawrey, to the south of Grasmere, attracts almost as many pilgrims as Dove Cottage. The Japanese are particularly fond of her. Hill Top is a lovely old house with a beautiful view, but dried-up brushes and ink bottles don't do much more for me than old shovels do. Nonetheless, it makes a pleasant morning's jaunt, and they do a good fish and chips at the pub next door, the Tower Bank Arms, which has been in business since 1650.

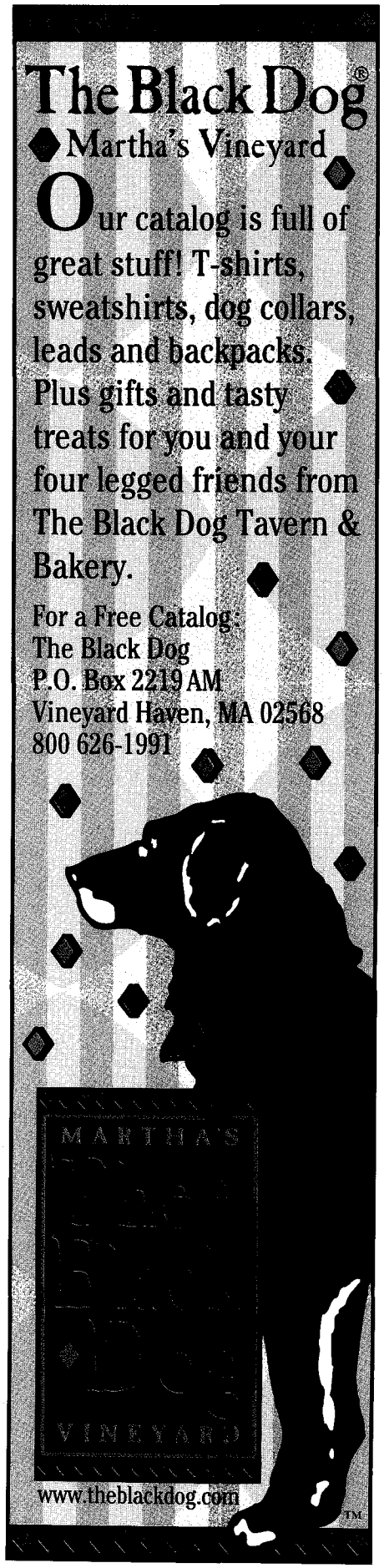
THE reason most people come to the Lake District, though, is not to look at old houses but to walk in the countryside and take in the views. Pity the writer who is supposed to come up with a fresh description of its scenery; suffice it to say that the Lake District has all the sublimity that Wordsworth and Coleridge claimed for it in their poems. A lot of serious hiking goes on here, as well as gentler walks around the lakes and valleys. The Grasmere Tourist Information Centre (telephone 011-44-15394-35245), in the village, can supply maps of the walking trails. If you want to enhance your experience of the countryside further, the center can recommend a freelance Blue Badge Guide, who will lead the way and tell you about local history and the flora and fauna.

Something of a hiking boom occurred in the Lake District in the early twentieth century, when sizable numbers of English people began to have the money and leisure for holidays. Grasmere, with its exquisite landscape, charming village architecture, and literary shrine, became the cozy, idealized emblem of Britain's pastoral tradition (which the area's sheep farmers still stoutly defend). In Forster's *A Passage to India*, as Mrs. Moore steams through the bleak countryside on a train to the Marabar Hills, she says, sighing, to her friends, "'Ah, dearest Grasmere!'" Forster continued, "Its little lakes and mountains were beloved by them all. Romantic yet manageable, it sprang from a kindlier planet." John Betjeman's satire, in his poem "Lake District," was blunter.

> Spirit of Grasmere, bells
> of Ambleside,
> Sing you and ring you, water
> bells, for me;
> You water-colour waterfalls
> may froth.
> Long hiking holidays will
> yet provide
> Long stony lanes and back
> at six to tea
> And Heinz's ketchup on
> the tablecloth.

For the British a hiking holiday in Grasmere may savor of kitsch, but American visitors, unencumbered by local context and cliché, can savor the charms of frothing watercolor waterfalls and long stony lanes innocently. Anyway, the British are wonderfully inept at kitsch: their celebrated reserve doesn't let them do it with the requisite gusto. There are "Daffodils" samplers and coffee mugs on sale at the souvenir shops in the village, and Peter Rabbit, Jemima Puddle-Duck, and Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle are for sale in every conceivable medium, but to an American eye it's understated. The quaintness and coziness in Grasmere isn't manufactured—it's just the way they've been doing things here for a few hundred years.

There have been some changes. The food here, as everywhere in Britain, has



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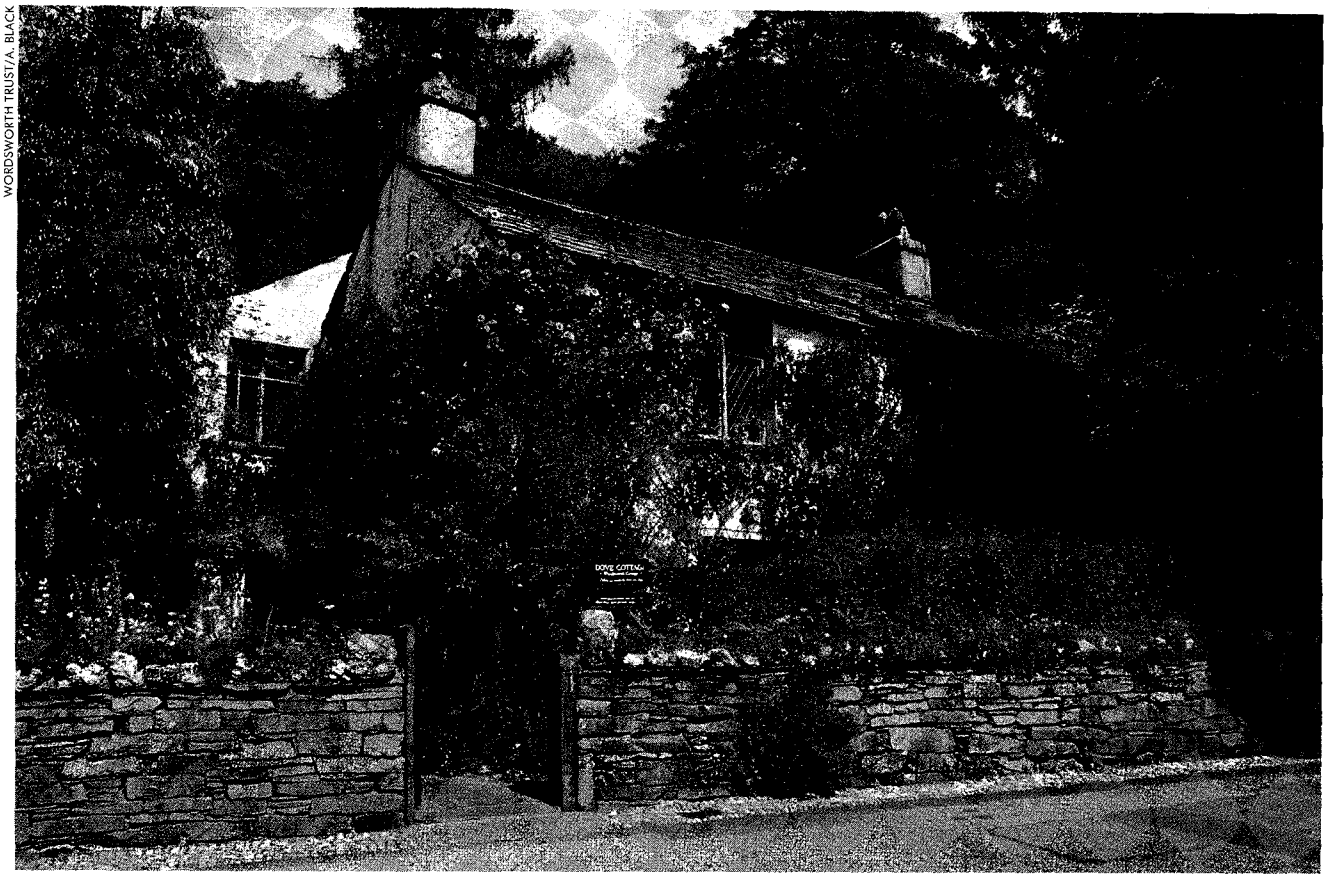

Dove Cottage, where William Wordsworth wrote many of his finest poems (and where Thomas De Quincey experienced some of his worst nightmares). The property has been open to the public since 1891

undergone a revolution. When I first came to Grasmere, twelve years ago, the food seemed to be at least a hundred years old: strictly cheese plates, Cumberland sausages, and kidney pies, with baked beans on the side—and, yes, the ubiquitous ketchup bottle. At the nicer hotels you could get a good roast-beef dinner. On my most recent visit to Grasmere, earlier this year, I had dinner outside the village at Michael's Nook, a Michelin-starred restaurant in a gorgeous Victorian house converted to a small hotel of the same name—a place wildly overdecorated in yards of floral chintz as only the English know how to do. The food was expertly cooked, if fancy in a slightly retro way, with foie gras and truffles showing up in several dishes. But I love foie gras and truffles, so I didn't complain.

However, the bill came as a bit of a shock: just over $100 per person for four courses with a cocktail before and a merely respectable bottle of Tasmanian wine. Great Britain in general is more expensive now than ever, and unlike the United States, it doesn't get much cheaper when you travel into the countryside. There are several fine hotels right in Grasmere, including the Wordsworth Hotel, which still serves a good roast-beef dinner. Though it's not exactly hectic in the village, which is well off the main road, it might be a more relaxing experience to stay in one of the small country inns around Grasmere. Michael's Nook, in a beautiful rural setting, has a reputation for being Grasmere's top hostelry, though its strong dose of quaintness verges on eccentricity. It's certainly a comfortable, even luxurious, place to stay. Double rooms range from about $320 to $480 a night, including dinner and a full English breakfast (telephone 011-44-15394-35496; fax 011-44-15394-35645).

Another charming country hotel is White Moss House, built in 1730 and bought by Wordsworth as a home for his son Willie. The house was occupied by the poet's descendants until the 1930s. Among the attractions of White Moss House are creative English cookery, pleasant gardens, and, not least, two splendid Victorian painted-porcelain toilets. A standard double room, including full breakfast and a five-course dinner, runs about $120 a night (telephone 011-44-15394-35295; fax 011-44-15394-35516; e-mail dixon@whitemoss.com). How Foot is one of the best budget accommodations in the area, and the English breakfast it lays on is unbeatable. If you stay at least three nights, a double room is about $75 a night (telephone/fax 011-44-15394-35366). The better hotels are often full in the high season, so early reservations are advisable.

Grasmere is beautiful year-round. In the summer it's crowded with walkers, and everything's a bit too uniformly green for my taste, but of course the weather is warm, if changeable. In late August they have the Grasmere Sports, with hound trails, Cumberland-style wrestling, and other traditional contests. If you're planning to be in England over the summer, you will enjoy spending a few days here, but I would recommend spring or autumn, when the landscape is changing and many hotels offer reduced-rate packages, known locally as bargain breaks. The village is romantic in winter, with the bracing scent of coal fires hanging in the frosty mist, but all the National Trust sites are closed (a policy that is more popular with the Trust's aristocratic directors than with the hundreds of local people who make a living from the tourist trade), as are Dove Cot-

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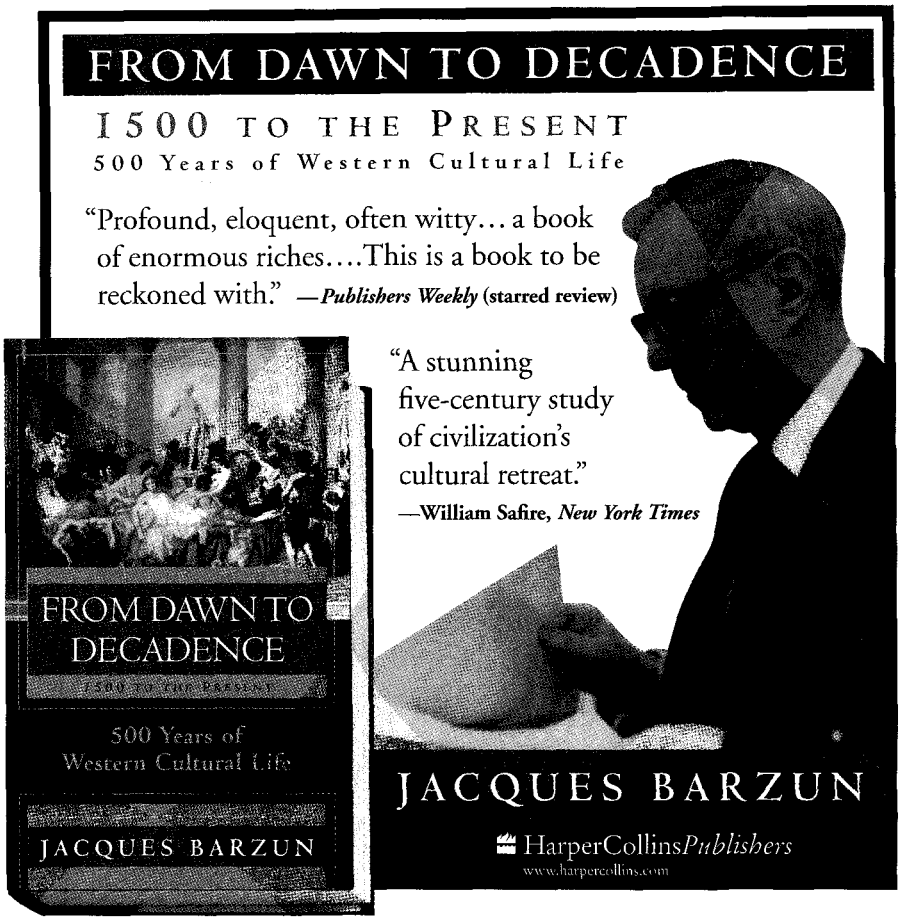
tage and many hotels and restaurants. English hikers take no notice of rain, but there's plenty of it and you never know when it's going to fall, so pack your tweeds and something made of Gore-Tex.

YOU certainly needn't be a fan of Wordsworth's poetry to enjoy a trip to Grasmere, but coming here can make one of you. I never gave much thought to Wordsworth until I began visiting Grasmere. No great literary figure was ever more unglamorous: Byron and Shelley had scandalous private lives, Keats died young, Coleridge smoked opium, but Wordsworth just went for walks and sat around the house with his sister and his wife, writing poems. Face it, "Ode: Intimations of Immortality" will never have the box-office wallop of *Pride and Prejudice* or *Wuthering Heights*.

But he's called a great poet for a reason. If you go to Grasmere, search for your inner dreamy college kid and give Wordsworth a try. *The Prelude*, running to well over 200 pages, is too long for any but the most dedicated enthusiast, but many of his shorter poems, particularly the narratives about country life, are just the right length to read while sitting on a rock to catch your breath and eat a bit of gingerbread. It makes a perfect day's walk to climb up the path running alongside Greenhead Gill to the spot where Wordsworth was inspired to write "Michael," a tragic ballad about an old shepherd whose only son runs off to the big city and turns bad. The place is still just as he described it in the poem:

> If from the public way you turn
> your steps
> Up the tumultuous brook of
> Green-head Ghyll,
> You will suppose that with an
> upright path
> Your feet must struggle; in such
> bold ascent
> The pastoral mountains front
> you, face to face.
> But, courage! for around that
> boisterous brook
> The mountains have all opened
> out themselves,
> And made a hidden valley of
> their own.

The brook has lost none of its tumult, the valley none of its mysterious sense of seclusion. The landscape of Grasmere spoke eloquently to Wordsworth, and it will do the same to you.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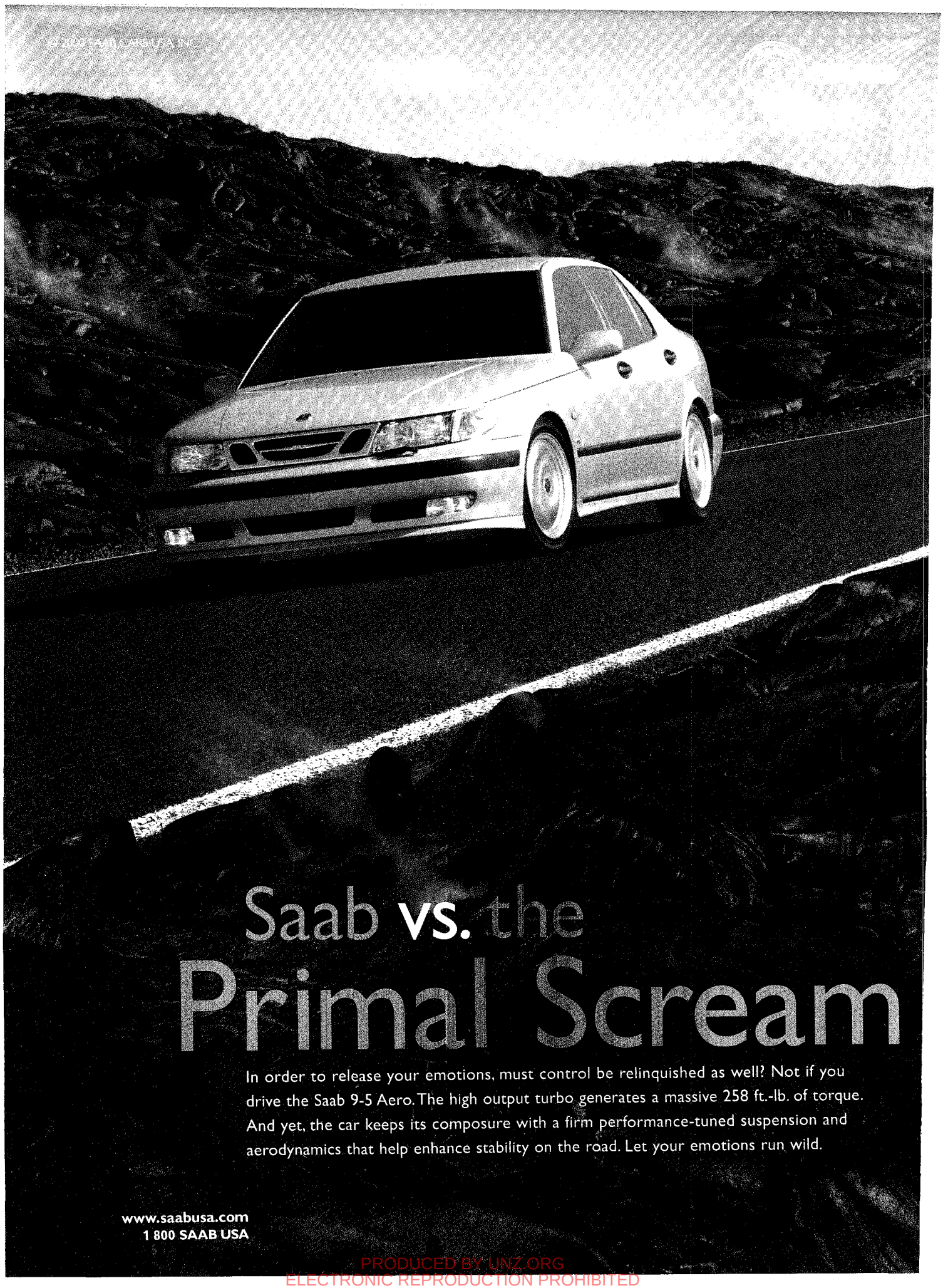

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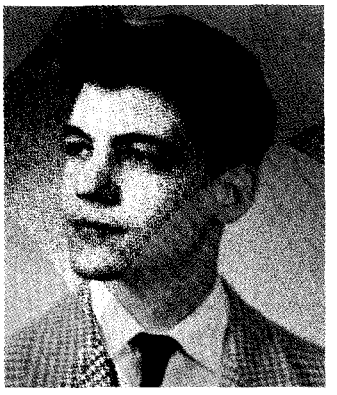
HARVARD
AND THE MAKING OF THE
UNABOMBER

by ALSTON CHASE



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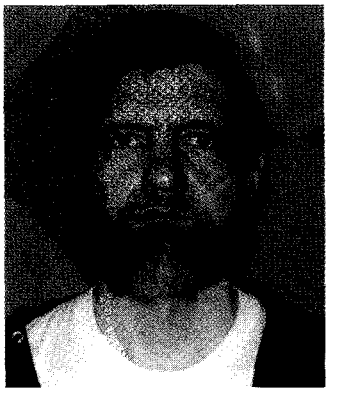

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Left: AP/Wide World Photos/Evergreen Park H.S. Yearbook; Right: Associated Press/Montana Dept. of Motor Vehicles

In the fall of 1958 Theodore Kaczynski, a brilliant but vulnerable boy of sixteen, entered Harvard College. There he encountered a prevailing intellectual atmosphere of anti-technological despair. There, also, he was deceived into subjecting himself to a series of purposely brutalizing psychological experiments—experiments that may have confirmed his still-forming belief in the evil of science. Was the Unabomber born at Harvard? A look inside the files

LIKE many Harvard alumni, I sometimes wander the neighborhood when I return to Cambridge, reminiscing about the old days and musing on how different my life has been from what I hoped and expected then. On a trip there last fall I found myself a few blocks north of Harvard Yard, on Divinity Avenue. Near the end of this dead-end street sits the Peabody Museum—a giant Victorian structure attached to the Botanical Museum, where my mother had taken me as a young boy, in 1943, to view the spectacular exhibit of glass flowers. These left such a vivid impression that a decade later my recollection of them inspired me, then a senior in high school, to apply to Harvard.

This time my return was prompted not by nostalgia but by curiosity. No. 7 Divinity Avenue is a modern multi-story academic building today, housing the university's Department of Molecular and Cellular Biology. In 1959 a comfortable old house stood on the site. Known as the Annex, it served as a laboratory in which staff members of the Department of So-

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cial Relations conducted research on human subjects. There, from the fall of 1959 through the spring of 1962, Harvard psychologists, led by Henry A. Murray, conducted a disturbing and what would now be seen as ethically indefensible experiment on twenty-two undergraduates. To preserve the anonymity of these student guinea pigs, experimenters referred to individuals by code name only. One of these students, whom they dubbed "Lawful," was Theodore John Kaczynski, who would one day be known as the Unabomber, and who would later mail or deliver sixteen package bombs to scientists, academicians, and others over seventeen years, killing three people and injuring twenty-three.

I HAD a special interest in Kaczynski. For many years he and I had lived parallel lives to some degree. Both of us had attended public high schools and had then gone on to Harvard, from which I graduated in 1957, he in 1962. At Harvard we took many of the same courses from the same professors. We were both graduate students and assistant professors in the 1960s. I studied at Oxford and received a Ph.D. in philosophy from Princeton before joining the faculty at Ohio State and later serving as chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Macalester College, in Minnesota. Kaczynski earned a Ph.D. in mathematics at the University of Michigan in 1967 and then joined the Berkeley Department of Mathematics as an instructor. In the early 1970s, at roughly the same time, we separately fled civilization to the Montana wilderness.

In 1971 Kaczynski moved to Great Falls, Montana; that summer he began building a cabin near the town of Lincoln, eighty miles southwest of Great Falls, on a lot he and his brother, David, had bought. In 1972 my wife and I bought an old homestead fifty-five miles south of Great Falls. Three years later we gave up our teaching jobs to live in Montana full-time. Our place had neither telephone nor electricity; it was ten miles from the nearest neighbor. In winter we were snowbound for months at a time.

In our desire to leave civilization Kaczynski and I were not alone. Many others sought a similar escape. What, I wondered, had driven Kaczynski into the wilderness, and to murder? To what degree were his motives simply a more extreme form of the alienation that prompted so many of us to seek solace in the backwoods?

Most of us may believe we already know Ted Kaczynski. According to the conventional wisdom, Kaczynski, a brilliant former professor of mathematics turned Montana hermit and mail bomber, is, simply, mentally ill. He is a paranoid schizophrenic, and there is nothing more about him to interest us. But the conventional wisdom is mistaken. I came to discover that Kaczynski is neither the extreme loner he has been made out to be nor in any clinical sense mentally ill. He is an intellectual and a convicted murderer, and to understand the connections between these two facts we must revisit his time at Harvard.

I first heard of the Murray experiment from Kaczynski himself. We had begun corresponding in July of 1998, a couple of months after a federal court in Sacramento sentenced him to life without possibility of parole. Kaczynski, I quickly discovered, was an indefatigable correspondent. Sometimes his letters to me came so fast that it was difficult to answer one before the next arrived. The letters were written with great humor, intelligence, and care. And, I found, he was in his own way a charming correspondent. He has apparently carried on a similarly voluminous correspondence with many others, often developing close friendships with them through the mail.

Kaczynski told me that the Henry A. Murray Research Center of the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, although it released some raw data about him to his attorneys, had refused to share information about the Murray team's analysis of that data. Kaczynski hinted darkly that the Murray Center seemed to feel it had something to hide. One of his defense investigators, he said, reported that the center had told participating psychologists not to talk with his defense team.

After this intriguing start Kaczynski told me little more about the Murray experiment than what I could find in the published literature. Henry Murray's widow, Nina, was friendly and cooperative, but could provide few answers to my questions. Several of the research assistants I interviewed couldn't, or wouldn't, talk much about the study. Nor could the Murray Center be entirely forthcoming. After considering my application, its research committee approved my request to view the records of this experiment, the so-called data set, which referred to subjects by code names only. But because Kaczynski's alias was by then known to some journalists, I was not permitted to view his records.

Through research at the Murray Center and in the Harvard archives I found that, among its other purposes, Henry Murray's experiment was intended to measure how people react under stress. Murray subjected his unwitting students, including Kaczynski, to intensive interrogation—what Murray himself called "vehement, sweeping, and personally abusive" attacks, assaulting his subjects' egos and most-cherished ideals and beliefs.

My quest was specific—to determine what effects, if any, the experiment may have had on Kaczynski. This was a subset of a larger question: What effects had Harvard had on Kaczynski? In 1998, as he faced trial for murder, Kaczynski was examined by Sally Johnson, a forensic psychiatrist with the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, at the order of a court. In her evaluation Johnson wrote that Kaczynski "has intertwined his two belief systems, that society is bad and he should rebel against it, and his intense anger at his family for his perceived injustices." The Unabomber was created when these two belief systems converged. And it was at Harvard, Johnson suggested, that they first surfaced and met. She wrote,

> During his college years he had fantasies of living a primitive life and fantasized himself as "an agitator, rousing mobs to frenzies of revolutionary violence." He claims that during that time he started to think about breaking away from normal society.

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It was at Harvard that Kaczynski first encountered the ideas about the evils of society that would provide a justification for and a focus to an anger he had felt since junior high school. It was at Harvard that he began to develop these ideas into his anti-technology ideology of revolution. It was at Harvard that Kaczynski began to have fantasies of revenge, began to dream of escaping into wilderness. And it was at Harvard, as far as can be determined, that he fixed on dualistic ideas of good and evil, and on a mathematical cognitive style that led him to think he could find absolute truth through the application of his own reason. Was the Unabomber—"the most intellectual serial killer the nation has ever produced," as one criminologist has called him—born at Harvard?

THE MANIFESTO

THE story of Kaczynski's crimes began more than twenty-two years ago, but the chain of consequences they triggered has yet to run its course. Dubbed "the Unabomber" by the FBI because his early victims were associated with *un*iversities or *a*irlines, Kaczynski conducted an increasingly lethal campaign of terrorism that began on May 26, 1978, when his first bomb slightly injured a Northwestern University public-safety officer, Terry Marker, and ended on April 24, 1995, when a bomb he had mailed killed the president of the California Forestry Association, Gilbert Murray. Yet until 1993 Kaczynski remained mute, and his intentions were entirely unknown.

By 1995 his explosives had taken a leap in sophistication; that year he suddenly became loquacious, writing letters to newspapers, magazines, targets, and a victim. Two years later *The Washington Post*, in conjunction with *The New York Times*, published copies of the 35,000-word essay that Kaczynski titled "Industrial Society and Its Future," and which the press called "The Manifesto."

Recognizing the manifesto as Kaczynski's writing, his brother, David, turned Kaczynski in to the FBI, which arrested him at his Montana cabin on April 3, 1996. Later that year Kaczynski was removed to California to stand trial for, among other crimes, two Unabomber murders committed in that state. On January 8, 1998, having failed to dissuade his attorneys from their intention of presenting an insanity defense, and having failed to persuade the presiding judge, Garland E. Burrell Jr., to allow him to choose a new attorney, Kaczynski asked the court for permission to represent himself. In response Burrell ordered Sally Johnson to examine Kaczynski, to determine if he was competent to direct his own defense. Johnson offered a "provisional" diagnosis of paranoid schizophrenia, but she concluded that Kaczynski was nevertheless competent to represent himself. Burrell refused to allow it. Faced with the prospect of a humiliating trial in which his attorneys would portray him as insane and his philosophy as the ravings of a madman, Kaczynski capitulated: in exchange for the government's agreement not to seek the death penalty, he pleaded guilty to thirteen federal bombing offenses that killed three men and seriously injured two others, and acknowledged responsibility for sixteen bombings from 1978 to 1995. On May 4, 1998, he was sentenced to life in prison without possibility of parole.

Driving these events from first bomb to plea bargain was Kaczynski's strong desire to have his ideas—as described in the manifesto—taken seriously.

"The Industrial Revolution and its consequences," Kaczynski's manifesto begins, "have been a disaster for the human race." They have led, it contends, to the growth of a technological system dependent on a social, economic, and political order that suppresses individual freedom and destroys nature. "The system does not and cannot exist to satisfy human needs. Instead, it is human behavior that has to be modified to fit the needs of the system."

By forcing people to conform to machines rather than vice versa, the manifesto states, technology creates a sick society hostile to human potential. Because technology demands constant change, it destroys local, human-scale communities. Because it requires a high degree of social and economic organization, it encourages the growth of crowded and unlivable cities and of mega-states indifferent to the needs of citizens.

This evolution toward a civilization increasingly dominated by technology and the power structure serving technology, the manifesto argues, cannot be reversed on its own, because "technology is a more powerful social force than the aspiration for freedom," and because "while technological progress AS A WHOLE continually narrows our sphere of freedom, each new technical advance CONSIDERED BY ITSELF appears to be desirable." Hence science and technology constitute "a mass power movement, and many scientists gratify their need for power through identification with this mass movement." Therefore "the technophiles are taking us all on an utterly reckless ride into the unknown."

Because human beings must conform to the machine,

KACZYNSKI WAS ACCEPTED BY HARVARD IN THE SPRING OF 1958; HE WAS NOT YET SIXTEEN. ONE FRIEND URGED KACZYNSKI'S FATHER NOT TO LET THE BOY GO, ARGUING, "HE'S TOO YOUNG, TOO IMMATURE, AND HARVARD TOO IMPERSONAL." HIS FATHER WOULDN'T LISTEN.

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> our society tends to regard as a "sickness" any mode of thought or behavior that is inconvenient for the system, and this is plausible because when an individual doesn't fit into the system it causes pain to the individual as well as problems for the system. Thus the manipulation of an individual to adjust him to the system is seen as a "cure" for a "sickness" and therefore as good.

This requirement, the manifesto continues, has given rise to a social infrastructure dedicated to modifying behavior. This infrastructure includes an array of government agencies with ever-expanding police powers, an out-of-control regulatory system that encourages the limitless multiplication of laws, an education establishment that stresses conformism, ubiquitous television networks whose fare is essentially an electronic form of Valium, and a medical and psychological establishment that promotes the indiscriminate use of mind-altering drugs.

Since the system threatens humanity's survival and cannot be reformed, Kaczynski argued, it must be destroyed. Indeed, the system will probably collapse on its own, when the weight of human suffering it creates becomes unbearable. But the longer it persists, the more devastating will be the ultimate collapse. Hence "revolutionaries" like the Unabomber "by hastening the onset of the breakdown will be reducing the extent of the disaster."

"We have no illusions about the feasibility of creating a new, ideal form of society," Kaczynski wrote. "Our goal is only to destroy the existing form of society." But this movement does have a further goal. It is to protect "wild nature," which is the opposite of technology. Admittedly, "eliminating industrial society" may have some "negative consequences," but "well, you can't eat your cake and have it too."

THE Unabomber's manifesto was greeted in 1995 by many thoughtful people as a work of genius, or at least profundity, and as quite sane. In *The New York Times* the environmental writer Kirkpatrick Sale wrote that the Unabomber "is a rational man and his principal beliefs are, if hardly mainstream, entirely reasonable." In *The Nation* Sale declared that the manifesto's first sentence "is absolutely crucial for the American public to understand and ought to be on the forefront of the nation's political agenda." The science writer Robert Wright observed in *Time* magazine, "There's a little bit of the unabomber in most of us." An essay in *The New Yorker* by Cynthia Ozick described the Unabomber as America's "own Raskolnikov—the appealing, appalling, and disturbingly visionary murderer of 'Crime and Punishment,' Dostoyevsky's masterwork of 1866." Ozick called the Unabomber a "philosophical criminal of exceptional intelligence and humanitarian purpose, who is driven to commit murder out of an uncompromising idealism." Sites devoted to the Unabomber multiplied on the Internet—the Church of Euthanasia Freedom Club; Unapack, the Unabomber Political Action Committee; alt.fan.unabomber; Chuck's Unabomb Page; redacted.com; MetroActive; and Steve Hau's Rest Stop. The University of Colorado hosted a panel titled "The Unabomber Had a Point."

By 1997, however, when Kaczynski's trial opened, the view had shifted. Although psychiatrists for the prosecution continued to cite the manifesto as proof of Kaczynski's sanity, experts for the defense and many in the media now viewed it as a symptom and a product of severe mental illness. The document, they argued, revealed a paranoid mind. During the trial the press frequently quoted legal experts who attested to Kaczynski's insanity. Gerald Lefcourt, then the president of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers, said the defendant was "obviously disturbed." Donald Heller, a former federal prosecutor, said, "This guy is not playing with a full deck." The writer Maggie Scarf suggested in *The New Republic* that Kaczynski suffered from "Narcissistic Personality Disorder."

Michael Mello, a professor at Vermont Law School, is the author of *The United States of America vs. Theodore John Kaczynski*. He and William Finnegan, a writer for *The New Yorker*, have suggested that Kaczynski's brother, David, his mother, Wanda, and their lawyer, Tony Bisceglie, along with Kaczynski's defense attorneys, persuaded many in the media

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THE TREE

And when we woke it was like nothing
Ever dreamt before this: wrist, neck,
The hollow behind the knee, your hair

Filling my hands, all of it while we turned
And turned until we were unforgivable,
Adamant with bark, as if a wayward god had come

Upon us, bewitching breast to breast, fingers
Still tracing a vein, a thigh
No longer intent on destination

But in the keep of one limb resting on another, breath
Lingering in leaves, at the edge of a road
Where we were once lost, your hand faithful

In its nest, your mouth on my mouth
Caught, our feet tangled, looking for earth.

—SOPHIE CABOT BLACK

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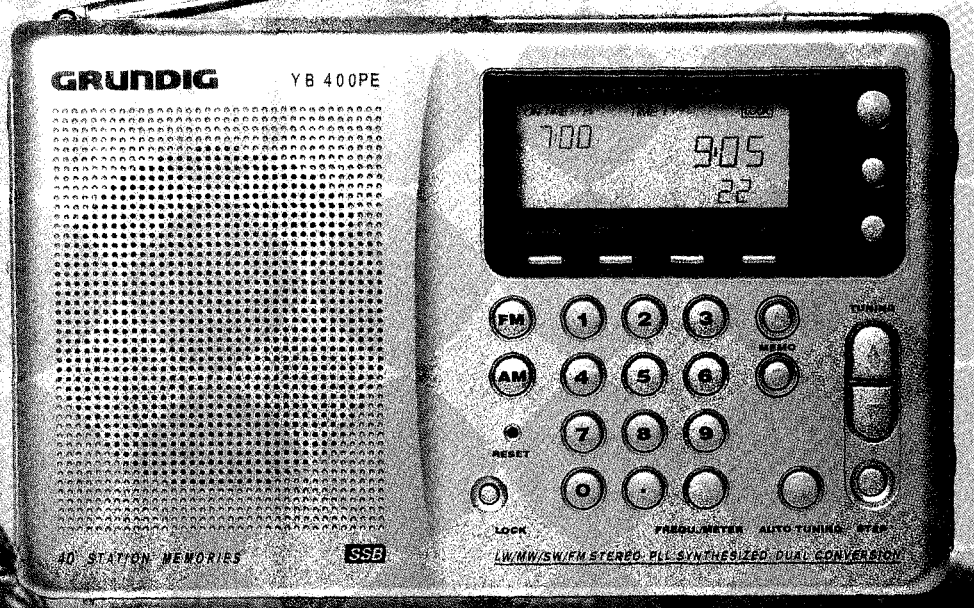

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to portray Kaczynski as a paranoid schizophrenic. To a degree this is true. Anxious to save Kaczynski from execution, David and Wanda gave a succession of interviews from 1996 onward to *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times*, and *Sixty Minutes*, among other outlets, in which they sought to portray Kaczynski as mentally disturbed and pathologically antisocial since childhood. Meanwhile—against his wishes and without his knowledge, Kaczynski insists—his attorneys launched a mental-health defense for their client.

Clockwise from right: Theodore Kaczynski (center) and his brother, David (left), in 1954; the house in Evergreen Park, Illinois, where the Kaczynskis lived; members of the Evergreen Park High School math club (Kaczynski third from right) in 1958

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS/EVERGREEN PARK H.S. YEARBOOK

One psychology expert for the defense, Karen Bronk Froming, concluded that Kaczynski exhibited a "predisposition to schizophrenia." Another, David Vernon Foster, saw "a clear and consistent picture of schizophrenia, paranoid type." Still another, Xavier F. Amador, described Kaczynski as "typical of the hundreds of patients with schizophrenia." How did the experts reach their conclusions? Although objective tests alone suggested to Froming only that Kaczynski's answers were "consistent with" schizophrenia, she told Finnegan it was Kaczynski's writings—in particular his "anti-technology" views—that cemented this conclusion for her. Foster, who met with Kaczynski a few times but never formally examined him, cited his "delusional themes" as evidence of sickness. Amador, who never met Kaczynski at all, based his judgment on the "delusional beliefs" he detected in Kaczynski's writing. And Sally Johnson's provisional diagnosis—that Kaczynski suffered from "Paranoid Type" schizophrenia—was largely based on her conviction that he harbored "delusional beliefs" about the threats posed by technology. The experts also found evidence of Kaczynski's insanity in his refusal to accept their diagnoses or to help them reach those diagnoses.

Most claims of mental illness rested on the diagnoses of experts whose judgments, therefore, derived largely from their opinions of Kaczynski's philosophy and his personal habits—he was a recluse, a wild man in appearance, a slob of a housekeeper, a celibate—and from his refusal to admit he was ill. Thus Froming cited Kaczynski's "unawareness of his disease" as an indication of illness. Foster complained of the defendant's "symptom-based failure to cooperate fully with psychiatric evaluation." Amador said that the defendant suffered "from severe deficits in awareness of illness."

But Kaczynski was no more unkempt than many other people on our streets. His cabin was no messier than the offices of many college professors. The Montana wilds are filled with escapists like Kaczynski (and me). Celibacy and misanthropy are not diseases. Nor was Kaczynski really so much of a recluse. Any reporter could quickly discover, as I did through interviews with scores of people who have known Kaczynski (classmates, teachers, neighbors), that he was not the extreme loner he has been made out to be. And, surely, a refusal to admit to being insane or to cooperate with people who are paid to pronounce one insane cannot be taken seriously as proof of insanity.

Why were the media and the public so ready to dismiss Kaczynski as crazy? Kaczynski kept voluminous journals, and in one entry, apparently from before the bombing started, he anticipated this question.

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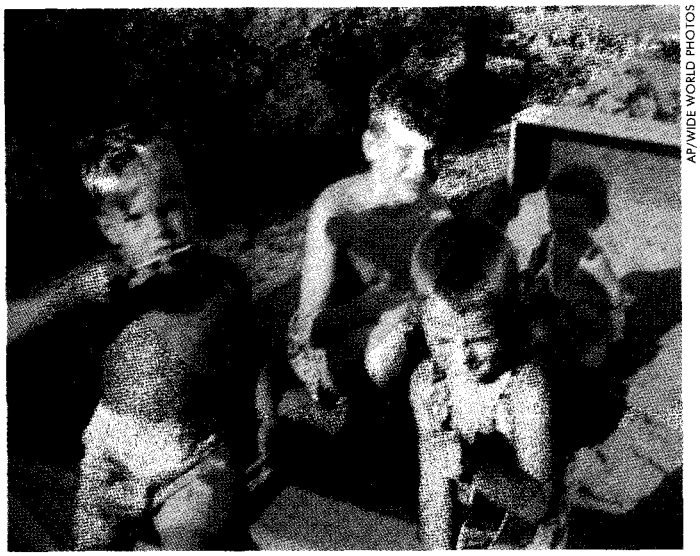

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> I intend to start killing people. If I am successful at this, it is possible that, when I am caught (not alive, I fervently hope!) there will be some speculation in the news media as to my motives for killing. . . . If some speculation occurs, they are bound to make me out to be a sickie, and to ascribe to me motives of a sordid or "sick" type. Of course, the term "sick" in such a context represents a value judgment. . . . the news media may have something to say about me when I am killed or caught. And they are bound to try to analyse my psychology and depict me as "sick." This powerful bias should be borne [in mind] in reading any attempts to analyse my psychology.

Michael Mello suggests that the public wished to see Kaczynski as insane because his ideas are too extreme for us to contemplate without discomfort. He challenges our most cherished beliefs. Mello writes,

> The manifesto challenges the basic assumptions of virtually every interest group that was involved with the case: the lawyers, the mental health experts, the press and politics—both left and right. . . . Kaczynski's defense team convinced the media and the public that Kaczynski was crazy, even in the absence of credible evidence . . . [because] we *needed* to believe it. . . . They decided that the Unabomber was mentally ill, and his ideas were mad. Then they forgot about the man and his ideas, and created a curative tale.

Mello is only half right. It is true that many believed Kaczynski was insane because they needed to believe it. But the truly disturbing aspect of Kaczynski and his ideas is not that they are so foreign but that they are so familiar. The manifesto is the work of neither a genius nor a maniac. Except for its call to violence, the ideas it expresses are perfectly ordinary and unoriginal, shared by many Americans. Its pessimism over the direction of civilization and its rejection of the modern world are shared especially with the country's most highly educated. The manifesto is, in other words, an academic—and popular—cliché. And if concepts that many of us unreflectively accept can lead a person to commit serial murder, what does that say about us? We need to see Kaczynski as exceptional—madman or genius—because the alternative is so much more frightening.

"EXCEEDINGLY STABLE"

No. 8 Prescott Street in Cambridge is a well-preserved three-story Victorian frame house, standing just outside Harvard Yard. Today it houses Harvard's expository-writing program. But in September of 1958, when Ted Kaczynski, just sixteen, arrived at Harvard, 8 Prescott Street was a more unusual place, a sort of incubator.

Earlier that year F. Skiddy von Stade Jr., Harvard's dean of freshmen, had decided to use the house as living accommodations for the brightest, youngest freshmen. Von Stade's well-intentioned idea was to provide these boys with a nurturing, intimate environment, so that they wouldn't feel lost, as they might in the larger, less personal dorms. But in so doing he isolated the overly studious and less-mature boys from their classmates. He inadvertently created a ghetto for grinds, making social adjustment for them more, rather than less, difficult.

"I lived at Prescott Street that year too," Michael Stucki told me recently. "And like Kaczynski, I was majoring in mathematics. Yet I swear I never ever even saw the guy." Stucki, who recently retired after a career in computers, lived alone on the top floor, far from Kaczynski's ground-floor room. In the unsocial society of 8 Prescott, that was a big distance. "It was not unusual to spend all one's time in one's room and then rush out the door to library or class," Stucki said.

Francis Murphy, the Prescott Street proctor, was a graduate student who had studied for the Catholic priesthood, and to Kaczynski it seemed the house was intended to be run more like a monastery than a dorm. Whereas other freshmen lived in suites with one or two roommates, six of the sixteen students of Prescott Street, including Kaczynski, lived in single rooms. All but seven intended to major in a mathematical sci-

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IN THE CENTERPIECE OF THE EXPERIMENT, THE SUBJECT WAS ESCORTED TO A "BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED ROOM" AND SEATED IN FRONT OF A ONE-WAY MIRROR. AS A CAMERA ROLLED, HE WAS SUBJECTED TO "VEHEMENT, SWEEPING, AND PERSONALLY ABUSIVE" ATTACKS.

ence. All but three came from high schools outside New England, and therefore knew few people in Massachusetts. They were, in Murphy's words, "a serious, quiet bunch."

Much has been made of Kaczynski's being a "loner" and of his having been further isolated by Harvard's famed snobbism. Snobbism was indeed pervasive at Harvard back then. A single false sartorial step could brand one an outcast. And Kaczynski looked shabby. He owned just two pairs of slacks and only a few shirts. Although he washed these each week in the coin-operated machine in the basement of the house next door to 8 Prescott, they became increasingly ragtag.

But it is a mistake to exaggerate Kaczynski's isolation. Most public high schoolers at Harvard in those days, including Kaczynski, viewed the tweedy in-crowd as so many buttoned-down buffoons who did not realize how ridiculous they looked. And the evidence is that Kaczynski was neither exceptionally a loner nor, at least in his early years at Harvard, alienated from the school or his peers.

Harvard was a "tremendous thing for me," Kaczynski wrote in an unpublished autobiography that he completed in 1998 and showed to me. "I got something that I had been needing all along without knowing it, namely, hard work requiring self-discipline and strenuous exercise of my abilities. I threw myself into this. . . . I thrived on it. . . . Feeling the strength of my own will, I became enthusiastic about will power."

Freshmen were required to participate in sports, so Kaczynski took up swimming and then wrestling. He played the trombone, as he had in high school, even joining the Harvard band (which he quit almost as soon as he learned that he would have to attend drill sessions). He played pickup basketball. He made a few friends. One of his housemates, Gerald Burns, remembers sitting with Kaczynski in an all-night cafeteria, arguing about the philosophy of Kant. After Kaczynski's arrest Burns wrote to the anarchist journal *Fifth Estate* that Kaczynski "was as normal as I am now: it was [just] harder on him because he was much younger than his classmates." And indeed, most reports of his teachers, his academic adviser, his housemaster, and the health-services staff suggest that Kaczynski was in his first year at Harvard entirely balanced, although tending to be a loner. The health-services doctor who interviewed Kaczynski as part of the medical examination Harvard required for all freshmen observed,

> Good impression created. Attractive, mature for age, relaxed. . . . Talks easily, fluently and pleasantly. . . . likes people and gets on well with them. May have many acquaintances but makes his friends carefully. Prefers to be by himself part of the time at least. May be slightly shy. . . . Essentially a practical and realistic planner and an efficient worker. . . . Exceedingly stable, well integrated and feels secure within himself. Usually very adaptable. May have many achievements and satisfactions.

The doctor further described Kaczynski thus: "Pleasant young man who is below usual college entrance age. Apparently a good mathematician but seems to be gifted in this direction only. Plans not crystallized yet but this is to be expected at his age. Is slightly shy and retiring but not to any abnormal extent. Should be [a] steady worker."

THE ROOTS OF THE UNABOMBER

IN 1952, when Kaczynski was ten, his parents moved from Chicago to the suburban community of Evergreen Park—in order, they later explained to Ted, to provide him with a better class of friends. The community into which the Kaczynskis moved would soon be in turmoil. Evergreen Park was a mixed neighborhood of Irish, Italians, Czechs, and Poles who now felt themselves under siege by yet another group of new arrivals.

On May 17, 1954, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in *Brown* v. *Board of Education of Topeka* that segregated schooling was unconstitutional. To many people in Evergreen Park this was tantamount to a declaration of war. Even before the Court's decision they had feared what they saw as black encroachment. African-American communities stood just next door, and black families came to town to shop and eat at Evergreen Park restaurants. Black teenagers hung around Evergreen Plaza.

This environment tended to isolate the Kaczynskis, who by several accounts were liberal on race matters. Aggravating their isolation was Evergreen Park's fragmented school system. Until 1955 the town had no public high school building, and students were bused to high schools in surrounding communities. Evergreen Park High School was not completed until 1955, and Ted Kaczynski, who became a member of the first class that spent all four years there, found himself in a school without cohesion or community, where few of the students knew one another. As Spencer Gilmore, a former science teacher, lamented, there was "no commonality in the student body." Howard Finkle, who was then a social-studies teacher, describes Evergreen Park in those years as a

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school for strangers. Soon the school was riven by cliques.

Despite this fractured environment, school administrators sought to push the students hard academically. "The fact to keep in mind about Evergreen Park," Kaczynski's algebra teacher, Paul Jenkins, told me, "is that Gene Howard [the principal of Evergreen Park High School at the time] enjoyed a big budget. He had combed the country for the best instructors he could find—folks who would be teaching junior college in most places. Yet most of the kids were incredibly naive. Some had never even been to downtown Chicago. The faculty was presenting them with ideas they'd never encountered before. Some hated the experience; others loved it. And it blew the minds of some, including perhaps Ted." The students, according to Finkle, were asked to read books ordinarily used by college undergraduates. The intellectually ambitious, like Kaczynski, adapted readily to these demands, but in a school where the most popular boys carried cigarette packs rolled up in the sleeves of their T-shirts, excelling at academics meant social exile.

What pressures did Kaczynski face among his family? Ted Kaczynski insists that the Kaczynski home was an unhappy one and that his social isolation came about because his parents pushed him too hard academically. David and Wanda say that theirs was a happy and normal home but that Ted had shown signs of extreme alienation since childhood. When family members squabble, it is almost impossible for anyone—least of all an outsider—to know who is right. And the Kaczynskis are squabblers.

The letters and other materials Kaczynski sent me in the course of our correspondence—including his 1998 autobiography, containing quotations from doctors, teachers, and college advisers—naturally support his version. Unfortunately, however, I am limited in my ability to use these, because Kaczynski has continually changed his mind about the terms and conditions for the use of his autobiography and other documents. Nevertheless, most of the people I interviewed tended to support most of his claims. I offer my own interpretation of his family relations, which is supported by interviews and infused with knowledge of documents that Kaczynski sent to me.

Kaczynski's father, Theodore R. "Turk" Kaczynski, was a self-educated freethinker living in a conventionally Catholic working-class community. In his autobiography Kaczynski claims, and a close friend of Turk's confirms, that Wanda tended to be fearful that their family would be perceived as different. Although nonconformist, the Kaczynskis wanted to be perceived as conforming. Thus, Kaczynski records, although the Kaczynskis were atheists, his parents instructed him to tell people they were Unitarians. The tension created by the family's efforts to look good to the neighbors increased significantly when, in the fifth grade, Kaczynski scored 167 on an IQ test. He skipped the sixth grade, leaving his friends behind to enter a new class as the smallest kid in the room.

From then on, according to Kaczynski and also according to others who knew the family, his parents valued his intellect as a trophy that gave the Kaczynskis special status. They began to push him to study, lecturing him if his report card showed any grade below an A. Meanwhile, Turk seemed—to Kaczynski, at least—to become increasingly cold, critical, and distant.

When Kaczynski was a sophomore, the Evergreen Park High School administration recommended that he skip his junior year. His band teacher and friend, James Oberto, remembers pleading with Kaczynski's father not to allow it. But Turk wouldn't listen. "Ted's success meant too much to him," Oberto says.

Two years younger than his classmates, and still small for his age, Kaczynski became even more of an outcast in school. There was "a gradual increasing amount of hostility I had to face from the other kids," Sally Johnson reports Kaczynski as admitting. "By the time I left high school, I was definitely regarded as a freak by a large segment of the student body."

Apparently caught between acrimony at home and rejection at school, Kaczynski countered with activity. He joined the chess, biology, German, and mathematics clubs. He collected coins. He read ravenously and widely, excelling in every field from drama and history to biology and mathematics. According to an account in *The Washington Post*, he explored the music of Bach, Vivaldi, and Gabrieli, studied music theory, and wrote musical compositions for a family trio—David on the trumpet, Turk at the piano, and himself on the trombone. He played duets with Oberto.

These achievements made Kaczynski a favorite of his teachers. Virtually all those with whom I talked who knew him well in those years saw him as studious and a member of the lowest-ranking high school clique—the so-called briefcase boys—but otherwise entirely normal. His physics teacher, Robert Rippey, described him to me as "honest, ethical, and sociable." His American-government teacher, Philip Pemberton, said he had many friends and indeed seemed to be their "ringleader." Paul Jenkins used Kaczynski as a kind of teaching assistant, to help students who were having trouble in math. School reports regularly gave him high marks for neatness, "respect for others," "courtesy," "respect for law and order," and "self-discipline." No one was more lavish in praise of Kaczynski than Lois Skillen, his high school counselor. "Of all the youngsters I have worked with at the college level," she wrote to Harvard,

> I believe Ted has one of the greatest contributions to make to society. He is reflective, sensitive, and deeply conscious of his responsibilities to society. . . . His only drawback is a tendency to be rather quiet in his original meetings with people, but most adults on our staff, and many people in the community who are mature find him easy to talk to, and very challenging intellectually. He has a number of friends among high school students, and seems to influence them to think more seriously.

Kaczynski was accepted by Harvard in the spring of 1958; he was not yet sixteen years old. One friend remembers urging

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Kaczynski's father not to let the boy go, arguing, "He's too young, too immature, and Harvard too impersonal." But again Turk wouldn't listen. "Ted's going to Harvard was an ego trip for him," the friend recalls.

GENERAL EDUCATION AND THE CULTURE OF DESPAIR

ALL Harvard freshmen in the 1950s, including Kaczynski and me, were immersed in what the college described as "general education" and students called Gen Ed. This program of studies, which had been fully implemented by 1950, was part of a nationwide curricular reform that sought to inculcate a sense of "shared values" among undergraduates through instruction in the Judeo-Christian tradition.

Unlike the usual departmental offerings, which focused on methodological issues within a discipline, Gen Ed courses were intended to be interdisciplinary, with material arranged for students historically (chronologically) rather than analytically. Required Gen Ed courses focused on science, literature, philosophy, history, and Western institutions. The undergraduate curriculum, therefore, was initially designed to be neatly divided into two categories, one general and one specialized, one emphasizing history and values, the other emphasizing the value-free methodologies employed by scholars in the various academic fields. This attempt at balance would give rise to a battle in the long war between humanism and positivism.

The Gen Ed curriculum was born of a lofty impulse: to establish in higher education—as President Harry Truman's Commission on Higher Education would later express it—"a code of behavior based on ethical principles consistent with democratic ideals." Harvard's president, James B. Conant, in his charge to the committee that would design Gen Ed, wrote,

> Unless the educational process includes *at each level of maturity* some continuing contact with those fields in which value judgments are of prime importance, it must fall far short of the ideal. The student in high school, in college and in graduate school must be concerned, in part at least, with the words "right" and "wrong" in both the ethical and mathematical sense.

The committee's report, *General Education in a Free Society* (1945), was known, for the color of its cover, as the Redbook. The solution that the Redbook committee offered was a program of instruction that, in the words of the education historian Frederick Rudolph, called for "a submersion in tradition and heritage and some sense of common bond strong enough to bring unbridled ego and ambition under control." The Redbook's program of reform caught the imagination of educators across the country. By the mid-1950s more than half the colleges in America were offering programs of general education modeled along the same lines.

Although at Harvard the name caught on, the philosophy behind it did not. Gen Ed was doomed from the start.

By 1950 the Harvard faculty was divided between those who, chastened by their experience in World War II and especially by the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, saw science and technology as a threat to Western values and even human survival and those—a majority—who saw science as a liberator from superstition and an avenue to progress. Both these views found their way into the Gen Ed curriculum.

The dominant faction had little sympathy for the Redbook's resolve to inculcate Judeo-Christian ethics. Because of the majority's resistance, many Redbook-committee recommendations were never fully implemented. And those recommendations that were incorporated into the curriculum were quickly subverted by many of the people expected to teach it. These professors in fact emphasized the opposite of the lesson Conant intended. Rather than inculcate traditional values, they sought to undermine them. Soon "Thou shalt not utter a value judgment" became the mantra for Harvard freshmen, in dorm bull sessions as well as in term papers. Positivism triumphed.

Superficially, the positivist message appeared to be an optimistic one, concerning the perfectibility of science and the inevitability of progress. It taught that reason was a liberating force and faith mere superstition; the advance of science would eventually produce a complete understanding of nature. But positivism also taught that all the accumulated nonscientific knowledge of the past, including the great religions and philosophies, had been at best merely an expression of "cultural mores" and at worst nonsense; life had no purpose and morality no justification.

Even as positivism preached progress, therefore, it subliminally carried—quite in contradiction to the intent of Gen Ed's framers—a more disturbing implication: that absolute reason leads to absolute despair. G. K. Chesterton wrote, "Imagination does not breed insanity. Exactly what does breed insanity is reason. Poets do not go mad . . . mathematicians go mad." Hence Gen Ed delivered to those of us who were undergraduates during this time a double whammy of pessimism. From the humanists we learned that science threatens civilization. From the scientists we learned that science cannot be stopped. Taken together, they implied that there was no hope. Gen Ed had created at Harvard a culture of despair. This culture of despair was not, of course, confined to Harvard—it was part of a more generalized phenomenon among intellectuals all over the Western world. But it existed at Harvard in a particularly concentrated form, and Harvard was the place where Kaczynski and I found ourselves.

Although I cannot say exactly what Kaczynski read, he must have absorbed a good measure of the Gen Ed readings that infused the intellectual and emotional climate on campus. Gen Ed courses in social science and philosophy quickly introduced us to the relativity of morals and the irrationality of religion. To establish that ethical standards were merely expressions of Western cultural mores, we were assigned to read works by anthropologists such as Margaret Mead (*Coming of Age in Samoa*) and Ruth Benedict (*Patterns of Culture*). In

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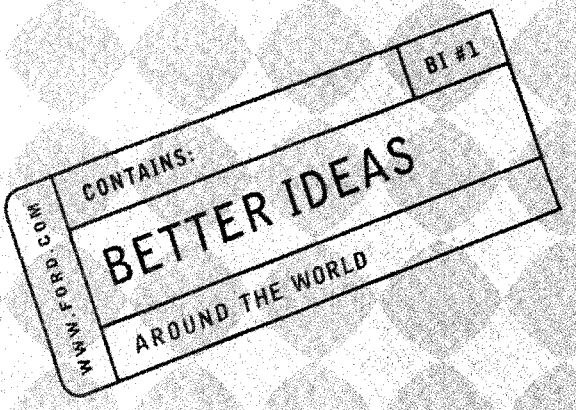

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Humanities 5, or "Ideas of Man and the World in Western Thought," we read Sigmund Freud's polemic against religious faith, *The Future of an Illusion*, which dismisses the belief that life has purpose as a mere expression of infantile desires and as confirming that "man is a creature of weak intelligence who is governed by his instinctual wishes."

In expository writing we encountered Thorstein Veblen's prediction that "so long as the machine process continues to hold its dominant place as a disciplinary factor in modern culture, so long must the spiritual and intellectual life of this cultural era maintain the character which the machine process gives it." We read Norbert Wiener, who warned that unless human nature changes, the "new industrial revolution . . . [makes it] practically certain that we shall have to face a decade or more of ruin and despair."

And Lewis Mumford told us,

> Western man has exhausted the dream of mechanical power which so long dominated his imagination. . . . he can no longer let himself remain spellbound in that dream: he must attach himself to more humane purposes than those he has given to the machine. We can no longer live, with the illusions of success, in a world given over to devitalized mechanisms, desocialized organisms, and depersonalized societies: a world that had lost its sense of the ultimate dignity of the person.

In "German R" ("Intermediate German With Review of Fundamentals"), which both Kaczynski and I took, we encountered a whole corpus of pessimistic writers, from Friedrich Nietzsche ("God is dead," "Morality is the herd instinct of the individual," "The thought of suicide is a great source of comfort") to Oswald Spengler ("This machine-technics will end with the Faustian civilization and one day will lie in fragments, *forgotten*—our railways and steamships as dead as the Roman roads and the Chinese wall, our giant cities and skyscrapers in ruins like old Memphis and Babylon").

In several courses we studied Joseph Conrad, who would later become one of Kaczynski's favorite writers, and whose description of the villain in *Heart of Darkness* could have been applied to Kaczynski himself: "All Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz. . . . " He was "a gifted creature. . . . He was a universal genius." Conrad's *The Secret Agent*, a satire about bomb-wielding anarchists who declare war on science (and whose intentional irony Kaczynski may have missed), presages the Unabomber manifesto. "Science," one of the plotters suggests, "is the sacrosanct fetish."

> All the damned professors are radicals at heart. Let them know that their great panjandrum has got to go, too. . . . The demonstration must be against learning—science. . . . The attack must have all the shocking senselessness of gratuitous blasphemy. . . . I have always dreamed of a band of men absolute in their resolve to discard all scruples in the choice of means, strong enough to give themselves frankly the name of destroyers, and free from the taint of that resigned pessimism which rots the world. No pity for anything on earth, including themselves, and death enlisted for good and all in the service of humanity—that's what I would have liked to see.

Clockwise from right: Theodore Kaczynski (lower left) in the 1962 Harvard yearbook; Kaczynski as a professor of mathematics at the University of California at Berkeley in the late 1960s; Professor Henry A. Murray, who conceived the psychological experiment to which Kaczynski was subjected, in 1959

PRIVATE COLLECTION OF ALDEN WESSMAN

WHAT impact did this reading have on us? Speaking as a former college professor, I can say that most curricula have absolutely no effect on most students. But readings can have profound effects on some students, especially the brightest, most conscientious, and least mature. Certainly the intellectual climate generated by Gen Ed informed Kaczynski's developing views. The Unabomber philosophy bears a striking resemblance to many parts of Harvard's Gen Ed syllabus. Its anti-technology message and its despairing depiction of the sinister forces that lie beneath the surface of civilization, its emphasis on the alienation of the individual and on the threat that science poses to human values—all these were in the readings. And these kinds of ideas did not affect Kaczynski alone—they reached an entire generation, and beyond.

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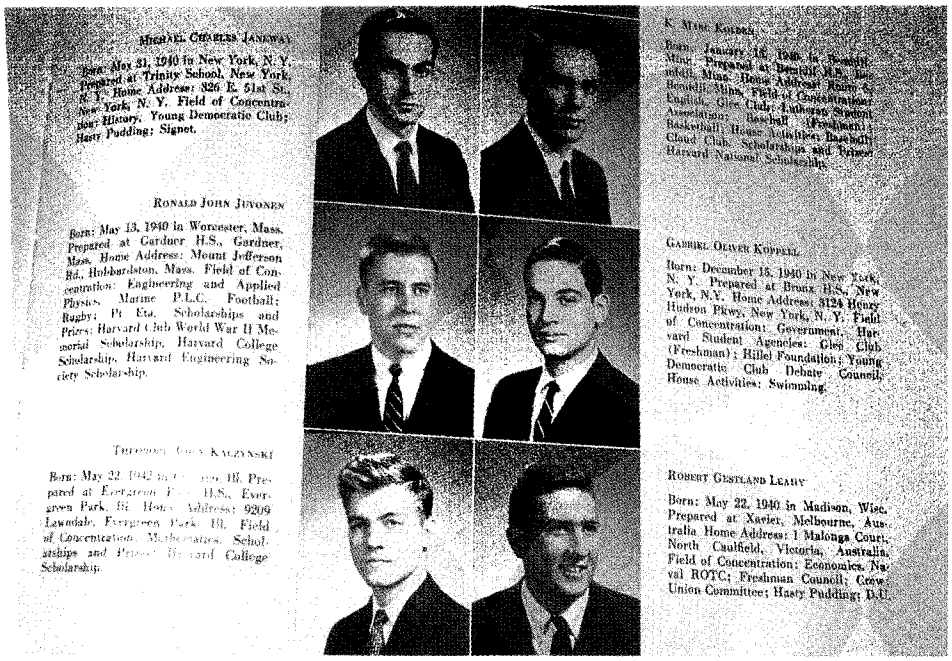

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Gen Ed had more than an intellectual impact. According to a study of Harvard and Radcliffe undergraduates that included Kaczynski's class of 1962, conducted by William G. Perry Jr., the director of the university's Bureau of Study Counsel, the undergraduate curriculum had a profound impact on the emotions, the attitudes, and even the health of some students.

According to Perry, intellectual development for Harvard and Radcliffe undergraduates typically encompassed a progression from a simplistic, "dualistic" view of reality to an increasingly relativistic and "contingent" one. Entering freshmen tend to favor simple over complex solutions and to divide the world into truth and falsehood, good and bad, friend and foe. Yet in most of their college courses, especially in the social sciences and the humanities, they are taught that truth is relative. Most accept this, but a number cannot. They react against relativism by clinging more fiercely to an absolute view of the world. To some of these students, in Perry's words, "science and mathematics still seem to offer hope."

Nevertheless, Perry wrote, "regression into dualism" is not a happy development, for it "calls for an enemy." Dualists in a relativistic environment tend to see themselves as surrounded; they become increasingly lonely and alienated. This attitude "requires an equally absolutistic rejection of any 'establishment'" and "can call forth in its defense hate, projection, and denial of all distinctions but one," Perry wrote. "The tendency . . . is toward paranoia."

As is evident in his writings, Kaczynski rejected the complexity and relativism he found in the humanities and the social sciences. He embraced both the dualistic cognitive style of mathematics and Gen Ed's anti-technology message. And perhaps most important, he absorbed the message of positivism, which demanded value-neutral reasoning and preached that (as Kaczynski would later express it in his journal) "there was no logical justification for morality."

After he graduated from Harvard, Kaczynski encountered a book by the French philosopher Jacques Ellul, *The Technological Society* (1954). Its message was that mankind no longer saw technology as merely a tool but now pursued its advancement as an end in itself. Society served technology, not vice versa. Individuals were valued only insofar as they served this end. Their education and the structure of their institutions were shaped solely for the purpose of technological progress.

By the time he encountered Ellul, Kaczynski recalled in 1998, "I had already developed *at least* 50% of the ideas of that book on my own, and . . . when I read the book for the first time, I was delighted, because I thought, 'Here is someone who is saying what I have already been thinking.'"

THE MURRAY EXPERIMENT

PERHAPS no figure at Harvard at this time better embodied the ongoing war between science and humanism than Henry A. "Harry" Murray, a professor in Harvard's Department of Social Relations. A wealthy and blue-blooded New Yorker, Murray was both a scientist and a humanist, and he was one of Lewis Mumford's best friends. He feared for the future of civilization in an age of nuclear

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weapons, and advocated implementing the agenda of the World Federalist Association, which called for a single world government. The atomic bomb, Murray wrote in a letter to Mumford, "is the logical & predictable result of the course we have been madly pursuing for a hundred years." The choice now facing humanity, he added, was "One World or No World."

Yet unlike Mumford, Murray maintained a deep faith in science. He saw it as offering a solution by helping to transform the human personality. "The kind of behavior that is required by the present threat," Murray wrote Mumford, "involves transformations of personality such as never occurred quickly in human history; one transformation being that of National Man into World Man." Crucial to achieving this change was learning the secret of successful relationships between people, communities, and nations. And coming to understand these "unusually successful relations" was the object of Murray's particular research: the interplay between two individuals, which he called the "dyad."

The concept of the dyad was, in a sense, Murray's attempt to build a bridge between psychology and sociology. Rather than follow Freud and Jung by identifying the individual as the fundamental atom in the psychological universe, Murray chose the dyad—the smallest *social* unit—and in this way sought to unite psychiatry, which studied the psyches of individuals, and sociology, which studied social relations. This kind of research, he apparently hoped, might (as he put it in a 1947 paper) promote "the survival and further evaluation of Modern Man," by encouraging the emergence of the new "world man" and making world peace more likely.

Murray's interest in the dyad, however, may have been more than merely academic. The curiosity of this complex man appears to have been impelled by two motives—one idealistic and the other somewhat less so. He lent his talents to national aims during World War II. Forrest Robinson, the author of a 1992 biography of Murray, wrote that during this period he "flourished as a leader in the global crusade of good against evil." He was also an advocate of world government. Murray saw understanding the dyad, it seems, as a practical tool in the service of the great crusade in both its hot and cold phases. (He had long shown interest, for example, in the whole subject of brainwashing.) During the war Murray served in the Office of Strategic Services, the forerunner of the CIA, helping to develop psychological screening tests for applicants and (according to Timothy Leary) monitoring military experiments on brainwashing. In his book *The Search for the "Manchurian Candidate"* (1979), John Marks reported that General "Wild Bill" Donovan, the OSS director, "called in Harvard psychology professor Henry 'Harry' Murray" to devise a system for testing the suitability of applicants to the OSS. Murray and his colleagues "put together an assessment system . . . [that] tested a recruit's ability to stand up under pressure, to be a leader, to hold liquor, to lie skillfully, and to read a person's character by the nature of his clothing. . . . Murray's system became a fixture in the OSS."

One of the tests that Murray devised for the OSS was intended to determine how well applicants withstood interrogations. As he and his colleagues described it in their 1948 report "Selection of Personnel for Clandestine Operations—Assessment of Men,"

> The candidate immediately went downstairs to the basement room. A voice from within commanded him to enter, and on complying he found himself facing a spotlight strong enough to blind him for a moment. The room was otherwise dark. Behind the spotlight sat a scarcely discernible board of inquisitors. . . . The interrogator gruffly ordered the candidate to sit down. When he did so, he discovered that the chair in which he sat was so arranged that the full strength of the beam was focused directly on his face. . . .
>
> At first the questions were asked in a quiet, sympathetic, conciliatory manner, to invite confidence. . . . After a few minutes, however, the examiner worked up to a crescendo in a dramatic fashion. . . . When an inconsistency appeared, he raised his voice and lashed out at the candidate, often with sharp sarcasm. He might even roar, "You're a liar."

Even anticipation of this test was enough to cause some applicants to fall apart. The authors wrote that one person "insisted he could not go through with the test." They continued, "A little later the director . . . found the candidate in his bedroom, sitting on the edge of his cot, sobbing."

Before the war Murray had been the director of the Harvard Psychological Clinic. After the war Murray returned to Harvard, where he continued to refine techniques of personality assessment. In 1948 he sent a grant application to the Rockefeller Foundation proposing "the development of a system of procedures for testing the suitability of officer candidates for the navy." By 1950 he had resumed studies on Harvard undergraduates that he had begun, in rudimentary form, before the war, titled "Multiform Assessments of Personality Development Among Gifted College Men." The experiment in which Kaczynski participated was the last and most elaborate in the series. In their postwar form these experiments focused on stressful dyadic relations, designing confrontations akin to those mock interrogations he had helped to orchestrate for the OSS.

PLANNING for the last of Murray's "multiform assessments" was well under way by the spring of 1959. The idea, according to Murray's notes, was to "call for volunteers from a large undergraduate course."

> Get about 80 sophomores; administer a series of scales or questionnaires dealing with various dimensions of personality; pick 25 subjects, some extremely high, some extremely low and some in middle on each of these scales; study these 25 subjects over a three year period by the multiform method of assessment; come up with 700 rank orders, and using a computer, obtain clusters of intercorrelations, factors, but final decisions are reached after prolonged

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THE GEN ED CURRICULUM CREATED A CULTURE OF DESPAIR. THE HUMANISTS TAUGHT THAT SCIENCE THREATENS CIVILIZATION. THE SCIENTISTS TAUGHT THAT SCIENCE CANNOT BE STOPPED. TAKEN TOGETHER, THEY IMPLIED THAT THERE WAS NO HOPE.

> discussions and reassessments; enormous amount of data which staff analyzes, interprets, formulates.

Kaczynski told Mello that he was "pressured into participating" in the Murray experiment. His hesitation turned out to be sensible. Researchers gave the volunteers almost no information about the experiment in which they would participate. Each was simply asked to answer yes to the following question: "Would you be willing to contribute to the solution of certain psychological problems (parts of an on-going program of research in the development of personality), by serving as a subject in a series of experiments or taking a number of tests (average about 2 hours a week) through the academic year (at the current College rate per hour)?"

In fact it would never be clear what the "certain psychological problems" were. And the test that served as the centerpiece for this undertaking appears remarkably similar to the old OSS stress test. Students would be given the third degree. But whereas the OSS applicants must have known that enduring unpleasant interrogations could be part of their job, these students did not. The intent was to catch them by surprise, to deceive them, and to brutalize them. As Murray described it,

> First, you are told you have a month in which to write a brief exposition of your personal philosophy of life, an affirmation of the major guiding principles in accord with which you live or hope to live.
>
> Second, when you return to the Annex with your finished composition, you are informed that in a day or two you and a talented young lawyer will be asked to debate the respective merits of your two philosophies.

When the subject arrived for the debate, he was escorted to a "brilliantly lighted room" and seated in front of a one-way mirror. A motion-picture camera recorded his every move and facial expression through a hole in the wall. Electrodes leading to machines that recorded his heart and respiratory rates were attached to his body. Then the debate began. But the students were tricked. Contrary to what Murray claimed in his article, they had been led to believe that they would debate their philosophy of life with another student like themselves. Instead they confronted what Forrest Robinson describes as a "well-prepared 'stooge'"—a talented young lawyer indeed, but one who had been instructed to launch into an aggressive attack on the subject, for the purpose of upsetting him as much as possible.

Robinson has described what happened next.

> As instructed, the unwitting subject attempted to represent and to defend his personal philosophy of life. Invariably, however, he was frustrated, and finally brought to expressions of real anger, by the withering assault of his older, more sophisticated opponent. . . . while fluctuations in the subject's pulse and respiration were measured on a cardiotachometer.

Not surprisingly, most participants found this highly unpleasant, even traumatic, as the data set records. "We were led into the room with bright lights, very bright," one of them, code-named Cringle, recalled afterward.

> I could see shadowy activities going on behind the one-way glass . . . [Dr. G] . . . started fastening things on me. [I] had a sensation somewhat akin to someone being strapped on the electric chair with these electrodes . . . I really started getting hit real hard . . . Wham, wham, wham! And me getting hotter and more irritated and my heart beat going up . . . and sweating terribly . . . there I was under the lights and with movie camera and all this experimentation equipment on me . . . It was sort of an unpleasant experience.

"Right away," said another, code-named Trump, describing his experience afterward, "I didn't like [the interrogator]."

> [Dr. G] . . . came waltzing over and he put on those electrodes but in that process, while he was doing that, kind of whistling, I was looking over the room, and right away I didn't like the room. I didn't like the way the glass was in front of me through which I couldn't see, but I was being watched and right away that puts one in a kind of unnatural situation and I noted the big white lights and again that heightens the unnatural effect. There was something peculiar about the set-up too, it was supposed to look homey or look natural, two chairs and a little table, but again that struck me as unnatural before the big piece of glass and the lights. And then [Mr. R] . . . who was bubbling over, dancing around, started to talk to me about he liked my suit. . . . the buzzer would ring or something like that, we were supposed to begin. . . . he was being sarcastic or pretty much of a wise guy. . . . And the first thing that entered my mind was to get up and ask him outside immediately . . . but that was out of the question, because the electrodes and the movie and all that . . . I kind of sat there and began to fume and then he went on and he got my goat and I couldn't think of what to say. . . . And then they came along and they took my electrodes off.

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And so it went. One subject, Hinge, thought he was "being attacked." Another, Naisfield, complained, "The lights were very bright. . . . Then the things were put on my legs and whatnot and on the arm, . . . I didn't like the feel of the sticky stuff that was on there being sort of uncomfortable."

Although the "stressful dyadic proceeding" served as the centerpiece of Murray's experiment (it occurred during the second year of the three-year study), it was merely one among scores of different tests the students took in order to allow Murray and his associates to acquire, as Murray wrote, "the most accurate, significant, and complete knowledge and understanding of a single psychological event that is obtainable."

Before the dyadic confrontation took place, Murray and his colleagues interviewed the students in depth about their hopes and aspirations. During this same period the subjects were required to write not only essays explaining their philosophies of life but also autobiographies, in which they were told to answer specific, intimate questions on a range of subjects from thumb-sucking and toilet training to masturbation and erotic fantasies. And they faced a battery of tests that included, among others, the Thematic Apperception Test, a Rorschach test, the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, the California Psychological Inventory, a "fantasy inventory," a psychological-types inventory, the Maudalay Personality Inventory, an "inventory of self-description," a "temperament questionnaire," a "time-metaphor test," a "basic disposition test," a "range of experience inventory," a "philosophical outlook test," a food-preference inventory, analyses of their literary tastes and moral precepts, an "odor association test," a "word association test," an argument-completion test, a Wyatt finger-painting test, a projective-drawings test, and a "Rosenzweig picture frustration test." The results were then analyzed by researchers, who plotted them in numerous ways in an effort to develop a psychological portrait of each personality in all its dimensions.

Only after most of this data had been collected did researchers administer the stressful dyadic confrontation. During the year following this session each student was called back for several "recall" interviews and sometimes was asked to comment on the movie of himself being reduced to impotent anger by the interrogator. During these replays, Murray wrote, "you will see yourself making numerous grimaces and gestures" and "uttering incongruent, disjunctive, and unfinished sentences."

During the last year of the experiment Murray made the students available to his graduate-student assistants, to serve as guinea pigs for their own research projects. By graduation, as Kenneth Keniston, one of these researchers, summarized the process later, "each student had spent approximately two hundred hours in the research, and had provided hundreds of pages of information about himself, his beliefs, his past life, his family, his college life and development, his fantasies, his hopes and dreams."

Why were the students willing to endure this ongoing stress and probing into their private lives? Some who had assisted Murray in the experiment confessed to me that they wondered about this themselves. But they—and we—can only speculate that some of the students (including Kaczynski) did it for the money, that some (again, probably including Kaczynski) had doubts about their own psychic health and were seeking reassurance about it, that some, suffering from Harvard's well-known anomie, were lonely and needed someone to talk to, and that some simply had an interest in helping to advance scientific knowledge. But in truth we do not know. Alden E. Wessman, a former research associate of Murray's who has long been bothered by the unethical dimension of this study, said to me recently, "Later, I thought: 'We took and took and used them and what did we give them in return?'"

What was the purpose of the experiment? Keniston told me that he wasn't sure what the goals were. "Murray was not the most systematic scientist," he explained. Murray himself gave curiously equivocal answers. At times he suggested that his intent was merely to gather as much raw data as possible about one interpersonal event, which could then be used in different ways to help "develop a theory of dyadic systems." At other times he recalled the idealistic goal of acquiring knowledge that would lead to improving human personality development. At still other times his language seemed to suggest a continued interest in stressful interrogations. For example, Murray explained in his "Notes on Dyadic Research," dated March 16, 1959, that an ongoing goal of the research, which focused heavily on "degree of anxiety and disintegration," was to "design and evaluate instruments and procedures for the prediction of how each subject will react in the course of a stressful dyadic proceeding."

Sometimes Murray suggested that his research might have no value at all. *"Cui bono?"* he once asked. "As [the data] stand they are nothing but raw data, meaningless as such; and the question is what meaning, what intellectual news, can be extracted from them?" In another context he asked, "Are the costs in man-hours incurred by our elaborate, multiple procedures far greater than any possible gains in knowledge?"

Such equivocation prompts one to ask, Could the experiment have had a purpose that Murray was reluctant to divulge? Was the multiform-assessments project intended, at least in part, to help the CIA determine how to test, or break down, an individual's ability to withstand interrogation? The writer Alexander Cockburn has asked whether the students might have been given the hallucinogenic drug LSD without their knowledge, possibly at the request of the CIA. By the late 1950s, according to some, Murray had become quite interested in hallucinogenics, including LSD and psilocybin. And soon after Murray's experiments on Kaczynski and his classmates were under way, in 1960, Timothy Leary returned to Harvard and, with Murray's blessing, began his experiments with psilocybin. In his autobiography, *Flashbacks* (1983), Leary, who would dedicate the rest of his life to pro-

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moting hallucinogenic drugs, described Murray as "the wizard of personality assessment who, as OSS chief psychologist, had monitored military experiments on brainwashing and sodium amytal interrogation. Murray expressed great interest in our drug-research project and offered his support."

Forrest Robinson reports in his biography that Murray took psilocybin and in 1961 delivered a talk on his experience to the International Congress of Applied Psychology. That Leary had Murray's support was confirmed by Martin A. Lee and Bruce Schlain in their book *Acid Dreams: The Complete Social History of LSD* (1985).

> Leary returned to Harvard and established a psilocybin research project with the approval of Dr. Harry Murray, chairman of the Department of Social Relations. Dr. Murray, who ran the Personality Assessments section of the OSS during World War II, took a keen interest in Leary's work. He volunteered for a psilocybin session, becoming one of the first of many faculty and graduate students to sample the mushroom pill under Leary's guidance.

Kaczynski thinks he was never given LSD. And after exhaustive research I could find no evidence that LSD was ever used in Murray's research. Nevertheless, whether the research had a defense connection of some sort remains an open question. Although direct evidence of support from a federal defense grant is so far lacking, circumstantial evidence exists: the strong similarity between the OSS stress tests and the later experiments, Murray's association with the OSS, his grant proposal to do research for the Navy Department, and the lack of any clearly explained purpose for the study. Obviously, the dyadic studies would have had considerable utility for the defense establishment, either as a framework for testing recruits or as continuing work on how to improve interrogation techniques.

A TURNING POINT

WHAT was the state of Kaczynski's mental health at the time of the multiform-assessments project and immediately afterward? The evidence suggests that he was entirely sane during those years. By the spring of 1998 Kaczynski had obtained from the Murray Center his answers (along with those of other Murray-experiment participants) on the Thematic Apperception Test, which Murray had given to Kaczynski during the first year of the experiment. At Kaczynski's request, his lawyers sent these to a psychological-testing expert: Bertram Karon, at Michigan State University. Because participants were identified only by code names, Karon was able to conduct a blind evaluation—measuring the answers without knowing who had given them. Karon found that on a scale of 0 to 10, with 0 a complete absence of illness and 10 the highest degree of illness, "Lawful" scored 0 for "Schizotypy" and 2 for "Psychopathy." Kaczynski's undergraduate experience and behavior had been unremarkable. The reports of his housemaster, his adviser, and the university doctors attested to his normalcy, as did the observations of classmates. There is no evidence of immediate mental degradation in the project's aftermath. Emotional turmoil is another matter. As Sally Johnson, the forensic psychiatrist, reported, Kaczynski clearly began to experience emotional distress then, and began to develop his anti-technology views.

PASSAGE

The hole sheared out of the roseleaf
by the leaf-cutting bee,

the jagged track above the grass
as the insect finds its rhythm,
dizzily trimming discs
from the leafy air,

the fencepost, still as a heron,
simultaneously considered
and rejected,

the crevice between shingles
also turned away from,
an abrupt descent to earth
below spear level,
below the congregations
of crickets,

to a chipped stone in the dirt,
its inviting lip,

the cavity precisely dark
and generous enough,

the tunneling and rolling,
the mixture of saliva and pollen,
the stowing and masticating,
the capping and cradling,
an arrangement by age

between meticulous forays
to carve yet another green seal
from the leaf of the rose,

the redundant rose,
its white weight
hauling every stem away
from a consenting trellis.

—ERICA FUNKHOUSER

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AT HARVARD, KACZYNSKI BEGAN TO SEETHE. HE WORRIED ABOUT HIS HEALTH. HE BEGAN HAVING TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES. HE HAD FANTASIES ABOUT TAKING REVENGE ON A SOCIETY THAT HE VIEWED AS AN EVIL FORCE OBSESSED WITH PSYCHOLOGICAL CONTROL.

And there is one thing that comes through clearly in the essays, test answers, and interviews of Murray's subjects at the outset of the experiment: many of these young men already exhibited attitudes of anger, nihilism, and alienation—reflecting, perhaps, just how persuasively a culture of despair had infused student attitudes and suggesting that some might have been especially vulnerable to stress.

Bulwer admitted that "right now I have sort of a nihilistic outlook on life. . . . How do you justify studying if you regard yourself as an ant crawling through a great huge anthill with millions of others?"

Ives (speaking of living a conventional life) confessed,

> And for doing all this I will hate myself. I mourn the world in which I live because for me there is no place unless I compromise. All I can do is gather up the shattered remains of my hope and love and in the debris of the world keep at least one small blaze of poetry burning. . . . I most feel akin to the artists and the philosophers and have a hatred for the scientists. The scientists I hate because they are pursuing goals which are destined to remove man even further from himself.

Naisfield averred, "I don't feel that there is any purpose in my being alive . . ."

To describe his philosophy of life, Oscar (roughly) quoted Bertrand Russell (whose writings were assigned in Gen Ed): "Only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built."

Quartz announced that there were "no such things as objective values."

Dorset wrote simply, "Society as I see it stinks."

Sanwick, as one researcher put it, is "basically distrustful of the whole enterprise of life." Researchers found analyzing him "almost impossible," because "his whole life is conceptualized within a bombastic framework of philosophical concepts: being, life, death, transcendency, preservation, liberation, repetition, chaos. . . . One feels . . . a great tumult and chaos of awarenesses, perceptions, and feelings."

The analysts deemed one subject "a young man in a state of considerable distress, depression, and confusion. . . . extremely alienated" and another prone to "withdrawal, silence." And so on, and on.

It is clear, also, that Murray's experiment deeply affected at least some of its subjects. From interviews conducted after the project ended, it is apparent that certain students had found the experience searing. Even twenty-five years later some recalled the unpleasantness. In 1987 Cringle remembered the "anger and embarrassment . . . the glass partition . . . the electrodes and wires running up our sleeves."

Likewise, twenty-five years later Drill still had "very vivid general memories of the experience . . . I remember someone putting electrodes and blood pressure counter on my arm just before the filming. . . . [I] was startled by [his interlocutor's] venom. . . . I remember responding with unabating rage."

What Hinge remembered most vividly twenty-five years later was being "attacked" and hating "having all my movements and sounds recorded. . . .we were led over to the chairs and strapped in and as the wires were attached to us. . . . I began to get more involved in the situation and I began to realize that . . . there I was, actually was going to be in front of the movie camera . . . I was surprised by how strongly he was attacking me. . . ."

And twenty-five years later Locust wrote,

> I remember appearing one afternoon for a 'debate' and being hooked up to electrodes and sat in a chair with bright lights and being told a movie was being made. . . . I remember him attacking me, even insulting me, for my values, or for opinions I had expressed in my written material, and I remember feeling that I could not defend these ideas, that I had written them not intended for them to be the subject of a debate . . . I remember being shocked by the severity of the attack, and I remember feeling helpless to respond. . . . So what I seem to remember are feelings (bewilderment, surprise, anger, chagrin) sensations (the bright lights used for the filming, the discomfort of the arrangements) reactions (how could they have done this to me; what is the point of this? They have deceived me, telling me there was going to be a discussion, when in fact there was an attack).

And at his twenty-fifth college reunion Ives wrote to Murray,

> My memories of the encounter 25 years ago . . .
> The young lawyer was surprisingly hostile . . .
> He had wavey jet black hair . . .
> The subject was the nature of love.
> I argued that love could only be for a specific person.
> He argued that one could love all mankind.
> We talked about Natasha from WAR & PEACE.
> I did not enjoy the experience.

We don't know what effect this experiment may have had on Kaczynski. As noted, I did not have access to his records, and therefore cannot attest to his degree of alienation then. Di-

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FILLING: BETTER IDEA #5

Compressed natural gas

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

There's something in the air in New York City.
Ah, yes...that would actually be

air

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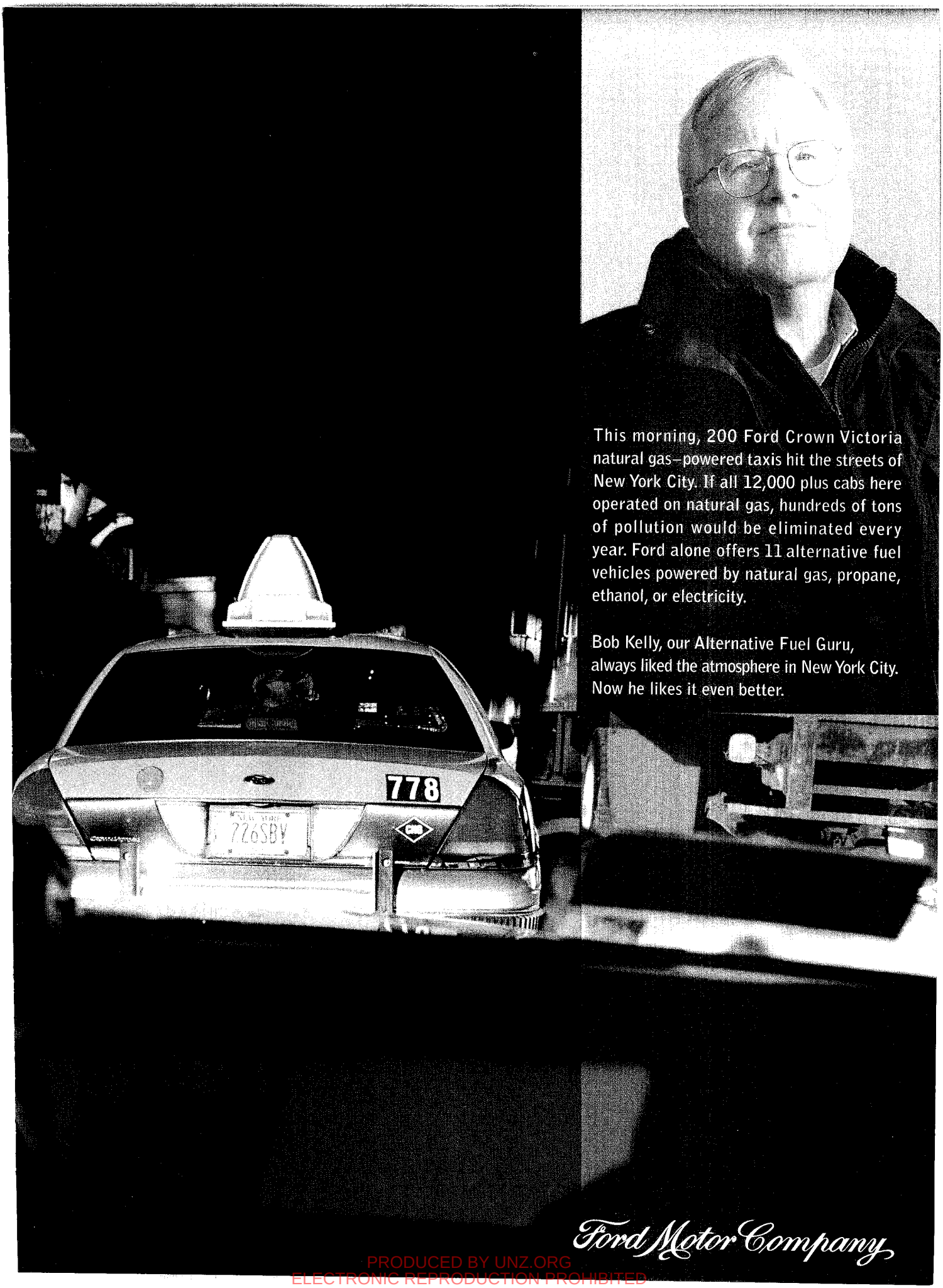

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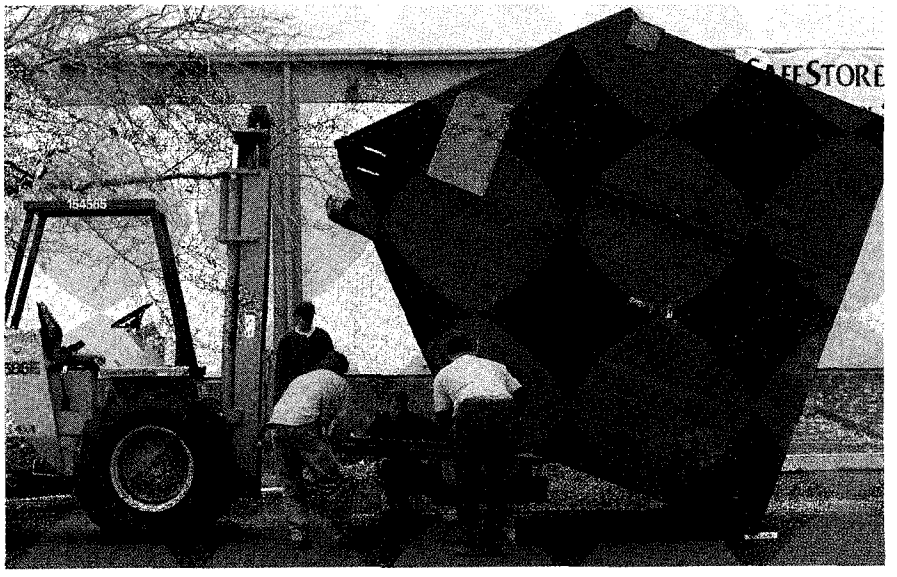
ana Baumrind, a psychologist at the University of California at Berkeley, observes that deceitful experimentation can be harmful if the subjects "have been emotionally unstable prior to the experiment." Kaczynski must certainly have been among the most vulnerable of Murray's experimental subjects—a point that the researchers seem to have missed. He was among the youngest and the poorest of the group. He may have come from a dysfunctional home.

Lois Skillen, Kaczynski's high school counselor, is among those who believe that the Murray experiment could have been a turning point in Kaczynski's life. Ralph Meister, one of Turk Kaczynski's oldest friends and a retired psychologist who has known Ted Kaczynski since he was a small boy, also raises this possibility. So does one of Murray's own research associates. The TAT results certainly suggest that at the outset of the experiment Kaczynski was mentally healthy, but by the experiment's end, judging from Sally Johnson's comments, he was showing the first signs of emotional distress.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

March 5, 1997, to Sowards a
approach is this: You put
on the stand to 'tell my stor
publicly all the most intimate
and then you ask the jury to
because I've had it so tough
"I'm not going to let
approach."

RICH PEDRONCELLI/AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



As Kaczynski's college life continued, outwardly he seemed to be adjusting to Harvard. But inwardly he increasingly seethed. According to Sally Johnson, he began worrying about his health. He began having terrible nightmares. He started having fantasies about taking revenge against a society that he increasingly viewed as an evil force obsessed with imposing conformism through psychological controls.

These thoughts upset Kaczynski all the more because they exposed his ineffectuality. Johnson reported that he would become horribly angry with himself because he could not express this fury openly. "I never attempted to put any such fantasies into effect," she quoted from his writings, "because I was too strongly conditioned . . . against any defiance of authority. . . . I could not have committed a crime of revenge even a relatively minor crime because . . . my fear of being caught and punished was all out of proportion to the actual danger of being caught."

Kaczynski felt that justice demanded that he take revenge on society. But he lacked the personal resources at that time to do so. He was—had always been—a good boy. Instead he would seek escape. He began to dream about breaking away from society and living a primitive life. According to Johnson, he "began to study information about wild edible plants" and to spend time learning about the wilderness. And like many American intellectuals before him, from Henry David Thoreau to Edward Abbey, he began to form a plan to seek personal renewal in nature.

TODAY society would not tolerate the deceptions inherent in the Murray experiments. The researchers seem to have failed at least two requirements in the American Psychological Association's current code of conduct: that they obtain "informed consent" from their subjects and that they "never deceive research participants about significant aspects that would affect their willingness to participate, such as physical risks, discomfort, or unpleasant emotional experiences." But different standards prevailed then, and what we now view as the abuse of human subjects was common. Researchers around the country performed experiments on undergraduates that put them in psychological peril.

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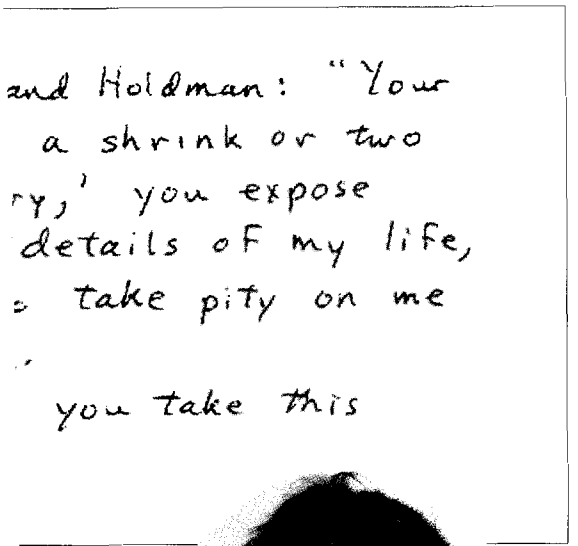
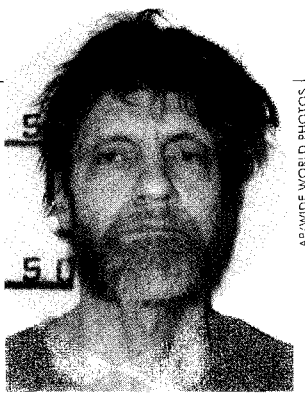

and Holdman: "Your
a shrink or two
ry,' you expose
details of my life,
take pity on me
you take this



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Clockwise from above: Theodore Kaczynski on the day he was arrested, April 3, 1996; the Unabomber's Montana cabin arrives in California in advance of a trial, December, 1997; a note from Kaczynski to his defense team, in which he refuses to cooperate with an insanity defense

In an infamous experiment conducted in 1962 by the Yale professor Stanley Milgram, subjects (forty men recruited through mail solicitation and a newspaper ad) were led to believe that they were delivering ever-more-powerful electric shocks to a stranger, on orders from the researcher. Nearly two thirds of them continued to obey the orders even when they were asked to administer the highest level of shock, labeled "Danger: Severe Shock." Some participants broke down on learning of their potential for cruelty. "I observed a mature and initially poised businessman enter the laboratory smiling and confident," Milgram wrote, concerning one of his study subjects. "Within 20 minutes he was reduced to a twitching, stuttering wreck, who was rapidly approaching a point of nervous collapse."

A 1971 experiment by the Stanford professor Philip Zimbardo embodied the pursuit of scientific truth at the expense of students' psychological health. Zimbardo selected twenty-four students to play a game of guards and prisoners. Nine were "arrested" and taken to a basement "prison," where they were guarded by the others. In a very short time the guards began abusing the prisoners. This sadism erupted so quickly that Zimbardo discontinued the experiment after six days—eight days earlier than originally intended.

The Murray experiment may not have been as intensely traumatic as these other experiments. And its ethics were definitely acceptable in their day. But the ethics of the day were wrong. And they framed Kaczynski's first encounter with a reckless scientific value system that elevated the pursuit of scientific truth above human rights.

When, soon after, Kaczynski began to worry about the possibility of mind control, he was not giving vent to paranoid delusions. In view of Murray's experiment, he was not only rational but right. The university and the psychiatric establishment had been willing accomplices in an experiment that had treated human beings as unwitting guinea pigs, and had treated them brutally. Here is a powerful logical foundation for Kaczynski's latterly expressed conviction that academics, in particular scientists, were thoroughly compromised servants of "the system," employed in the development of techniques for the behavioral control of populations.

THE UNABOMBER

It was the confluence of two streams of development that transformed Ted Kaczynski into the Unabomber. One stream was personal, fed by his anger toward his family and those who he felt had slighted or hurt him, in high school and college. The other derived from his philosophical critique of society and its institutions, and reflected the culture of despair he encountered at Harvard and later. The Murray experiment, containing both psychological and philosophical components, may well have fed both streams.

Gradually, while he was immersed in his Harvard readings and in the Murray experiment, Kaczynski began to put together a theory to explain his unhappiness and anger. Technology and science were destroying liberty and nature. The system, of which Harvard was a part, served technology, which in turn required conformism. By advertising, propaganda, and other techniques of behavior modification, this system sought to transform men into automatons, to serve the machine.

Thus did Kaczynski's Harvard experiences shape his anger and legitimize his wrath. By the time he graduated, all the elements that would ultimately transform him into the Unabomber were in place—the ideas out of which he would construct a philosophy, the unhappiness, the feelings of complete isolation. Soon after, so, too, would be his commitment to killing. Embracing the value-neutral message of Harvard's positivism—morality was nonrational—made him feel free to murder. Within four years of graduating from Harvard he would be firmly fixed in his life's plan. According to an autobiography he wrote that chronicled his life until the age of twenty-seven, "I thought 'I will kill, but I will make at least some effort to avoid detection, so that I can kill again.'"

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Both Kaczynski's philosophy and his decision to go into the wilderness were set by the summer of 1966, after his fourth year as a graduate student at the University of Michigan (where, incidentally, students had rated him an above-average instructor). It was then, Sally Johnson wrote, that "he decided that he would do what he always wanted to do, to go to Canada to take off in the woods with a rifle and try to live off the country. 'If it doesn't work and if I can get back to civilization before I starve then I will come back here and kill someone I hate.'" This was also when he decided to accept the teaching position at Berkeley—not in order to launch an academic career but to earn a grubstake sufficient to support him in the wilderness.

In 1971 Kaczynski wrote an essay containing most of the ideas that later appeared in the manifesto. "In these pages," it began, "it is argued that continued scientific and technical progress will inevitably result in the extinction of individual liberty." It was imperative that this juggernaut be stopped, Kaczynski went on. This could not be done by simply "popularizing a certain libertarian philosophy" unless "that philosophy is accompanied by a program of concrete action."

At that time Kaczynski still had some hope of achieving his goals by peaceful means—by establishing "an organization dedicated to stopping federal aid to scientific research." It would not be long before he decided this was fruitless. The same year, Johnson wrote, he was "thinking seriously about and planning to murder a scientist." Meanwhile, he began to practice what radical environmentalists call "monkeywrenching"—sabotaging or stealing equipment and setting traps and stringing wires to harm intruders into his wilderness domain. Later in the 1970s he began experimenting with explosives. In 1978 he launched his campaign of terrorism with the bomb that injured Terry Marker.

THE EVILS OF INTELLIGENCE

TODAY Ted Kaczynski is serving four life terms in a maximum-security prison in Florence, Colorado. Out of sight, he is not out of play. His manifesto continues to be read at colleges around the country. Through letters, he maintains relations with many people he knew before his arrest. And although most Americans are morally repulsed by the Unabomber's terrorism, many accept his anti-technology views and silently tolerate extremist actions on behalf of saving "wild nature."

Kaczynski has attracted a large new following of admirers. Indeed, he has become an inspiration and a sort of leader in exile for the burgeoning "green anarchist" movement. In a letter to me Kaczynski made clear that he keeps in contact with other anarchists, including John Zerzan, the intellectual leader of a circle of anarchists in Eugene, Oregon, who was among the few people to visit Kaczynski while he was in jail in Sacramento, awaiting trial. According to *The Boston Globe*, Theresa Kintz, one of Zerzan's fellow anarchists, was the first writer to whom Kaczynski granted an interview after his arrest. Writing for the London-based *Green Anarchist*, Kintz quoted Kaczynski as saying, "For those who realize the need to do away with the techno-industrial system, if you work for its collapse, in effect you are killing a lot of people."

The *Los Angeles Times* has reported that last June, 200 of Zerzan's comrades rioted in Eugene, smashing computers, breaking shop windows, throwing bricks at cars, and injuring eight police officers. According to the *Seattle Times*, followers of Zerzan's also arrived in force at last December's "Battle of Seattle," at the World Trade Organization meeting, where they smashed shop windows, flattened tires, and dumped garbage cans on the street.

Kaczynski continues to comment approvingly on the violent exploits of environmental radicals. In a letter he wrote last year to the Denver television reporter Rick Sallinger, he expressed his support for the Earth Liberation Front's arsons at the Vail ski resort—fires that destroyed more than $12 million worth of property.

"I fully approve of [the arson]," he wrote Sallinger, "and I congratulate the people who carried it out." Kaczynski went on to commend an editorial in the *Earth First! Journal* by Kintz, who wrote, "The Earth Liberation Front's eco-sabotage of Vail constituted a political act of conscience perfectly in keeping with the sincere expression of the biocentric paradigm many Earth First!ers espouse."

It is unlikely that Kaczynski will someday be a free man again, but it is not impossible. Although he pleaded guilty in January of 1998 to the Unabomber crimes, that outcome is currently under appeal. He claims that his attorneys deceived him and acted against his wishes by preparing a "mental defect" defense for him, and that by allowing this to happen, the court violated his Sixth Amendment right to direct his own defense. The Ninth Circuit Court has agreed to hear his appeal, and a new trial is a possibility.

Some, including me, believe that if Kaczynski does win a new trial, he will argue that his killings were necessary in order to save the world from a great evil—namely, technology. Most legal experts believe that this would be an unpersuasive and even suicidal defense strategy, leading directly to a guilty verdict and a sentence of death. But apparently Kaczynski would rather die a martyr for his ideas than live out his life in prison. At any rate, his essential point is correct: the Unabomber is not only a killer but a sane one. He is a terrorist, like Timothy McVeigh, the Oklahoma City bomber, and Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, the World Trade Center bomber. And like them, he is evil. But what kind of evil?

THE real story of Ted Kaczynski is one of the nature of modern evil—evil that results from the corrosive powers of intellect itself, and its arrogant tendency to put ideas above common humanity. It stems from our capacity to conceive theories or philosophies that promote violence or murder in

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order to avert supposed injustices or catastrophes, to acquiesce in historical necessity, or to find the final solution to the world's problems—and by this process of abstraction to dehumanize our enemies. We become like Raskolnikov, in *Crime and Punishment*, who declares, "I did not kill a human being, but a principle!"

Guided by theories, philosophies, and ideologies, the worst mass killers of modern history transformed their victims into depersonalized abstractions, making them easier to kill. Much the way Stalin, citing Communist dogma, ordered the murder of millions of peasants toward "the elimination of the Kulaks as a class," so Kaczynski rationalized his murders as necessary to solve "the technology problem."

The conditions that produce violence continue to flourish. Despite their historically unprecedented affluence, many middle-class Americans, particularly the educated elite, are still gripped by despair. The education system continues to promote bleak visions of the future. Meanwhile, alienating ideologies, offering the false promise of quick solutions through violence, proliferate.

Although most Americans strongly condemn terrorist acts committed in the name of political agendas of which they do not approve, many turn a blind eye toward savagery done in the name of ideals they share. Indeed, many are reasonably comfortable with violence short of murder, as long as it's done for a cause they support. It was easy for Americans to unite in condemning the World Trade Center and Oklahoma City bombings, because few approved of the bombers' goals: the destruction of the state of Israel and of the U.S. government. But some conservatives seem to be untroubled by anti-abortion bombings or by the rise of armed militias, and some liberals consistently condone or ignore the proliferation of terrorism putatively committed on behalf of animals or the environment.

Not surprisingly, then, ideologically inspired violence has become increasingly commonplace—tolerated and sometimes even praised. Just after the bombing at the 1996 Atlanta Olympics, *The Wall Street Journal* noted that terrorism "has become a part of life."

According to the FBI, explosive and incendiary bombings doubled during the first four years of the 1990s. And although the number of such incidents has declined slightly since that time, certain kinds of "single-issue" terrorism—including acts committed on behalf of Kaczynski's cause of choice, "saving wild nature"—are becoming increasingly prominent. Last year the director of the FBI, Louis Freeh, told Congress, "The most recognizable single issue terrorists at the present time are those involved in the violent animal rights, anti-abortion, and environmental protection movements. . . . the potential for destruction has increased as terrorists have turned toward large improvised explosive devices to inflict maximum damage."

After concluding a ten-month investigation of this phenomenon, the Portland *Oregonian* reported last fall,

> Escalating sabotage to save the environment has inflicted tens of millions of dollars in damage and placed lives at risk. . . . Arsons, bombings and sabotage in the name of saving the environment and its creatures have swept the American West over the last two decades, and Oregon is increasingly the center of it. At least 100 major acts of such violence have occurred since 1980, causing $42.8 million in damages.

The Oregonian found that "during the last four years alone, the West has been rocked by 33 substantial incidents, with damages reaching $28.8 million." And although "these crimes started nearly two decades ago—some seem clearly inspired by Edward Abbey's 1975 novel, *The Monkey Wrench Gang*—they have escalated dangerously, sometimes with the use of bombs, in the last six years."

No one other than Kaczynski's three victims has yet been murdered by a fanatical environmentalist, but investigators consider it merely a matter of time before someone else is killed for similar reasons. "I think we've come very close to that line," one federal agent told the *Oregonian*, "and we will cross that line unless we deal with this problem."

We may cross that line sooner than we think. In a September, 1998, letter to me, Kaczynski wrote,

> I suspect that you underestimate the strength and depth of feeling against industrial civilization that has been developing in recent years. I've been surprised at some of the things that people have written to me. It looks to me as if our society is moving into a pre-revolutionary situation. (By that I don't mean a situation in which revolution is inevitable, but one in which it is a realistic possibility.) The majority of people are pessimistic or cynical about existing institutions, there is widespread alienation and directionlessness among young people. . . . Perhaps all that is needed is to give these forces appropriate organization and direction.

Seen from that perspective, it might seem that the rest of society is only a few steps behind Kaczynski. When Henry Murray spoke of the need to create a new "World Man," this was not what he had in mind.

NOTE: *This article made use of the "Multiform Assessments of Personality Development Among Gifted College Men, 1941–1962" data set (made accessible in 1981, raw data files). These data were collected by H. Murray and are available through the archive of the Henry A. Murray Research Center of the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts (Producer and Distributor). Prior to the author's access to the data, files of participants in the study whose identity was known to him were removed.*

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America's Forgotten Majority

by JOEL ROGERS and RUY TEIXEIRA

Forget the "soccer mom." The new white working class is the key to twenty-first-century politics, but neither party has found a way to mobilize it effectively

IF one is to believe the bulk of news stories, the typical American voters these days are affluent white mothers ("soccer moms") and fathers, living in the suburbs and probably involved in the information economy ("wired workers"), whose interest in government reflects their relatively privileged position: "No big programs, please, because we don't really need them, but little, cheap ones are okay, provided they target one of our few remaining problems."

• "Soccer moms. . . . were America's most wanted voters, and their every wish turned up on some politician's list of promises: child tax credits, education tax breaks, scholarships, V-chips, school uniforms, longer childbirth stays, time off for teacher conferences, even a breast cancer web site. Some called it pandering, others family friendliness" (*USA Today*, November 6, 1996).

• "Wired workers are the wave of the future, political analysts say. Political parties will learn to surf the new demographics, or go under. Wired workers solve problems as part of self-directed teams, and regularly use computers on the job. They tend to be self-reliant, mo-

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bile, affluent, pro-free market, socially tolerant and deeply concerned about educating their children and re-educating themselves. And they are multiplying" (*Tulsa World*, October 28, 1998).

• "Suburbs vary immensely, of course. . . . But politicians use the term as collective shorthand for key groups of swing voters: married couples with children, the 'soccer moms' who were so sought after in the 1996 election, affluent independent voters and the high-technology employees who work miles from any city" (*The New York Times*, May 4, 1999).

If all of this is accurate, then perhaps the extraordinarily cautious and modest nature of today's politics is justified. Large social and economic problems cannot be tackled because the most important voters are too far removed from them.

But if it is not accurate, perhaps we are unnecessarily limiting the role of government and selling the future of our country short. This possibility occurred to us as we pored over accounts of elections in the 1990s and became increasingly suspicious that conventional stereotypes of the American voter missed the mark. We knew, for example, that more than three quarters of American adults lack four-year college degrees, that more than seven tenths do not hold professional or managerial jobs, and that the median income of American households is actually quite modest (about $39,000 in 1998). Could American voters in general, and swing voters in particular, really be so different from what these data suggest? Could it really be true that, as one newspaper story had it, "Nixon's Silent Majority and the Reagan Democrats . . . are becoming as hard to find . . . as parking spots at the local minimall"?

We became particularly intrigued by the assertion—explicit above, sometimes implicit, but almost always there—that the white working class had become politically irrelevant. How could this be? The 1980s weren't that long ago. Demographic change is generally gradual, not sudden. The country is still mostly white (almost three quarters of adults, more than four fifths of voters), and most people have, according to the data just cited, jobs, educations, and incomes that can broadly be described as working-class.

Well, what can't be usually isn't. The white working class is alive and well in American politics today. Sure, many of its members prefer the label "middle class," and most don't work in factories or at any other kind of blue-collar job. But their economic position in American society bears little resemblance to that of the suburban college-educated professionals we hear so much about.

We call these white working-class voters the forgotten majority of American politics: "forgotten" because we haven't heard much about them of late and also because they haven't benefited much from policy changes over the past

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thirty years or so; "majority" because they are just that—about 55 percent of the voting population.

From FDR to Reagan

THEY weren't always forgotten. Indeed, one important thing to keep in mind is how odd, historically speaking, the current enshrinement of soccer moms and wired workers is. From the New Deal through the 1980s it was widely recognized that white working-class voters were, in one way or another, the key to American politics. The prototypical members of the New Deal coalition, for example, were ethnic white workers—commonly envisioned as working in unionized factories, but also including those who weren't in unions or who worked in other blue-collar settings (construction, transportation, and so forth). These voters provided the numbers for FDR's four election victories and Harry Truman's narrow victory in 1948, and offered political support for the emerging U.S. welfare state, with its implicit social contract and greatly expanded role for government.

In the 1950s the white working class provided the margin of victory for the Republican Dwight D. Eisenhower in two elections. At the same time, it continued to support the expansion of the welfare state, as a roaring U.S. economy continued to deliver the goods and government continued to pour money into roads, science, schools, and whatever else seemed necessary to build up the country. This era, stretching back to the late 1940s and forward to the mid-1960s, was the era that created the first mass middle class in the world—a middle class that even factory workers could enter, since they could earn a relatively comfortable living even without high levels of education or professional skills.

Things began to fall apart in the 1960s. Though the white working class backed John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson and the liberalism of their era, the emergence of conflicts around race (initially riots and the rise of militant black nationalism; later affirmative action and busing to achieve racial balance) and the Vietnam War weakened their support. These conflicts led directly to Richard Nixon's triumph in 1968 and a stunningly high vote (14 percent) for the third-party candidate George Wallace, as disaffected white working-class voters deserted the Democratic Party en masse (64 percent voted for Nixon or Wallace). White working-class voters were also widely acknowledged to be behind the huge popular rejection of George McGovern in 1972—70 percent of this group cast their ballots for Nixon.

The Democrats came back under Jimmy Carter, of course, but it was a short respite, because by the end of the 1970s white working-class voters had entered an economic world radically different from that of the preceding generation. Slow growth, declining real wages, stagnating living standards, high and variable inflation, and high home-mortgage interest rates were battering them economically. The great postwar escalator to the middle class had basically stopped. And the response of "activist" government was tepid. Or, worse, instead of honoring and encouraging core American values such as equal opportunity for all, fair reward for effort, the centrality of hard work and individual achievement, and social responsibility and order, the Democrats seemed to be focused on liberal social programs to promote the particular interests of gays, women, and minorities. This view was easy to cultivate among white working-class voters in the late 1970s, since many of them believed even prior to those years that the Democrats, owing to their perceived association with extremist elements of the civil-rights and anti-war movements, were out of touch with mainstream values. Thus, even as most white working-class voters were personally moving to adopt much more liberal values with respect to race, gender, and lifestyle, they embraced a pragmatically conservative judgment on government and its priorities.

In 1980 they found Reagan's anti-tax, small-government message appealing, given that the government seemed to be doing less and less for them (57 percent voted for Reagan, just 34 percent for Carter). This time they even had a name: Reagan Democrats. And those white working-class swing voters stuck with the Republicans through two more presidential elections. The stage was set, in the view of many observers, for an era of uninterrupted Republican domination, based on the consolidation of the Reagan Democrats—a process that appeared to reach the congressional level with the Republican triumph in the 1994 elections.

But the Democrats have won the past two presidential elections, though the Republicans still control Congress. And all of a sudden, after dominating our politics for sixty years, the white working class is nowhere to be found in most media accounts of current politics. We hear a lot about soccer moms, wired workers, and suburban independents, but virtually nothing about this formerly central group of voters.

What happened? Has the world really changed so much in the past decade or two? Could the white working class have been rendered irrelevant by the rise of a new economy?

The Great Divide

IT is certainly true that there have been fundamental shifts in the American economy and work force over the past generation. For example, service-sector employment has continued to grow, to the point where it now accounts for 80 percent of employment. Only about 25 percent of workers are blue-collar (craft workers, operatives, transportation workers, and laborers), while 58 percent are white-collar (managers, professionals, technicians, salespeople, and clerks). More people are working in doctors' offices than in auto plants, more in laundries and dry cleaners than in steel mills. Finally, the use of computers on the job has exploded, involving half the work force in a very short time.

We may indeed have a "new" economy for most participants, and we have the highest rate of labor-force participation in the world. But an old problem has persisted: finding work that adequately supports people and their families. More than workers in any other developed country, workers in America depend on their pay and job benefits. And for many working Americans the new economy has until very recently been more new

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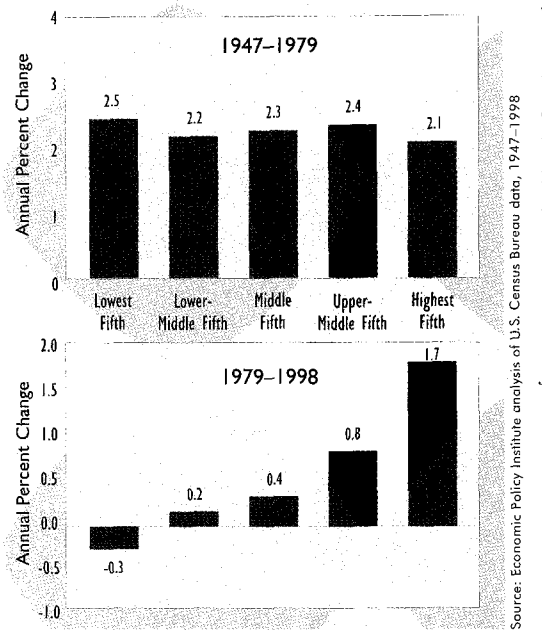
than good. Much of the reason for this is the rapid increase in inequality in our society.

How widely the benefits of growth and productivity are shared is a basic measure of economic performance in a democracy—and, further, widely shared benefits help to generate positive feelings about a society and its government. By these standards the U.S. economy performed superbly for the first three decades after World War II. The rising tide of postwar prosperity really did "lift all boats," as President Kennedy used to say. Indeed, as the accompanying chart indicates, boats at the bottom actually rose a little faster than those at the top. But since the early 1970s, and especially in the past two decades, the gap between rich and poor has grown steadily. National income and wealth, of course, have continued to grow, but because of this increasing inequality, only the top 20 percent of families have made significant gains. The bottom 60 percent, as the chart shows, have barely budged, and some here have actually lost income.

Average Annual Change in Family Income



Source: Economic Policy Institute analysis of U.S. Census Bureau data, 1947–1998

During this period of increasing income inequality the value of a four-year college degree has dramatically increased. Those with one have continued to move ahead; those without one have fallen further behind. For example, from 1979 to 1999 the average real hourly wage rose 14 percent for those with college degrees and 19 percent for those with advanced degrees. In contrast, average wages fell by four percent for those with only some college, 10 percent for those with only a high school diploma, and a stunning 24 percent for high school dropouts. Men among the latter three groups did even worse: they were down seven, 15, and 27 percent respectively.

The difference in prospects between those who have college degrees and those who don't is big enough to warrant its own name: the Great Divide. This Great Divide defines the new white working class. On one side of it are the three quarters of white adults who lack college degrees; these people have not fared well over the past twenty-five years. On the other side are the one quarter of white adults who have a four-year degree or even more education than that; over the past twenty-five years these people have fared very well indeed.

Of course, these non-college-educated whites are not the white working class of yesteryear. They are more likely to be doing low-level white-collar and service work than blue-collar work. They are much more likely to work in an office with a computer or at a similar service-sector job than to work in manufacturing. They are also likely to have more education than the old-style working class—perhaps some college, maybe even a two-year associate's degree. And those in the work force are much more likely to be female. But in economic terms they are not so different from the white working class of previous generations.

These people are the real swing voters in American politics. Their loyalties shift the most from election to election and, in so doing, determine the winners in American politics. They are also the majority—about 55 percent of voters and of the adult population. But they don't receive much attention these days; they are invisible to the journalists and commentators who define our national discourse. To bring them into focus more sharply, we will review some basic information about them. As we proceed, it will become clear that the new white working class is quite at variance with dated stereotypes from the 1970s and 1980s.

• *The days of high school dropouts are long gone.* More than four fifths of the forgotten majority have at least a high school diploma. Almost two fifths have some education beyond high school, and about one in ten has achieved an associate's degree.

• *Members of the forgotten majority earn a moderate income.* Their median household income is about $42,000—on the low side of what is generally considered a middle-class income. About two thirds have household incomes between $15,000 and $75,000. About a seventh are below that range, about a fifth above it.

• *They tend to be low-level white-collar and service workers, not unskilled blue-collar workers.* More than 80 percent of forgotten-majority workers hold jobs that are not professional or managerial. And even those who do professional or managerial work tend to hold relatively low-level, poorly paid jobs. The few blue-collar jobs that remain are likely to be skilled: only 17 percent of forgotten-majority workers currently hold unskilled blue-collar jobs (even among forgotten-majority men the figure is less than a quarter).

• *They are less and less likely to work in factory jobs.* Today only a relatively small proportion (17 percent) of the forgotten majority works in manufacturing (even among men the proportion is still less than a quarter).

• *They live in and dominate the suburbs.* The forgotten majority is underrepresented in our urban areas (making up just over a third of adults) and overrepresented in our rural ones (making up almost three quarters of adults). But in the growing suburbs, generally viewed as the current battleground of American politics, the forgotten majority is represented fairly accurately, making up almost three fifths of adults. In contrast, college-educated whites compose barely more than a fifth of suburban adults.

The conventional view of the subur-

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ban electorate—affluent soccer moms, executive dads—is drawn from a few relatively wealthy towns like Bethesda, Maryland, and Fair Lawn, New Jersey, and it doesn't come close to reflecting reality. The suburban electorate is in fact composed mostly of members of the forgotten majority: two-earner families of low to moderate education and income, generally working in low-level white-collar, service, and skilled blue-collar jobs.

In sum, the white working class remains numerically dominant, even if its form has changed. Sure, many of its members qualify as wired, in the narrow sense that they work with computers and information technology. Many also qualify as soccer moms, in the narrow sense that they have to juggle job and family, including driving their kids to and from athletic contests. And certainly many qualify as suburban independents, in the narrow sense that they live in the suburbs and lack a strong identification with either party. Nonetheless, they are members of a white working class whose economic interests and experience diverge fundamentally—in terms of culture, class, and history—from those of soccer moms in Bethesda, suburban independents in Fair Lawn, and wired cyberprofessionals in Silicon Valley.

The Forgotten Majority's Values

IT'S clear that the economic interests and experience of the forgotten majority set it apart from more highly educated and affluent citizens. But what about values? It's a truism in politics that values matter; some even agree with Ben Wattenberg, the author of *Values Matter Most* (1995).

Undeniably, people vote on the basis of more than economic issues and experience. And even with respect to economic issues, people's values inevitably affect how they assess policy ideas. But this doesn't mean that voting is therefore *all* about values. It means that values are always a *part* of voting, and that separating values from economics in political decisions is an intrinsically difficult and arbitrary exercise. In other words, "values always matter" is closer to the truth than "values matter most."

More than three quarters of U.S. adults lack four-year college degrees. More than seven tenths do not hold professional or managerial jobs. And most Americans are white. So how can the white working class have become politically irrelevant?

So, rather than emphasize an artificial distinction between values voting and economic voting, let's focus on the relationship between values and economics in voting. A disjunction between economic experience and values has fundamentally shaped the political behavior of the forgotten majority. The economic experience has already been described. The values we have in mind are deeply held and broadly shared: opportunity, fair reward for effort, the centrality of hard work and individual achievement, and social commitment. As we have argued, over the past quarter century these values have repeatedly been contradicted or called into question by the tremendous slowdown—and reversal of direction for some—on that escalator to the middle class. The failure of activist government to get that escalator moving again, together with its apparent concentration on the problems or rights of others (minorities, the poor, gays, even criminals), has persuaded forgotten-majority voters that government is more a part of this values-experience disjunction than the solution to it. The direct and long-lasting result is the sour and skeptical attitude toward government that has become so common today.

The Political Opening

THE role of the forgotten majority is crucial to understanding the potential of the strategies being pursued by both major parties, in this election cycle as in recent ones. The ideal strategy, in our view, is one that recognizes the centrality of forgotten-majority voters and seeks to reunite their values with their economic experience—in other words, to heal the disjunction that has marked the years since the early 1970s. The party that does this should be able to command the long-term loyalty of these voters and thus to grasp and keep political dominance.

This is a favorable time to pursue the project of reuniting the values of forgotten-majority voters with their economic experience. The fast economic growth, low unemployment, and rapidly rising real wages of recent years mean that work is being rewarded in a way that hasn't been seen for a generation or so, taking the edge off the forgotten majority's suspicion of government and the political parties.

With that in mind, how are the major parties doing? Democratic Party strategy suffers from a refusal to recognize the forgotten majority as fundamental to a new popular majority. The Democrats prefer to target various fashionable voter groups as supplements to their base in unions and minority groups and hope that they manage to outpoll the Republicans, as they have in the past two presidential elections. The Democrats also lack a program for uniting the values and economic experience of the forgotten majority; they simply hope that the current economic expansion will last forever, a scenario that cannot happen. And even now the expansion is doing little to solve long-term problems such as health security, retirement security, and education reform, which are crucial to the forgotten majority's economic future. These problems demand bold policy interventions—interventions that the Democrats are reluctant to propose, given their born-again commitment to fiscal prudence and modest government.

The Republicans are similarly reluctant to recognize the centrality of the for-

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gotten majority, even though their recent electoral successes have depended on support from this group. They have had similar difficulty articulating a program that could reunite forgotten-majority values and economic experience. They remain committed to an anti-tax and anti-government rhetoric that is out of step with the forgotten majority and provides no compelling vision for its economic future. Of course, there has recently been some softening of this rhetorical position (Bush's "compassionate conservatism"), and it is at least possible that anti-tax politics might regain some traction in the event of an economic downturn. But for now the real swing voters in politics are waiting for someone who understands both their values *and* their economic experience, and the Republicans do not appear to qualify.

The Democratic Base

PERHAPS the Democrats can move forward without the forgotten majority. They start with about a third of all voters in their base: the combined strength of union-household members, blacks, and Hispanics. If this base can be expanded by getting more members of these groups into the voting pool (either because the groups themselves become larger or because members of the groups turn out to vote in greater numbers), then maybe the Democrats can get along without the forgotten majority. Analysis suggests, however, that this strategy has only limited potential.

Take union-household voters. Given the huge difficulties the AFL-CIO has been having in trying to increase the level of unionization in the country, the obvious way for the Democrats to get more of these voters is to increase turnout rates among them. The problem with this strategy is that these voters already turn out at high rates. In 1998, according to the Census Bureau, union members turned out at a rate of 53 percent, as compared with 40 percent among the voting-age population as a whole and 37 percent among non-union voters. Even after education, income, race, and other characteristics are controlled for, union voters simply participate more.

Although this is good news for the Democratic Party, there are clearly limits to how much bigger a payoff the party can get from this group. Could union-household participation be driven to 75 or 80 percent? Possibly, but it would mean that these voters would have to increase their already high turnout rates by 20 to 25 percentage points—a very tough proposition indeed. That doesn't mean that union turnout rates can't be bumped up in particular elections—or that union voters can't play a very important role, especially if the election is a close one. But it seems unlikely that a dramatically increased union turnout will provide a way around the challenge of mobilizing the forgotten majority.

Black voters offer a similarly limited resource for the Democrats. Their staunch support for the Democratic Party is one of the political givens of our time. In election after election, for offices high and low, black voters overwhelmingly support Democrats, by 80 to 90 percent or more. Thus it would be pure electoral gold for the Democrats to increase the turnout rate among blacks. But how feasible is this on a regular basis?

A perennial source of Democratic hope, the black turnout is also perennially misunderstood. After the 1996 presidential election, for example, some argued that the black-male turnout had taken a huge jump—underscoring possibilities for a base-expansion strategy. But this argument, which derived from exit polls, was contradicted by more-reliable census data. (The census survey data contain 90,000 to 100,000 adults per election year and are generally a better source for looking at the demographics of the electorate than exit polls, which have a much smaller sample size and suffer from sampling bias and poor question wording.) These data showed that the turnout among black men had actually declined by four percentage points (and the rate among black women had declined by three points). Black men continue to make up just four percent of the active electorate.

Similarly, 1998 was generally considered to be an exceptionally good year for the black turnout, as African-Americans sought to oppose the Republican Congress and to support President Bill Clinton. But the overall increase in turnout among blacks was only about three percentage points over the rate in 1994, and the increase in the proportion of all voters who were black was about half that. In a year in which the overall turnout dropped, that was still an impressive performance, but it illustrates the difficulty of producing a large national increase in black turnout, even in a favorable situation in which get-out-the-vote efforts are deemed successful. (Large increases in particular state or local races are a different issue.)

Thus it is unlikely that average participation rates among blacks can be increased dramatically. And in any event, blacks remain a relatively small part of the U.S. electorate—just over a tenth. They are clearly central to the Democratic base, and it's essential that the Democrats retain them. But they cannot substitute for the forgotten majority in the Democrats' quest for a new coalition.

Though Hispanic support for Democrats has been considerably less staunch than black support, and is in fact quite weak in some places (among them Florida), Hispanics overall support Democrats at rates of 60 to 70 percent. Increasing the Hispanic turnout would be a clear boon to the Democrats. But, again, how much and how fast could current levels of participation grow?

An optimistic answer to this question was suggested by reports of a dramatically increased Hispanic turnout in the 1996 election. According to widely cited data from exit polls, Hispanic representation among voters almost doubled (from 2.3 percent in 1992 to 4.5 percent in 1996). This implied an increase of seven percent in the Hispanic turnout (in an election in which turnout overall went *down* six points) and an overall increase in the Hispanic vote of almost two million. But—as with the black vote—census data suggest that the change in the Hispanic vote was much less dramatic. According to those data, the Hispanic turnout actually dropped by a couple of percentage points.

However, because Hispanics grew as a proportion of the population from 1992 to 1996, and because their turnout

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declined less than did that of the rest of the population in an abysmally low turnout year, their share of the electorate still increased, from just under four to just under five percent: an increase of about 700,000 votes.

The census data for 1998 tell essentially the same story. Despite reports of a huge surge in the Hispanic vote that year, again usually based on exit-poll findings, census data indicate modest increases of about a percentage point, both in turnout and in share of active voters, over the numbers for 1994.

In the long run, Hispanics' growing share of the population will substantially increase their share of the active electorate. According to census projections, Hispanic representation in the voting-age population should grow by more than 50 percent over the next two decades—rising from a little under 10 percent to about 15 percent by 2020. As a very rough estimate, this might increase the Hispanic share of the voting electorate to about eight percent. In the short to medium run, however, the racial composition of the voting population will change but little. As with union members and blacks, then, so with Hispanics. A successful Democratic coalition-building strategy must hold on to Hispanics, but they do not provide a plausible substitute for increased support among the forgotten majority.

Back to the Forgotten Majority

So an expansion of the existing Democratic base holds little promise for creating a new Democratic majority. The current Democratic coalition—most emphatically not a majority—is already doing a fair job of turning out these voters. It could always do better, of course, but there are limits to the likely effect.

Inescapably, the forgotten majority is the answer. Forgotten-majority voters, excluding those in unions, make up close to half the electorate (45 percent). They voted Democratic for the House at a rate of only 39 percent in 1998, and for President at a rate of 41 percent in 1996. Just as the Republicans made great gains in the 1970s and 1980s by "hunting where the ducks are" (in that case, among the expanding ranks of disaffected whites, particularly in the South), so the Democrats have to go after the biggest flock of ducks—the unorganized, or non-union, ranks of the new white working class. The Democrats don't actually need a majority of such voters. Just breaking even would bring their House and presidential shares of the two-party vote to 53 percent. Obviously adequate to win the presidency, this level of support would also almost certainly be enough to take back the House and would return popular support for House Democrats to pre-1994 levels (the Democrats averaged 53 percent of the two-party vote throughout the 1980s and the early 1990s).

White working-class voters are the forgotten majority of American politics. They're forgotten not only because we haven't heard much about them of late but also because they haven't benefited much from government over the past thirty years or so.

Considering the two sexes separately within this target group, forgotten-majority men are clearly the tougher sell. Making up almost a fifth (19 percent) of the active electorate, they voted Democratic at a rate of only 35 percent for the House in 1998 and 33 percent for the presidency in 1996.

Unorganized forgotten-majority women make up about a quarter of the active electorate and are substantially more supportive of Democrats: 42 percent voted Democratic for the House in 1998 and 46 percent for the presidency in 1996.

Promising as the forgotten-majority women's vote is, reaching parity with the Republicans among the new white working class will require some heavy mobilization among unorganized (and, Democratically speaking, disaffected) forgotten-majority men. Even if support among forgotten-majority women could be increased to more than 50 percent, the Democrats would still need to win over about 45 percent of their male counterparts (an increase of 10 percentage points). This might seem a daunting task—but it should be remembered that House Democrats regularly attained such levels of support among forgotten-majority voters, men as well as women, until the early 1990s.

A New Base Among the Learning Class?

If the Democrats can't appeal effectively to the forgotten majority, and if expanding their current base won't be enough to solve their problems, they must increase their support among college-educated whites. Indeed, to hear some orthodox New Democrats, this is the party's major goal. For example, William Galston and Elaine Kamarck, in the Democratic Leadership Council's flagship journal *Blueprint* (Fall, 1998), argued that since "the New Economy favors a rising Learning Class over a declining working class," and since there is an "educational bias in the electorate" that favors the college-educated, the party must focus on highly educated voters. Setting aside black and Hispanic college-educated voters, who already vote Democratic at extremely high rates, this leaves us with college-educated whites. Simply put, that dog won't hunt.

Substantially more affluent than their working-class counterparts, these voters tend to be less concerned about economic problems and less inclined toward activist approaches to those problems. Moreover, when the very small unionized, Democratic-leaning component of this group is separated out, the remainder makes up just over a fifth of the electorate—a proportion less than half that of the working class. These college-educated whites voted Democratic for the

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House at a rate of only 40 percent in 1998, and for President at a rate of 39 percent in 1996.

The group is divided about equally between men and women. Once again, the men are substantially more conservative. Only 31 percent voted Democratic for the presidency in 1996, and 36 percent for the House in 1998. Moreover, other public-opinion data show that men in this group have far more strongly conservative views on everything from the budget and taxes to education, trade, and health care than either working-class white men or college-educated white women. They are unlikely candidates for Democratic conversion.

The Democrats are doing substantially better among the college-educated white women in this group. About 44 percent supported the Democrats for the House in 1998, and 48 percent supported Clinton for President in 1996. These relatively encouraging numbers have strengthened the Democrats' belief that they should target college-educated voters, especially women, rather than working-class men.

This belief is misguided, for two reasons. First, this is a small target group. There are nearly twice as many unorganized forgotten-majority men as there are college-educated women. Simply breaking even among these forgotten-majority men would be equivalent to achieving landslides among these college-educated white women of about two thirds for the House and three quarters for the presidency. Such landslides are beyond the bounds of plausibility.

The second reason is that support for the Democrats among this group is overwhelmingly driven by women with postgraduate education. Fifty-three percent of these women voted Democratic for the House in 1998 and 56 percent voted Democratic for the presidency in 1996, whereas women with just four-year college degrees supported Democrats at corresponding rates of only 40 percent and 43 percent. But women with postgraduate degrees account for only about three percent of the electorate, making them a slender reed to support a strategy.

Of course, the Democrats could focus both on the forgotten majority and on college-educated white women, particularly those with postgraduate degrees. The latter cannot substitute for the former, however. If the Democrats could improve their support among the forgotten majority, additional support from highly educated white women would be icing on the cake. But without the forgotten-majority voters there will be no cake to ice.

The political arithmetic of the American electorate is unforgiving. Whether the major parties like it or not, the road to the next successful political coalition runs straight through the forgotten majority. What would it actually take to mobilize these voters?

The Republican Challenge

So the Democrats must appeal to the forgotten majority. What of the Republicans? Their position is basically a mirror image of the Democrats': they do very poorly among union-household voters, blacks, and Hispanics; they do relatively well among unorganized forgotten-majority voters and among more-affluent, college-educated voters. In general they do particularly well among men. This presents the Republicans with two basic options: cut into the Democratic base among union households and minorities, or increase their support among unorganized whites, particularly women.

Can the Republicans crack the Democratic base of union-household members and minorities? Possibly, but only with great difficulty. Given its size, the bloc of union-household voters is the most inviting target. But at least for the purposes of national politics, unions are now better organized than they have been in some time, and they are more resolutely Democratic than ever.

Blacks seem, to put it mildly, an even less likely target. These voters have shown no signs whatsoever of straying from the Democratic fold in recent elections, and Republican overtures toward them are likely to be a wasted effort. The Republicans should probably announce, again and again and again, that their party is not racist. But persuading black voters won't be easy.

Perhaps the best bet for cracking the Democratic base lies in the Hispanic vote. Hispanics not in unions voted 39 percent Republican for the House in 1998. In some state elections, including the most recent Texas gubernatorial election, Hispanic support for the Republicans was much higher (that election, notably, involved George W. Bush, the certain Republican presidential nominee). Although it would be a mistake to read these figures as a harbinger of sizable defections from the Democratic camp, they do suggest an openness to Republican appeals among the rapidly changing and diverse Hispanic population. So Hispanics are worth pursuing, to be sure, but the fact remains that their electoral weight nationwide will remain relatively slight for many years (though in state elections they will be important in the Southwest and in California).

Breaking into the Democratic base, therefore, seems an unpromising strategy for the Republicans—at least as a primary focus. Instead they will have to concentrate on strengthening their advantage among unorganized whites, returning their levels of support among those voters to those of the Reagan-Bush years and of the congressional election of 1994.

The most effective way for the Republicans to increase their congressional support is to improve their support among unorganized white women. In the 1998 election Republicans received almost two thirds of the votes of unorga-

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nized white men. It is probably unrealistic for them to aim for a still higher share, though they must maintain the share they have; forgotten-majority men provided about 30 percent of all Republican votes in 1998. It would be more realistic to gain votes among their female counterparts, whose support levels were seven to nine points lower. If the support of forgotten-majority women alone could be increased to match that of their male counterparts, the Republicans would have their new majority. For the support of college-educated white women to have the same effect, the Republicans would have to receive an overwhelming three quarters of their votes. It seems highly implausible that they will be able to do so.

Uniting Values With Economics

THE political arithmetic of the American electorate is unforgiving. Whether the major parties like it or not, the road to the next successful political coalition runs straight through the forgotten majority. The Democrats have to reach toward the break-even point among these voters, especially by strengthening their performance among men (while continuing to turn out their current base). The Republicans have to intensify their dominance of this group—especially by enhancing their performance among women—or break into the Democrats' base. These are daunting challenges for both parties, with no obvious or risk-free solutions.

What would it actually take to mobilize—and keep—forgotten-majority voters? As we have said, the core values of the forgotten majority must be reunited with their economic experience. Consider the following possibilities.

• *If a criminal has a right to a lawyer, you have a right to a doctor.* This was a great line from Harris Wofford's successful Senate campaign of 1991, and it sounds the right note for the forgotten majority. Hardworking, law-abiding citizens should be provided with access to health care. They should not be left out in the cold just because they're unlucky enough to lose their jobs or to work for companies that don't provide affordable health insurance.

• *People who work hard all their lives should have an adequate income after retirement.* It is not fair to punish those who earned too little to save much for their retirement or who worked for employers that didn't provide pensions.

• *Americans have a right to the best education their tax dollars can buy.* In this rapidly changing economy the children of American workers must have access to quality education—elementary, secondary, college, and beyond. The more quality education a person has, the better he or she will do economically.

• *People willing to work hard should be able to get the training they want for the jobs they need.* In the new economy people frequently have to or want to change jobs. They should not be penalized because they can't get access to training they would be perfectly willing and able to go through.

• *In today's global economy everybody has a right to a decent wage and everybody has a right to speak out and organize.* American workers shouldn't be competing with workers in other countries whose wages are artificially depressed by the absence of even minimal standards and democratic freedoms. That's not fair to workers abroad or at home.

• *People who work hard should also be able to spend enough time with their families.* Hard work shouldn't destroy family life and parents' relationships with their children. That's not the American Dream. We have to find ways to give workers more time to spend as parents, instead of the other way around.

• *Parents who work outside the home should have access to affordable, quality child care.* Nobody who wants or needs to work in today's society should have to sacrifice the welfare of his or her children to do so.

• *We should make whatever investments are necessary to keep the economy growing.* Solid economic growth benefits all Americans who are willing to work. It's a good use of tax money to spend whatever is necessary to maintain and safeguard this growth.

These goals build on the core values of the forgotten majority—opportunity, fair reward for effort, the centrality of hard work and achievement, and social commitment. And they would give everybody in the forgotten majority a fair shot at an upstanding, reasonably prosperous and secure life—that is, a middle-class life as it was once understood.

It is important to emphasize that the list above is a set of goals, not policies. And since they are goals, they could—and should—be adopted by Republicans, although policies to meet these goals are currently more closely associated with Democrats. Indeed, we would argue that the Republicans have, rather than a seeming ideological hostility to government, a great interest in embracing these goals and in highlighting their commitment to education and other social issues (in budget negotiations last year Republicans actually proposed more funding for education than was requested by President Clinton).

Of course, Republicans and Democrats will have different ideas about how to use government to achieve these goals. But each party must try to achieve them if it means to build a durable majority. The insecurities of the new economy cannot be remedied without effort; the need to confront them politically is inescapable. Whichever party acknowledges this first, together with the need to overcome the new austerity (the bipartisan consensus that paying down the national debt is far more important than spending money on new programs), will reap the electoral rewards.

Until then, neither party is capable of implementing a serious program to address America's problems at scale, since the opposing party can effectively veto it. We are left instead with a politics of small gestures and incremental changes, fueled by intense partisan conflict. This makes for profoundly ineffective governance, especially when measured against the challenges of a new century. With the support of the forgotten majority, however, we can do better. We can revive active, strong government and build a twenty-first-century prosperity that includes all Americans.

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The Prophet Faulkner

by LARRY LEVINGER

Ignored for much of his own time and then embalmed in dignity by the Nobel Prize, William Faulkner spoke to the violence and disorder of our time with an authority and a penetration that few contemporary writers can match

IN *Mosquitoes* (1927), William Faulkner wrote, "'I think he was crazy. Not dangerous: just crazy.'

"'What was his name? Did he tell you?'

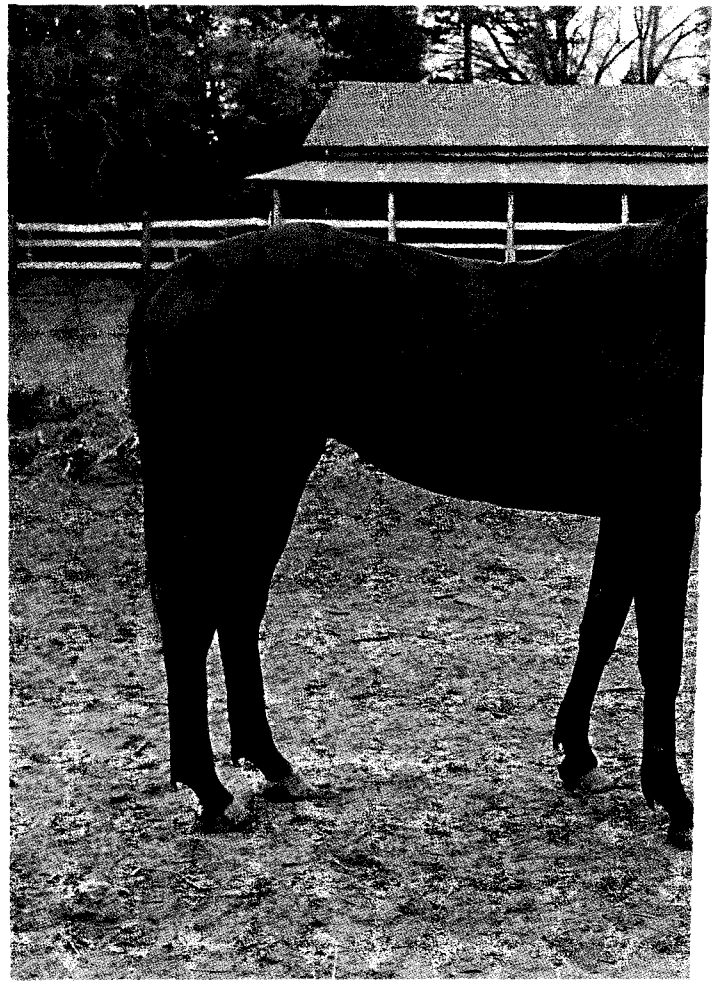
"'Yes. It was. . . . Wait. . . . Oh, yes: I remember—Faulkner, that was it.'"

That was it all right. When Faulkner died, thirty-five years later, William Styron, riding in the funeral cortege, reckoned with just how fierce and probing the novelist's craziness could be. The whole of Faulkner's "maddened, miraculous vision of life wrested . . . out of nothingness" came "swarming" into Styron's mind with a "sense of utter reality." Marshall Frady described the experience of reading Faulkner as "turning to find oneself looking full into the face of the sun. . . . Faulkner is an experience that a lot of Southern boys spend the rest of their lives trying to recover from." Southern girls, too. Flannery O'Connor wrote, "The presence alone of Faulkner in our midst makes a great difference in what the writer can and cannot permit himself to do. Nobody wants his mule and wagon stalled on the same track the Dixie Limited is roaring down."

What is it about Faulkner that so arouses writers, chafes and teases critics (some 1,300 books have been written about him), and moves even casual readers to love or hate his work? Toward what betterment can his ferocious imagination tempt us, and how is it that thirty-eight years after his death and almost fifty years after he won the Nobel Prize for Literature, he is more than ever a writer for today?

When Faulkner's disturbing novels surfaced in the 1930s, he was considered dark and extreme. Nowadays the dark and extreme world he portrayed is commonplace. E. M. Forster wrote that a prophetic author raises "human love and hatred to such a power that their normal receptacles no longer contain them." By such expansion and amplification the prophetic Faulkner took his "little postage stamp of native soil"—Oxford, Mississippi—and turned it into a mirror of the modern age.

Faulkner's native soil has today been commandeered by upscale boutiques and shopping malls, but in his youth Oxford, a university town in the hill country of Lafayette County, seventy miles southeast of Memphis, Tennessee, was a village of unpaved streets with a population of about 1,500. If you stepped off the town square, you were in the woods. Faulkner



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played and later hunted in those woods, attended local schools, worked as an apprentice in his father's livery store and as a bookkeeper in his grandfather's bank. He joined the Royal Air Force in Canada during World War I. After the war he returned to Oxford, where he studied at the University of Mississippi, wrote poems, and worked as a carpenter and a house painter (swinging out precariously from ropes, friends recall, when he painted the steeple of the university's geology building). When a friend got him a job as a clerk at the Doubleday book shop in New York, for $11 a week, Faulkner went north, delighted to be a vagabond. "Hell," said his uncle, an Oxford judge, "he ain't ever going to amount to a damn—not a damn."

At first the twenty-four-year-old Faulkner was a good book salesman who charmed his customers; soon, however, he was advising them not to read the "trash" they had selected. Unhappy with the job, he returned to Oxford, where he was offered a place as fourth-class postmaster at the University of Mississippi, at a salary of $1,500 a year. He failed at this, too: he was forced to resign for throwing away mail, failing to deliver holiday hams on time (they spoiled), keeping magazines until he'd read them, or closing down the post office early to drive out in his yellow Model T Ford for a round of golf.

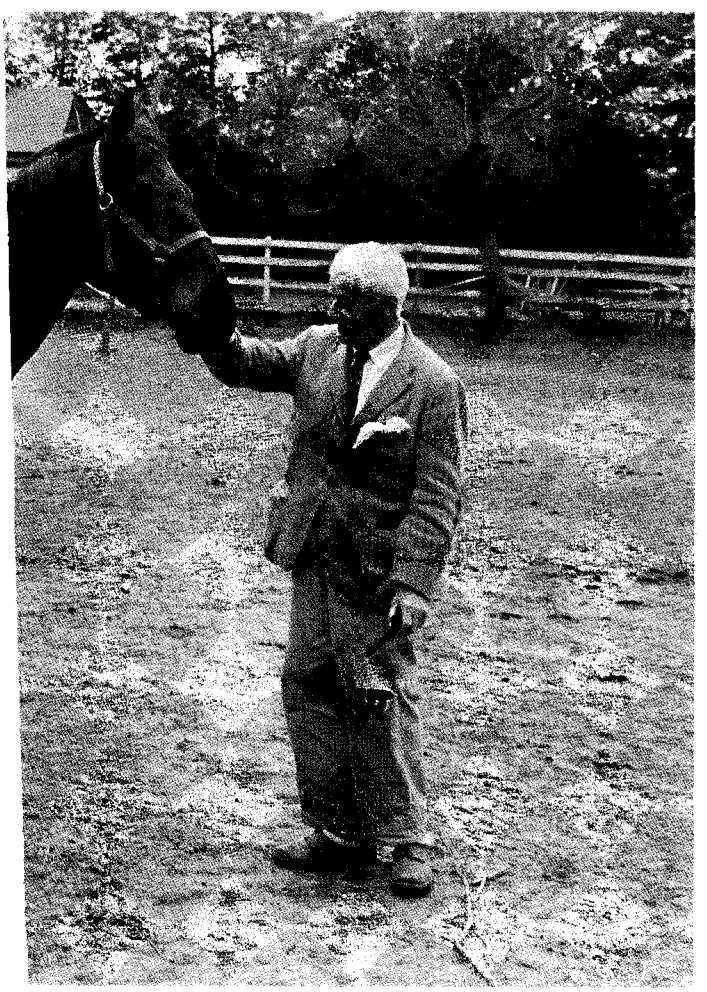
Relieved of his postmaster job, Faulkner made his way to New Orleans, where in time he was introduced to Sherwood Anderson, who warned him, "You've got too much talent. You can do it too easy, in too many different ways. If you're not careful, you'll never write anything." Anderson, a writer of poetry, essays, short-story collections (*Winesburg, Ohio*), and novels (*Dark Laughter*), encouraged Faulkner to try his hand at fiction. Faulkner moved into Anderson's apartment on the Vieux Carré. There he wrote sketches for the *Times-Picayune* and labored at his fiction. Visitors to Anderson's apartment were impressed by Faulkner's "beautiful manners, his soft speech, his controlled intensity, and his astonishing capacity for hard drink."

When Faulkner produced his first novel, *Soldiers' Pay* (1926), Anderson arranged to have the book published, after which Faulkner left New Orleans on a freighter bound for Italy. He tramped through Europe for six months, eventually returning to Oxford. *Soldiers' Pay* was printed and it would soon be forgotten. He was twenty-eight, and about as unemployable as a man could be.

But he was working on two novels, *Sartoris* (1929) and *The Sound and the Fury* (1929), that would transform him as an artist, and American literature with him. *The Sound and the Fury* would give him his language and his sense of time; *Sartoris* would give him his terrain.

The Sound and the Fury is the story of the dissolution of an old southern family told from multiple points of view, its characters drifting through layers of time. It was the beginning of the Faulkner of simultaneity, the creator of characters captured by unclear divisions between remembered time and present time. It was, too, the beginning of the Faulknerian obsessions: pride, lust, incest, greed, violence, endurance. And it was the beginning of a devotion to the craft of writing that would sustain the novelist through rejection, misinterpretation, and poverty. *The Sound and the Fury* taught Faulkner to approach language "with a kind of alert respect, as you approach dynamite," and it taught him to write for the sake of writing itself: "One day it suddenly seemed as if a door had clamped silently and forever . . . between me and all publishers' addresses and book lists. I said to myself, Now I can write."

Sartoris was the first of Faulkner's interconnecting novels about life in a fictional Mississippi county he called Yoknapatawpha and its central town, Jefferson. Yoknapatawpha, pronounced *Yak-nuh-pa*-TAH-*fah* or *Yat-nuh-pa*-TAH-*fah* and, Faulkner said, meaning "water runs slow through flat land," embodied a South once ruled by baron planters, aristocrats like the Sartoris clan. They had developed a society and an economy based on territory stolen from the Indians and on slavery, which put a curse upon the land. The baron planters lived by principles that led them into secession and civil war, and lost them everything. When the war was over, they tried to restore their way of life, but carpetbaggers, landless whites, and the collapse



William Faulkner at his home, Rowan Oak, in Oxford, Mississippi. The photograph was taken in 1962, shortly before his death

Martin J. Dain Collection, Southern Media Archive, Center for the Study of Southern Culture, University of Mississippi

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of the slave-based economic system made that impossible.

Faulkner's post–Civil War South was populated by Snopeses, unscrupulous, materialistic self-seekers with a disregard for the worthy values of the Old South—politeness, family ties, honor, love of the land. The result was moral confusion and social decay, with the old families adrift in the past, rendered impotent, and with the Snopeses made hard by ambition and knee-deep in corruption. Yoknapatawpha supplied Faulkner's novels with a big canvas on which to explore what he called the human heart's "driving complexity," and made of his South a universal setting.

DURING some twenty years with the *Oxford Eagle* (eventually as its owner and editor), Nina Goolsby had occasion to see William Faulkner, whom she felt was "a beautiful man, soft-spoken, never in a hurry, kind and considerate." Nina's husband, J.C., was the service manager of the East Motor Company Garage, where he repaired Faulkner's Ford. Faulkner was not a reliable customer. "He ran up a bill," Nina told me when I visited Oxford some years ago. "Around fifteen hundred dollars' worth. And J.C. had to go on up to his home and try to get paid on the car. He ran up a pile of bills down at Neilson's department store, too, and at McCall's sporting goods. He wrote on one of them, 'I can't pay this now but someday this signature'll be worth more than I owe you.'

FAULKNER CAPTURED the mind of the modern sociopath long before his deeds became the awful stuff of the eleven-o'clock news, and he described a world in which everyone was held hostage by someone or something--mostly by the past.

He was right, but nobody would have dreamed it at the time. People around here didn't know what a Nobel Prize was until he won it."

Faulkner, Nina told me, came down to the *Eagle* office some afternoons and watched the children exit the Oxford Grammar School, across the street. "No notes," she remembered, "just watching those children." Faulkner, it is said, related better to children (and horses) than to adults. And he often used children he observed as characters in his stories. The innocent child character Benjy, in *The Sound and the Fury*, is thought to have been modeled on a mentally retarded boy who lived nearby.

"Watch people," Faulkner advised young writers, "never judge . . . watch what they do, without intolerance . . . learn."

But this took a particular kind of sight.

TENNESSEE Williams said of an encounter with Faulkner, "He looked slowly up, and his eyes were so incredibly sad that I, being a somewhat emotional person, began to cry uncontrollably. I have never seen such sad eyes on a human face." A friend of Faulkner's described the novelist's eyes as burning "through the flesh and bone of everybody in front of him, seeing clearly down into the ultimate emptiness that is in most of us."

People who went to grammar school with Faulkner remember that he stood around during recess and lunch hour watching the other kids play. "He would stand for long periods of time and just concentrate without saying anything to anyone," a former classmate recalls. Faulkner employed this talent for survey and detection to create, and store for later use, scenes—glimpses, really—of a powerfully evocative nature, which he often used as openings to his novels. *The Sound and the Fury* "began with a mental picture," Faulkner wrote in an introduction to the novel, "of the muddy seat of a little girl's drawers in a pear tree, where she could see through a window where her grandmother's funeral was taking place and report what was happening to her brothers on the ground below." He explained, "There's always a moment, an incident . . . I work away from it, finding out how people act after that moment."

Faulkner was a master at presenting a common incident with an uncommon image, and this—along with the publication of his powerful sixth novel, *Sanctuary*—accounts for Hollywood's interest in him. Faulkner was invited out to Hollywood to write for the screen, but he was so broke he asked to borrow five dollars from his uncle in order to wire Hollywood that he would come. He worked on dialogue and scenes for *The Big Sleep*, *To Have and Have Not*, and other movies.

Hollywood wasn't exactly a fit for Faulkner. "I've got an idea for Mickey Mouse," he told his boss, and he once asked Clark Gable what he did for a living. When he turned in his first scene for *The Big Sleep*, it was two pages long, single-spaced, for one character to speak. "Impossible," Lauren Bacall later remarked, "totally impossible on the screen. . . . Howard [Hawks] kind of chuckled, and Bogey kind of chuckled." Faulkner, rumors were, once asked his producer if he could work at home. The producer agreed. A few weeks went by with no word from Faulkner. He had checked out of his hotel. For Faulkner, home was Mississippi.

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the viewer's eye—the way the eye supplies what isn't in the story. But writing is about the *writer's* eye—the way *it* supplies what *is* in the story. Faulkner's eye saw life as a river running in the dark, and he felt that the best he could do was shine a light on its veering surface. Faulkner held the light unflinchingly until the "complex and troubled hearts" carried along by the river revealed that there was "no such thing as *was* . . . no such thing as *will be*." Consequently, life "must be before itself" while "in advance of itself." The novelist's job—the one Faulkner designed for himself—was to "arrest motion," to capture time in an "inconclusive and inconcludable" sentence, one in which "human experience" is "reduced to literature." This was impossible, he knew, but he was compelled to try it anyway. It was his ambition to put everything into one sentence—"not only the present but the whole past on which it depends and which keeps overtaking the present second by second." Thus, famously, in his 1942 story "The Bear," Faulkner conceived an 1,800-word sentence.

But there was peril in such floods of language: that they could turn swiftly to "talk, talk, talk: the utter and heartbreaking stupidity of words." Or it could, as Faulkner thought it did in the work of James Joyce, consume a writer in the "divine fire" of his own talent out of control. The language had to rise naturally from the thoughts and actions of characters who suffer, usually by their own hand, but suffer for the sake of, and in the rectifying light of, a universal conscience that intrudes on the present and sustains, for better or worse, human nobility. To accomplish this task Faulkner entered so deeply into his characters that he passed through them, leaving them bare for absorption by the reader.

The monk and writer Thomas Merton said of Faulkner's characters that as they become "worthy by suffering," the reader realizes "That's *me*"—realizes it because he remembers it. What kind of memory is this? One that "believes before knowing remembers," Faulkner wrote in *Light in August*. "Believes longer than recollects, longer than knowing even wonders." Not memory as we think of it—a data bank—but what Merton called a wisdom not our own. Not selective recall but the sense of union with which we enter the world and with which, perhaps, we'll leave it.

How a self-taught and compulsive experimenter with words who lived in a backwater southern town in the 1930s could become the century's herald of such mysteries is a mystery in itself. Faulkner himself regarded his gift as both a curse and a blessing. He had "discovered," he wrote, "that my doom, my fate, was to keep on writing the books." He agreed to that fate because he realized that he had to get the books written while "the demon" that drove him still considered him "worthy of, or deserving of, the anguish of being driven."

FAULKNER was a high school dropout who dabbled in college courses at the University of Mississippi. He was given a D in English there, and a university literary society rejected him for membership. Even after he began to write in earnest, delivering brooding, complex, and shocking stories and novels, he remained no more interested in the literary locals than they were in him. Not until 1947, when Faulkner was nearing fifty, did the university invite him to give a series of lectures to creative-writing students. He agreed, but asked that no faculty members be present. When some faculty members arrived to chat after one of the lectures, Faulkner said, "Gentlemen, I have a cow to let out of the pasture," and left. A few years later the university voted against awarding him an honorary degree. It reconsidered when he received the Nobel Prize, but never got around to actually awarding it.

So Faulkner worked without a literary community, without support, even without a dictionary. He often made up words as he went along—joining unassociated ones, eliminating apostrophes, changing nouns into verbs and verbs into nouns. If he *had* to know a word, he'd go down to the Gathright-Reed drugstore, on the town square, and ask the proprietor, Mac Reed, to look up the word for him in the dictionary that Reed kept at the store. Sometimes Faulkner would approach children, saying, "I'm looking for a word. It means the same as 'running fast' but I don't want to use 'running fast.'" He taught himself what to do with words outside the confines of formal education, because inside them he could learn only what *not* to do with words. If he wanted to create characters who "stood up on their hind legs and cast a shadow," he wasn't going to do it in a setting where writing was a device for measuring task-worthiness. He learned literature in isolation. Some say his isolation begat the unique writing he produced. That's true, but it is also true that his independence, inventiveness, and creative gifts were prodigious. And he read. Without apparent cohesion or direction, he read the Old Testament, Dickens, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Flaubert, Tolstoy, Balzac, Joyce, Melville, Spenser, Homer, Swinburne, Shelley, Keats, Housman, Conrad.

Faulkner learned especially from Conrad, though what he learned he made uniquely his own. Like the protagonist of Conrad's *Lord Jim*, Faulkner's characters violate the rules of decency and honor. Like Jim, many of them are deluded and disgraced; many are obsessed with notions about naming or claiming something in this life, and are shattered when fate overtakes them. In their uncertainty, unpredictability, violence, and narcissism, his characters struggle with what Faulkner called "the old verities and truths of the heart . . . love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice." Without such a struggle, Faulkner believed, one is divorced from the "edifice on which the whole history of man has been founded" and by means of which "as a race he has endured." As such, one is dangerous to the American ideal: "That's what I am talking about: responsibility," Faulkner remarked in a speech to his fellow Mississippians, "not just the right, but the duty of man to be responsible . . . if he wishes to remain free . . . responsible for the consequences of his own acts. . . . lacking which, freedom and liberty and independence cannot even exist."

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MOTEE Daniels, who was Faulkner's bootlegger, never read any of his customer's books. "Hell," Daniels told me during one of my visits to Oxford, "you can't eat a book. Faulkner liked to *starve* from writing. We all thought him a damn fool here. He's worth more now that he's *dead* than when he was alive."

Chester McLarty, who was Faulkner's physician, told me that most people in Oxford didn't understand Faulkner's books, didn't agree with them, or didn't read them. "You see," McLarty said, "people in Oxford never figured out William. Sometimes he spoke, most times not. And country folk set great store in speaking on the street."

For Faulkner, speaking on the street, or at all, depended on whether he was in Yoknapatawpha County, which he invented, or Lafayette County, where he lived; in Jefferson, his fictional town, or in Oxford, the real town it represented. He lived in the world of Yoknapatawpha during the creation of seventeen interconnecting books, whose settings ranged from the days of the Indians to World War II and beyond. Faulkner went so deep into that world that he had trouble leaving it. Often he had to drink himself out. And going into that world cost him in other ways. Most of the time he couldn't pay his grocery bill, and the grocer, among other local businessmen, was forever sending somebody out to his house to hunt him down. Faulkner was used to this, and to other unannounced visitors, so when one drove up the driveway, he began sweeping it like a workhand.

"Where's Faulkner?" the visitor would inquire.

And Faulkner, in overalls and a straw hat, head down, following the swish and swoop of his broom along the driveway, would answer, "Ain't seen 'im. Been here sweepin' all day an' I ain't seen 'im a-tall."

Faulkner was regarded by his fellow townsmen as "Count No Count," a man often overdrawn at the bank and often in debt (the local sporting-goods store refused his check for three dollars), regarded as a man who wrote books all but one of which were by 1944 out of print in his own country. When, after as long a stretch of writing as twelve hours, Faulkner walked to town for his mail, his Borkum-Edgeworth tobacco, and a copy of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, he was reckoned a loser, a drunk, a man self-absorbed to the point of haughtiness, who failed to perform the most minor courtesies—a nod or a "Good afternoon." And those books he had written—they were inspired by stories common to the region, stories Daddy had told by firelight in the cool of winter. And here Faulkner had gone and exposed those stories to outsiders, exposed Oxford in his mythical Yoknapatawpha, his mythical Jefferson—"publicized their lives," one resident put it. Worse, he'd made of the South, of southerners, made of his own, a scandalous, fallacious portrait. And as if that weren't enough, on his small and unsuccessful farm he provided food for Negro families and the right to profit from the land they worked.

Chester McLarty told me, "See, Bill was a shy man. A great man *can* be shy. But he was peculiar, eccentric—went to a lot of trouble to *be* eccentric. Now, you get a pot boiling here, like the kind Bill Faulkner was heating up with his books, and the town is going to take offense."

The writer Elizabeth Spencer described Faulkner as "one of us," yet one

> exposing us to people elsewhere with story after story, drawn from the South's own private skeleton closet . . . the hushed-up family secret, the nice girl who wound up in the Memphis whorehouse, the suicides, the idiot brother kept at home, the miserable poverty and ignorance of the poor whites . . . the revenge shootings, the occasional lynchings, the real life of the blacks. What was this man trying to do?

He was trying to do his "duty." In his Nobel speech Faulkner made clear his belief that the writer's obligation was to help man "endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past." Anything less than this was no reason to write. And there was plenty of writing without reason around. "The young man or woman writing today," Faulkner said in that speech, "has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about. . . . He [the writer] must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid . . . leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart . . . lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed. . . . Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope. . . . His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands."

HOLLYWOOD WASN'T exactly a fit for Faulkner. "I've got an idea for Mickey Mouse," he told his boss, and he once asked Clark Gable what he did for a living. His first scene for The Big Sleep was a speech two pages long, single-spaced.

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FAULKNER liked sausage and biscuits, country-cured ham, "tubfuls" of turnip greens, fried cornmeal with butter and molasses—and collards and coon, too. He liked to hunt raccoons (and also frogs and water moccasins) with a .22 rifle. He'd go out into Big Woods at night, alone, with his compass and his gun. Or he'd ride the river in a boat and shoot raccoons while they fed on clams. For breakfast Faulkner liked fruit, eggs, and broiled steak. He'd rise early, eat his hearty breakfast, and drink great quantities of coffee; then he'd gather his tobacco and pipe and go to his writing room, with its big windows and its hearth, where he would remove the doorknob and carry it inside with him. There he wrote by hand on large sheets of paper that had ample margins for revisions. When he had what he wanted, he typed it with two fingers on an old Underwood portable. It is remarkable that he produced so much material by this method. In a mere four years he published *Sartoris*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *As I Lay Dying* (1930), *Sanctuary* (1931), and *Light in August* (1932). It is remarkable, too, that he produced what he did without either much success or literary support, writing for nearly eleven years with little recognition or money. How was this possible?

By "writing the books for the sake of writing the books." When he was broke, when nearly all his novels were out of print, when he was down, doubtful, he kept on writing. Not, he confessed, "for any exterior or ulterior purpose." It was his ambition, he avowed, "to be, as a private individual, abolished and voided from history, leaving it markless, no refuse save the printed books. . . . that the sum and history of my life, which in the same sentence is my obit and epitaph too, shall be them both: He made the books and he died."

ONCE, at a dinner party Faulkner was attending, a polite man pulled a dining chair out for one of the women, who, talking with another guest, was unaware that he had done so. She fell to the floor, surprised and chagrined. Faulkner sat down on the floor with her. The gesture—noble, tender, humane—was much in character. Faulkner could not abide harm or diminishment. He preferred to get down on the floor with the fallen. That's where he found his muse.

The fallen South of Faulkner's fiction is, Chester McLarty assured me, an accurate picture, though McLarty never heard of anybody's getting raped with a corncob, as happens in *Sanctuary*. A scathing depiction of dehumanized modern man, *Sanctuary* sold more copies in three weeks than *The Sound and the Fury* sold in two years. *Sanctuary* was intended to shock readers, and it succeeded. Upon reading the manuscript, Faulkner's publisher remarked, "Good God, I can't publish this. We'd both be in jail."

Ads for *Sanctuary* described it as "a mosaic of furious evil, of cold brutality, of human viciousness and human hopelessness." George Raft, a veteran actor in gangster roles, declined a part in the movie on the grounds that it would mean "professional suicide." Critics were divided. One called *Sanctuary* a work of "prodigious genius"; another called it a "devastating, inhuman monstrosity." *The New York Times* reviewed the book in a piece titled "Dostoevsky's Shadow in the Deep South." A few months after the review, when Bennett Cerf, at Random House, asked Faulkner to contribute *Sanctuary* to The Modern Library series, Faulkner asked Cerf to "send me what Dostoyefsky [sic] you have in the list . . . I will appreciate it very much. I have seen several reviews of my books in which a Dostoyefsky influence was found. I have never read Dostoyefsky, and so I would like to see the animal."

Sanctuary was the talk of Oxford, and although few of Faulkner's townsmen bought his books, the ones who did sent their servants down to Mac Reed's drugstore for copies, or had them wrapped in plain paper before they left the store. In the story a college student, Temple Drake, a tease and a troublemaker, is raped with a corncob by an impotent gangster. Nine murders are mentioned, along with voyeurism, incest, and sadism. Faulkner wrote *Sanctuary* after having "made a thorough and methodical study of everything on the list of best-sellers. When I thought I knew what the public wanted," he said, "I decided to give them a little more than they had been getting."

That decision set the tone for much of what Faulkner wrote from then on. In fact, one friend remarked that Faulkner was writing *Sanctuary* over and over again. If so, it was because he was *seeing* the story over and over again—a story of violence, corruption, obsession, abuse. "Billy looks around him," Faulkner's mother once said of him, "and he is heartsick at what he sees." In effect, what Faulkner decided to give the public, the public was already giving him.

The origins of *Sanctuary* are two stories Faulkner had heard, one about an impotent gangster named Popeye Pumphrey who had raped a woman with a freakish device and held her hostage in a Memphis bordello. The other was about a popular University of Mississippi coed who, while traveling by train to an out-of-town ball game, left the train and was sexually defiled. Faulkner pieced in other characters and plot lines, and conjoined the whole. He tried more than a hundred pages at different places in the story, and tried sixteen of twenty-seven chapters in different arrangements. When the galleys arrived, Faulkner still felt the book was "cheaply approached" and "badly written." So he tore it apart again. What had started out as a potboiler became a haunting meditation on the nature of evil.

"It's horrible," Faulkner's wife told him. "It's meant to be," he replied. He was convinced that the novel mirrored society—a society under "the power of darkness," as one critic put it. In an introduction to *The Sound and the Fury*, Faulkner called on southern writers not "to draw a savage indictment of the contemporary scene or to escape from it into a make-believe region of swords and magnolias and mockingbirds" but to speak of modern life with "that cold intellect which can write with calm and complete detachment. " In *Sanctuary* he was able to do just that.

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SANCTUARY put Faulkner on the map. It didn't make him a household name, but the book made a buzz in the publishing industry, and it got Hollywood's attention. The money he made in Hollywood allowed him to make repairs on the four acres and the much-neglected 1840s colonial house he had bought for $6,000 (nothing down, $75 a month). Nevertheless, he brooded on the nature and the origins of *Sanctuary*, as he had some years earlier when he began writing what would become the novel's ending. Back then (1925) he had wondered, "Did that ugly ratty-looking face, that mixture of childishness and unreliability and sublime vanity, imagine that? But I did. . . . I listen to the voices, and when I put down what the voices say, it's right. Sometimes I don't like what the voices say, but I don't change it."

Faulkner was hardly alone in his uneasiness about what the voices had told him to say. For decades after its publication *Sanctuary* was considered trashy and extreme. Lately, though, critical opinion has shifted, as the world has. *Sanctuary* reads today like realism rather than Southern gothic, which is why, perhaps, some critics are re-evaluating it, placing it among Faulkner's greatest works.

"From beyond the screen of bushes which surrounded the spring," the novel begins, "Popeye watched the man drinking. . . . the drinking man leaned his face to the broken and myriad reflection of his own drinking. When he rose up he saw among them the shattered reflection of Popeye's straw hat, though he had heard no sound." This is classic Faulkner—an image captured as if on film, and packed with the menacing and the tranquil: with the tension between the soundlessness of Popeye's presence and the bubbling water, between sunlight broken by the foliage of cypress, gum, and beech trees and Popeye's face, "a queer, bloodless color, as though seen by electric light."

The two men face each other, the stream between them—an image that echoes throughout *Sanctuary*. Everyone in the novel faces someone else across a stream of some kind. Popeye is cold, sadistic, and murderous, his violence a manifestation of his impotence; the other man, Horace Benbow, is charitable, benign, principled, even respectable—and these are manifestations of *his* impotence, though he knows it. "You see," says Benbow, a lawyer, a man on the run from a marriage, a man sexually drawn to his sister and young stepdaughter, "I lack courage: that was left out of me. The machinery is all here, but it wont run."

Popeye squats, facing the kneeling Benbow across the stream. Something in Popeye's coat pocket sags "compactly against his flank." It is a pistol. Faulkner tells us that the pistol is like a body part. You can "feel it on him."

"Look here," Benbow says. "My name is Horace Benbow. . . . You cant keep me here like this. . . . Suppose I break and run."

Popeye peers at Benbow, the features of his face intermittently disappearing, "like the face of a wax doll set too near a hot fire." He peers with "vicious cringing," through eyes like "two knobs of soft black rubber." His face has the "depthless quality of stamped tin."

The two men leave the stream and walk, Popeye with a silent, menacing power over Benbow, for Popeye never draws the pistol. The men arrive at a broken-down antebellum plantation house, where a man named Lee Goodwin and his woman, Ruby Lamar, assisted by Popeye, a feeble-minded man named Tommy, an old man both blind and deaf, and two gangsters, run a bootlegging operation. Ruby, who once whored to get Goodwin freed from prison, keeps a listless, sickly baby in a box near the kitchen stove.

No small challenge to humanize these hard cases, but Faulkner did so. Not, however, before he had his say about them. And it is not a pretty say.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY marked the birth of the Faulknerian obsessions--pride, lust, incest, greed, violence, endurance--and the birth of a devotion to writing that would sustain Faulkner through rejection, misinterpretation, and poverty.

Temple Drake and her companion, Gowan Stevens, potential lovers on their way to a college ball game and a party weekend, head for the old plantation house to buy booze. On the way Gowan, who is drunk, crashes into a tree that Popeye has felled in order to block the road. At the house Temple stops, sensing evil. (In *Light in August*, Faulkner wrote of the female's "spontaneous comprehension of evil.") "I dont want to go there," she says, but she goes anyway, exploring the house with a hysteria so complete that the reader is overwhelmed by her duality—her resistance to and infatuation with the depravity she intuits.

When Temple meets Popeye, she, like Horace Benbow at the stream, instantly senses his menace. Popeye is always "lurking," his presence a "black and nameless threat." He is deviated nature, the balance and interaction of its opposites mutant, combined. Faulkner created a character both ice and fire, inert and combustible. Sensing Popeye's nearness, Temple runs in panic; then she whirls, stops, runs again, but returns to the house. She will be delivered to Popeye on the mo-

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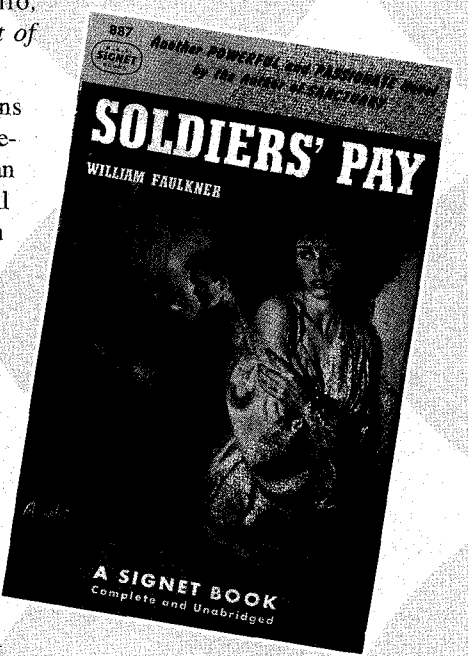
mentum of her alienation, obstinacy, and rebellion.

Before Temple is raped, Ruby Lamar warns her to leave the plantation house, but she won't go. "Something is going to happen to me," Temple says. But she says it to the old man who is blind and deaf. When Tommy tries to protect Temple, Popeye kills him. With Tommy out of the way, Popeye rapes Temple with the corncob. Later he imprisons her in a brothel, where he brings a gangster to have sex with her so that he, Popeye, can watch. Temple tells Popeye that the gangster is a real man. Popeye then kills the gangster. Temple's defiance and Popeye's evil are extensions of each other. Connected by the victimizations of their pasts, which assign them the familiar roles of victim and victimizer, they perform their parts with unconscious and escalating precision.

In *Sanctuary*, Faulkner captured the mind of the modern sociopath long before his deeds—a form of relationship to the community—became the awful stuff of the eleven-o'clock news. Faulkner saw in the perverse relations between Popeye and Temple a twisted substitute for connection in the modern world, a world in which everyone was hostage to someone or something: hostage jobs, marriages, religions; hostage notions about race and gender, self and wealth, prerogative and power; social and sexual hostages; child hostages in homes or communities; but mostly people held hostage by the past, individual and cultural, their behavior determined by both, creating new hostages with new pasts that hold both them and others captive. Faulkner meant *Sanctuary* as a metaphor not just for the South but for the American century during which he lived. He saw a crippled, unjust, morally and communally corrupt society, sexually confused and obsessed, as cool and cut off as its cold machines. In such a society everyone is on the verge of violence—and this was something he knew a lot about.

Sherwood Anderson's Bargain

In 1924 William Faulkner was a young man who had written some poetry but no fiction. With the money he had saved while working as Postmaster of the University of Mississippi he had gone to New Orleans, and there he met Sherwood Anderson, the author of Winesburg, Ohio, *who was then at the height of his success.*



"During those New Orleans days and weeks, I gradually became aware that here was a man who would be in seclusion all forenoon—working. Then in the afternoon he would appear and we would walk about the city, talking. Then in the evening we would meet again, with a bottle now, and now he would really talk; the world in minuscule would be there in whatever shadowy courtyard where glass and bottle clinked and the palms hissed like dry sand in whatever moving air. Then tomorrow forenoon and he would be secluded again—working; whereupon I said to myself, 'If this is what it takes to be a novelist, then that's the life for me.'

"So I began a novel, *Soldiers' Pay*. I had known Mrs. Anderson before I knew him. I had not seen them in some time when I met her on the street. She commented on my absence. I said I was writing a novel. She asked if I wanted Sherwood to see it. I answered, I dont remember exactly what, but to the effect that it would be all right with me if he wanted to. She told me to bring it to her when I finished it, which I did, in about two months. A few days later, she sent for me. She said, 'Sherwood says he'll make a swap with you. He says that if he doesn't have to read it, he'll tell Liveright (Horace Liveright: his own publisher then) to take it.'"

—from "Sherwood Anderson: An Appreciation," by William Faulkner, June, 1953, *Atlantic Monthly*

New American Library/Signet Books, 1951; permission granted by Penguin Putnam, Inc.

IN 1849 Faulkner's great-grandfather, Colonel William Clark Falkner (who dropped the *u*), was attacked by a man named Robert Hindman. Refused membership in the local chapter of the Knights of Temperance, Hindman believed that the colonel was responsible, and pulled a revolver on him. There was a struggle, the revolver misfired, and Falkner killed Hindman with a bowie knife.

Some called it murder. The jury called it self-defense. Two years later Falkner was confronted by a friend of Hindman's, Erasmus Morris. The colonel shot and killed Morris, and was again acquitted.

Forty years later Falkner was killed by Richard Thurmond, a disgruntled former partner in his railroad business. Passing by Thurmond's office, the colonel stopped and, some say, peered through Thurmond's window, and reached into his

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pocket. Thurmond didn't wait to find out why. He fired his .44 point-blank.

Faulkner's father, Murry, embroiled in a set-to between a girl of his liking and a seamstress named Mollie Walker, was shot and nearly killed by Mollie's brother Elias, a gambler and a grocer. While Murry sat on a stool at a drugstore fountain, Elias blew a hole in his back with a twelve-gauge shotgun. Then, while Murry was on the floor, Elias shot him in the mouth with a pistol. Murry's father found Elias hiding in the local hardware store. He pulled his revolver, stuck it in Elias's belly, and fired six times. But it misfired every time. Elias pulled his own gun and shot Faulkner's grandfather in the hand.

Hair-trigger violence like this, though not limited to the South, has been its signature. Southerners, Marshall Frady wrote, tend to "believe with their blood," a manner of reasoning that Faulkner used well in many of his novels, stacking up one violent act after another to convey the intensity that linked them—an intensity that people substitute for communication, for community. *Sanctuary* transmits just such an intensity. Everyone is on the verge of violence because everyone is trapped in personal history in the form of fear or ferocious indifference, cynical realism (another form of indifference) or manipulative, self-serving respectability. No one creates, nothing is fertile, everything is consumed.

Yet the nature of evil in this story is subtler than the sum of its violence and perversion. The corruption of Faulkner's characters in *Sanctuary* is so unconscious, so automatic, so complete in itself, that it has about it a tragic innocence, as if the characters were simply standing too close to the fire and got sucked into the flames. Faulkner's point, I think, is that evil exists not by will but by possession. Therefore, something greater than evil allows it a brief blossoming and then snatches it away, leaving the characters not blameless or harmless but destroyed, and in the very destruction, humanized. Of his characters Faulkner remarked, "That they go down doesn't matter . . . the pity is in the human striving against its own nature, against its own conscience."

IN 1958 Faulkner, as writer in residence at the University of Virginia, fielded questions from members of the Department of Psychiatry. The exchange, collected in a book called *Faulkner in the University*, begins this way: "Mr. Faulkner, could you say a few words about what you might consider . . . irrational human behavior?"

> A: No, I couldn't. . . . all human behavior is unpredictable and, considering man's frailty . . . and . . . the ramshackle universe he functions in, it's . . . all irrational. . . .
>
> Q: You don't have any idea of [where you learned psychology]?
> A: No sir, I don't. . . . What little of psychology I know the characters I have invented and playing poker have taught me. . . .
>
> Q: Most of your characters are certainly highly individualized human beings. Do you have any particular ideas on the so-called trend toward conformity, the loss of individualization in our current society?
> A: Yes, I have very definite ideas about that. . . . I'm against belonging to anything. . . .
>
> Q: Why is that?
> A: . . . I think that one man may be first-rate but if you get one man and two second-rate men together, then he's not going to be first-rate any longer, because the voice of that majority will be a second-rate voice, the behavior of that majority will be second-rate. . . .
>
> Q: Can you go further and say how you rate people like that—first and second-rate?
> A: Well, sir. . . . I would say that a first-rate man . . . is a man that did the best he could with what talents he had to make something which wasn't here yesterday. . . . that [he] . . . never harmed the weak, practiced honesty and courtesy, and tried to be as brave as he wanted to be whether he always was that brave or not. I think that a man that held to those tenets wouldn't get very far if he were involved in a group of people that had relinquished their individualities to some one voice . . .

ON one of my visits to Faulkner's Mississippi hill country, I was out driving under dark, humid, weather-threatened skies. I passed tumbledown cabins and neglected houses, broken-down cotton gins, decomposing tractors, crumbling Cadillacs, punctured sofas divested of stuffing on sagging porches. Faulkner country: whites and blacks clustered around shacks with leaning chimneys, girdled by woods, by bottomland barely ahead of the menacing kudzu vines ghosting in the trees.

As I drove, I recalled something Chester McLarty had said to me: he had spent seventeen years traveling throughout the world, and had discovered that most people, when they found out he was from Mississippi, identified the state with Elvis Presley. "I've hardly ever heard of anyone [who] ever *heard* of Faulkner," McLarty observed, "and he's had more study than any writer except Shakespeare. But we're a popular culture. Anyone in the world will bore you to death talking about Elvis Presley."

I drove on and then stopped the car on an empty red-clay road and read a comment by Robert Penn Warren from the text of an educational-television documentary on Faulkner.

> "I don't know why a person *should* read anything. . . . I mean maybe we're doomed to a world where nobody will read. . . . Maybe we're doomed to be animals and go back to the caves. I think a person who wants to be human should read Faulkner. Now, if you're satisfied with your degree of humanity and your understanding of human nature, don't read him. But if you have any discontent or any aspiration to be more human than you are, read him."

A chain saw caught hold somewhere and fired itself up, sending blue smoke and a language all its own from the thickets and trees. I shut the car window as the machine ground into something back there in Faulkner's woods, hooting and wailing and shrieking as it ran.

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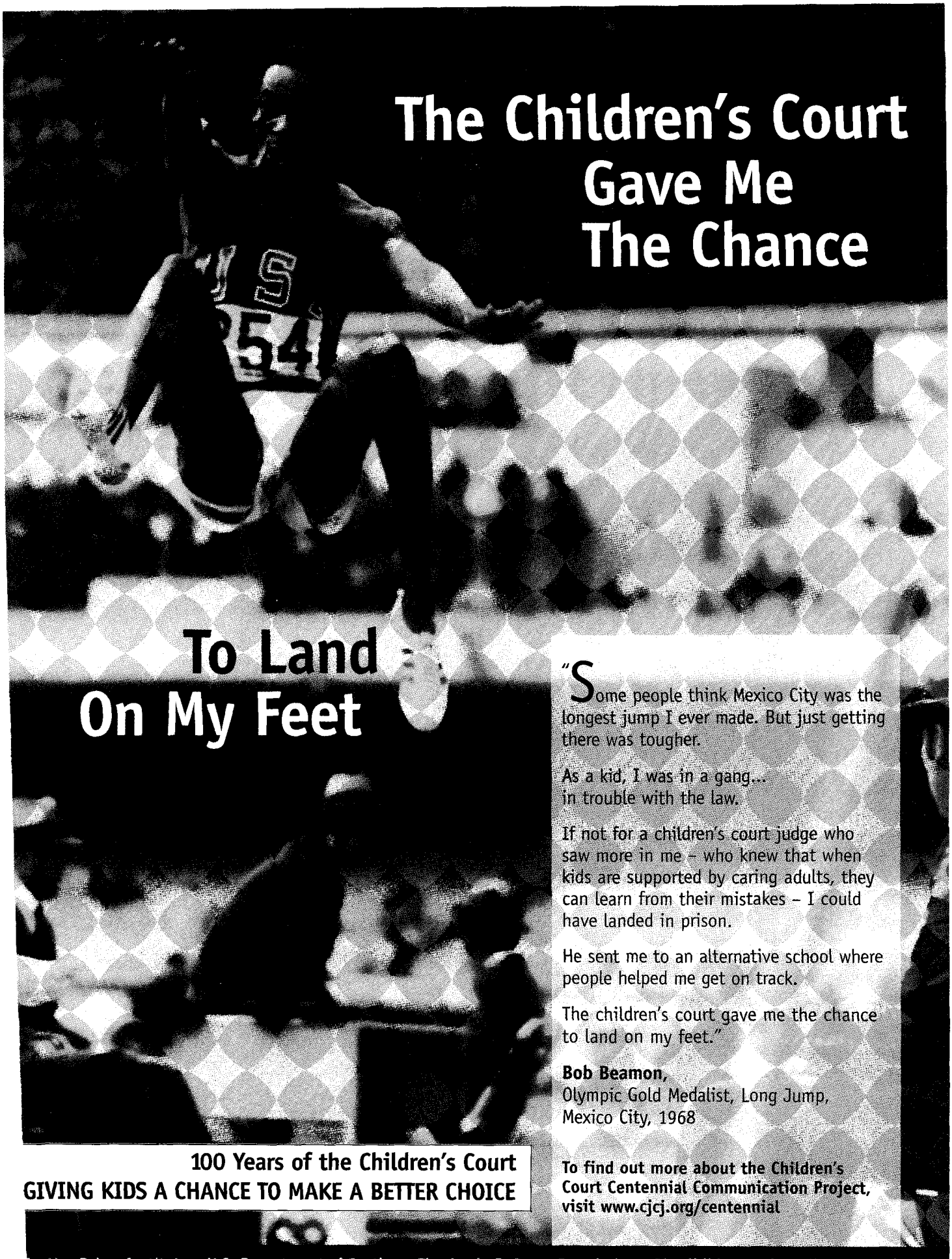
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I Am the Grass

by DALY WALKER

At the end of his first week his feelings of guilt and ambivalence were being replaced by a sense of good will and atonement, as if he and Vietnam were two bad people who had unexpectedly done something nice for each other

BECAUSE I love my wife and daughter, and because I want them to believe I am a good man, I have never talked to them about my year as a grunt with the 25th Infantry in Vietnam. I cannot tell my thirteen-year-old that once, drunk on Ba Muoi Ba beer, I took a girl her age into a thatched-roof hooch in Tay Ninh City and did her on a bamboo mat. I cannot tell my wife, who paints watercolors of songbirds, that on a search-and-destroy mission I emptied my M-60 machine gun into two beautiful white egrets that were wading in the muddy water of a paddy. I cannot tell them how I sang "Happy Trails" as I shoved two wounded Viet Cong out the door of a medevac chopper hovering twenty feet above the tarmac of a battalion aid station. I cannot tell them how I lay in a ditch and used my M-60 to gun down a skinny, black-haired farmer I thought was a VC, nearly blowing his head off. I cannot tell them how I completed the decapitation with a machete, and then stuck his head on a pole on top of a mountain called Nui Ba Den. All these things fester in me like the tiny fragment of shrapnel embedded in my skull, haunt me like the corpse of the slim dark man I killed. I cannot talk about these things that I wish I could forget but know that I never will.

TWENTY years have passed since the summer of 1968, when I flew home from the war and my "freedom bird" landed in the night at Travis Air Force Base, near San Francisco. I knew that in the city, soldiers in uniform were taunted in the streets by flower children. So I slipped quietly into a restroom and changed from my dress khakis into jeans and a flannel shirt. Nobody was there to say "Welcome home, soldier." It was as if I were an exile in my own country. I felt deceived and confused, and most of all angry, but I wasn't sure at whom to direct my anger or where to go or what to do, so I held everything inside and went about forming a life day by day.

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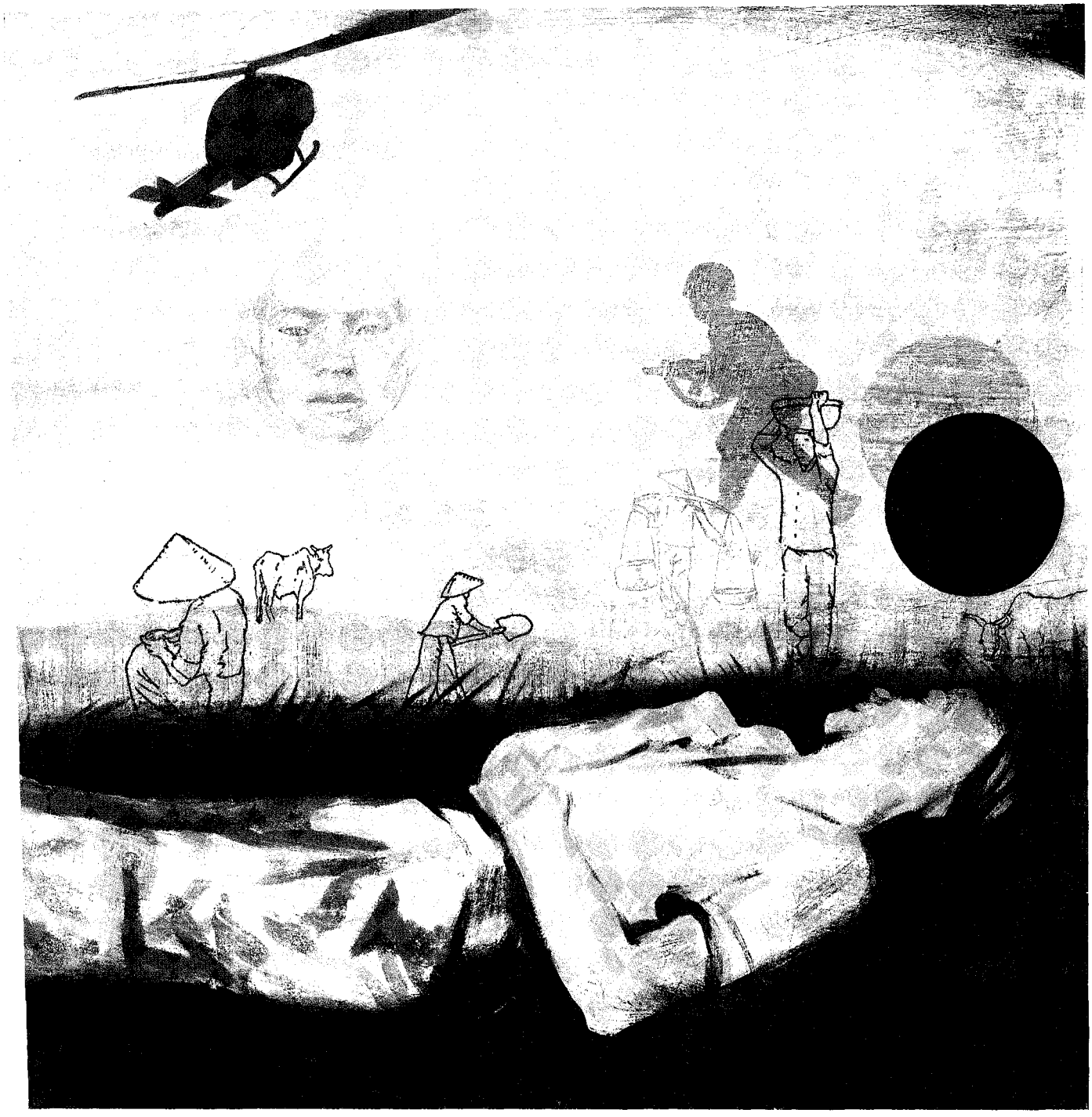

After I was discharged from the Army, I went home to Chicago and hung around there for a couple of years, haunted by memories and nameless faces. Devoid of hope or expectations, smoking dope and dreaming dreams of torment, I drifted from one meaningless endeavor to the next. I studied drawing at the art academy, cut grass with the grounds crew at Soldier Field, parked cars at the Four Seasons. Nothing seemed to matter; nothing changed what I was. I was still fire and smoke, a loaded gun, a dead survivor, a little girl on a bamboo mat, a headless corpse. I was still in the killing zone.

Gradually I grew weary of my hollowness, ran out of pity for my own self-pity. I wanted to take my life and shake it by the hair. I decided to use the GI Bill and give college a try.

I enrolled at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, the headquarters of the Weathermen and the SDS. I lived in a rundown rooming house on Mifflen Street, among all the long-haired war protesters and scruffy peaceniks. During the day I went to classes and worked as an orderly at a Catholic hospital, but at night, after work, I went back to my room to study alone. Through the window of my room I could see mobs of students marching through the streets, chanting "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh" and "Bring home the war." What did they know about

Illustrations by Jeffrey Decoster

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war? I watched them, and I wanted to kick their hippie asses.

It was in caring for the patients at the hospital that I seemed to find what I had been searching for. While bathing or feeding a patient I felt simply good. It was better than my best trips with Mary Jane. I decided to apply to medical school, and I was accepted.

One night when I was a senior med student, a couple of radical war protesters blew up the Army Mathematics Research Center on campus. The explosion shook my bed in the hospital call room like the rocket that blasted me out of sleep the night of the Tet Offensive. I have never been a brave man, and I lay there in the dark with my heart pounding, thinking I was back in Firebase Zulu the night we were overrun. A nurse called me to the emergency room to help resuscitate a theoretical physicist who had been pulled from under the rubble. His chest was crushed and both his lungs were collapsed. He didn't need resuscitation. He needed a body bag. The war I was trying to escape had followed me home.

Now I practice plastic surgery in Lake Forest, a North Shore Chicago suburb of stone walls, German cars, and private clubs. On my arm is a scar from the laser surgery that removed a tattoo I woke up with one morning in a Bangkok whorehouse. The tattoo was a cartoon in blue and red ink of a baby in diapers, wearing an Army helmet and a parachute with the inscription "Airborne." I feel that I am two people at once, two people fighting within myself. One is a family man and a physician who lives a comfortable external life. The other is a war criminal with an atrophied soul. Nothing I do can revive it.

Even as a surgeon I have a split personality. I sculpt women's bodies with breast augmentations, tummy tucks, face-lifts, and liposuction. I like the money, but I'm bored with these patients and their vanity, their urgent need for surgical enhancement. I am also a reconstructive plastic surgeon who loves Z-plastying a scar from a dog bite on a little girl's cheek or skin grafting a burn on the neck of a small boy who fell against a space heater. I love reconstructing a lobster-claw deformity of the hand so that a child can hold a spoon and fork. I'm no Albert Schweitzer, but every summer I spend a couple of weeks in Haiti or Kenya or Guatemala with Operation Smile, repairing cleft palates and lips. Removing the bandages and seeing the results of my skill sends a chill up my neck, makes me feel like something of a decent man, a healer.

Today, in late September, I am sitting in a window seat in a Thai Airways jet on its way from Bangkok to Ho Chi Minh City. I am headed to the Khanh Hoa Hospital, in Nha Trang, for two weeks of my own little Operation Smile, repairing the cleft palates and lips of children on whose land I once wreaked havoc, whose parents and grandparents I murdered and whom, somewhere deep inside me, I still hold in contempt.

I stare out the airplane window at tufts of white clouds that look like bursts of artillery flak, and I break into a sweat, remembering the descent of the airliner that flew me, a machine gunner, an Airborne Ranger, an eighteen-year-old pissed-off, pot-smoking warrior, cannon fodder, to Vietnam. The pilot lurched into a steep, spiraling dive to minimize the plane's exposure time to ground fire. I pitched forward in my seat, the belt cutting into my belly, my heart pounding. Until that moment I had felt immortal, but then fear came to me in an image of my own death by a bullet to the brain, and I realized how little I mattered, how quickly and simply and anonymously the end could come. I believed that I would never return home to my room with the old oak dresser and corner desk that my mother dusted and polished with lemon oil. Tears filled my eyes.

With the plane in a long, gentle glide, I gaze out the window and search for remnants of the war. I see a green patchwork of paddies and fields of grass, dirt roads whose iron-red dust choked me, whose mud caked my jungle boots. A sampan floats down a river. Smoke curls lazily from a thatched-roof shack. An ox pulls a cart. The land seems asleep, and the war only a dream. I drop back in the seat and close my eyes. Stirring in my chest is the feeling that a dangerous demon is setting itself free inside me.

I SPEND the night in Saigon at the Bong Song Hotel, a mildewing walk-up not far from the Museum of American War Crimes. The toilet doesn't flush. The ceiling fan croaks so loudly that I turn it off. Oily tropical heat drenches the room, and I can hear rats skittering across the floor. I feel as I once did trying to grab a little shut-eye before going out on ambush patrol. I can't sleep. My mind is filled with the image of myself dragging the lifeless body of a kid named Dugan by the ankles through mud.

In the orange light of dawn I board an old minivan that will take me north to the hospital in Nha Trang. The tottering vehicle weaves through streets teeming with bicycles, three-wheeled cyclos, motorbikes, an occasional car. People gawk at me as if I were a zoo animal of a breed they have never seen before. The driver is Tran, a spindly man with wispy Ho Chi Minh chin whiskers. He has been assigned to be my guide and interpreter, but he is really the People's Committee watchdog. When I was here before, I would have called him a gook or a slope, a dink motherfucker, and those are the words that come to me now when I look at Tran. I picture his head on a pole.

We cross the Saigon River on Highway One, Vietnam's aorta, the artery connecting Hanoi with Saigon. The French called Highway One "*la rue sans joie*." We called it "the street to sorrow." During the war I often traveled this road in convoys of tanks and half-tracks whose treads pulverized the pavement. I was always high on Buddha grass. Armed to the teeth. Frightened and mean. I was so young. I didn't know what I was doing here. A few miles out of Saigon, Tran slows and points to a vast empty plain overgrown with olive-drab grass and scrub brush.

"This Long Binh," he says.

"Stop," I say.

He pulls off the road and parks by a pile of rusty wire and scrap metal. I climb out of the van and stand, looking at acres

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of elephant grass blasted by the tropical sun. I think of Long Binh when it was an enormous military base, a sandbag city of tents, barbed wire, and bunkers. We called it LBJ, for "Long Binh Jail." It was where I spent my first night "in country," sweat-soaked on a sagging cot, listening to the distant chunk of artillery, fear clawing at my chest. Now all I see is emptiness. Nothing to verify my past, nothing to commune with. How hot it is. How quiet.

Since Nam, I have spent a lot of nights with bottles of wine, reading the poetry of war—Homer and Kipling, Sandburg and Komunyakaa. Through the haze of my thoughts, words by Sandburg are moving. The words are about grass and war and soldiers in Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo, but they are about this place, too. *Shove them under and let me work—I am the grass; I cover all.* I gaze out at Long Binh's grass. It ripples in hot wind like folds of silk.

I climb back into the van, and we jostle on through paddies and rubber plantations, green groves of bamboo and banana trees. I have the strange feeling that my life has shrunk, that just around the bend an ambush will be waiting. I lean forward in my seat and ask Tran if he remembers Long Binh when the American soldiers were here.

"Vietnam believe it better not to remind of the past." He speaks looking straight ahead through aviator sunglasses. "We live in present with eye on future." The words sound rote, as if he is quoting from a propaganda paper. "Vietnam want to be thought of as country, not war, not just problem in other country's past."

On a berm old women in conical hats spread rice and palm fronds to dry in the sun. Charcoal fumes waft from cooking fires. White-shirted children with red kerchiefs tied around their necks march to school. Two men, brown and bent like cashew nuts, face each other over a big teak log and pull a crosscut saw back and forth slowly, rhythmically. For a brief moment the smell of gunpowder comes back to me, and I see little Asian men running headlong through tall grass, firing weapons and screaming. I see GIs running through smoke with green canvas stretchers.

THE arrangements for my mission in the coastal city of Nha Trang were made through Dr. Lieh Viet Dinh, the director of Khanh Hoa Hospital. The morning after my arrival, Dinh sends word to my hotel that he wants to meet me for a welcoming meal at a restaurant on the South China Sea. I have been told that Dinh was once in the North Vietnamese army and now is a high official in the province's Communist Party. What does he want? For me to say I'm sorry?

I hire a cyclo driver to pedal me to the restaurant. Mopeds with their exhaust tinting the air blue and bicycles piled high with cordwood tangle the streets. The Sunday-afternoon sun is so bright it hurts my eyes. But there is a cool ocean breeze and the scent of bougainvillaea in the air. Under flame trees with brilliant-orange blossoms barbers trim hair and clean wax from ears. Street vendors hawk flowers and loaves of French bread. Everywhere I look, I see Vietnamese getting on with their lives. I marvel at their serenity. They are no different from the people that I was taught to distrust, that I once machine-gunned. This street is no different from streets that I once helped to fill with rubble and bodies. A man on a Honda raises his index finger and calls, "Hey, Joe. U.S. number one." But I look away from him.

The restaurant is a rickety tile-roofed pagoda perched on stilts over a beach of sand the color of crème brûlée. Below, in a natural aquarium, sand sharks and tropical fish dart among the rocks. In the distance a soft vapor hangs over mountain islands in the bay. The restaurant is empty except for a gnarly little man sitting alone at a table with the sun splashing off turquoise water behind him. He is a militant figure with penetrating black eyes and hollow, acne-scarred cheeks that give him a look of toughness, a look that says, You could never defeat me no matter how many bombs you dropped. I know he is Dinh. The contempt that boiled inside me during the war bubbles up. I can feel it in my chest.

He calls to me to join him. I settle into a wooden chair across from him and extend my hand for him to shake, but he ignores it and offers a stiff little bow of his head. Nervousness dries up the saliva in my mouth. A waitress in a blue *ao dai* brings us bottles of Ba Muoi Ba beer. With her lustrous black hair and slim, silk-sheathed figure, she is beautiful and exotic like a tropical bird. The shy young girl with a dimple in her cheek that I took on the bamboo mat in Tay Ninh would be about her age now. I wonder what became of her.

In English that I have to listen to closely to understand, Dinh talks for a while about the Khanh Hoa Hospital, the only hospital for the one million people of his province. He tells me that my visit has been advertised on television, and that thirty children with cleft lips to be repaired will be there. His jaw tight, his voice intimidating, he tells me that the hospital has trouble getting medicine and equipment because of the American embargo. I pick up my bottle of beer and press it to my lips and tilt it. The liquid is warm, with the slight formaldehyde taste that I remember from the war. I look at Dinh's slanty black eyes and stained teeth, thinking how easy it would be to kill him. I've been taught to do it with a gun or a knife or my hands. It would come back to me quickly, like sitting down at a piano and playing a song that you mastered a long time ago but haven't played in years. Suddenly the thought of operating on little children in all this heat and dirt, with archaic equipment, jolts me back into the present. I ask him who will give the anesthesia.

"My doctors," he says. "Vietnamese doctors as good as any in the world."

The waitress brings a plate of lightly fried rice paper, bowls of rice and noodles, and a platter of sea bass smothered in peppers, onions, and peanuts. She gives me chopsticks and Dinh a metal spoon. When we begin to eat, I see Dinh's hands for the first time. I am startled. Now I know why he didn't shake with me. His thumbs are missing. I watch him spoon

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rice onto his plate, clutching the utensil in his thumbless hand. He has learned a pinch grip between his second and third digits, like children I have operated on who were born with floating thumbs or congenital absence of the first metacarpal bone. Using his fingers as if they were tongs, he wraps some fish in a sheet of the rice paper and dips it in nuoc cham sauce. The sauce smells rancid, and a sourness rises up my esophagus.

"I hear you in Vietnam during war," Dinh says between bites of fish and rice.

"Yes," I say. I can't take my eyes off his hands.

"Where?" he asks.

"South of here, along the Cambodian border near Tay Ninh."

"You see Nui Ba Den," he says. "How you call it? The black virgin mountain. This fish good. Dip your fish in nuoc cham."

I picture that black-haired man's head skewered on a bamboo pole.

"Yeah, I've seen Nui Ba Den," I say, feeling as if he must somehow know what I did on top of the mountain.

"Were you Army surgeon?"

"No. That was before I went to medical school. I was with the infantry." I take a gulp of beer. "That was a long time ago."

"Not so long ago," Dinh says. His lips curl into a smile that is filled with crooked yellow teeth. "Americans always think time longer than it is. Americans very impatient. Vietnamese very patient. We believe life is circle. Everything comes and goes. Why grasp and cling? Always things will come around again if you give them time. Patience is why we win victory."

In the filthy little village across the bay I can see tin-roofed shacks, teeming streets, the haze of smoke from cooking fires—the thick stew of peasant life.

"How about you?" I ask. "Were you a doctor during the war?"

He wipes his mouth with his shirt-sleeve and says, "In war against French colonialists, I was Vietminh infantry man. Fifteen years old."

He raises a maimed hand and, with a wave motion to demonstrate high altitude, tells how he twice climbed the mountains of Laos and Cambodia on the Ho Chi Minh Trail—once to fight the French and once to fight the Americans and their Vietnamese puppets. He was wounded at Dien Bien Phu. I wonder if that was when he lost his thumbs. I'm fascinated by his thumblessness. The ability to oppose a thumb and a finger is what sets us apart from lemurs and baboons.

"We have little to fight with," Dinh says. "After we shoot our guns, we pick up empty cartridges to use again. We eat nothing but tapioca roots and half a can of rice a day. For seven years I fight hungry."

I listen to him tell of his wars, and it takes me back to mine. Cold-sweat nights peering out of a muddy bunker through concertina wire at tracers and shadows. Waiting. Listening. Grim patrols through elephant grass and jungle greased with moonlight. I can hear screams, see faces of the dead. What is memory and what is a dream? When it comes to the war, nothing seems true. It seems impossible that something that tragic, that unspeakable, was once a part of my life. Suddenly I'm overwhelmed with emotion. I wonder if Dinh ever feels like crying. In the shallows below the restaurant a sea turtle snaps at silver fish trapped in a net.

"How about in the war against America?" I ask. "Were you a doctor then?"

"I was surgeon in the war against you and your South Vietnamese puppets."

"Where did you serve?" I ask. "Were you in a hospital?"

"My hospital the forest. My operating table the soil of the jungle." He holds up both hands and rotates them for me to see. "I have thumbs then. I clever surgeon. I operate on everything from head to toes." He looks up at the ceiling as if an airplane were circling overhead. "Your B-fifty-twos drop big bombs. They make earth shake. They scare hell out of me."

Dinh flashes a smile that makes me uncomfortable. He takes a drink of beer.

"Were you wounded?" I ask.

"You mean my hands?"

"Yeah. What happened?"

He rests them on the table, displaying them as he talks. He tells me that he was captured in the central highlands, not by Americans but by South Vietnamese Special Forces in their purple berets. When they learned he was a doctor, they chose him for torture. They tied him to a stake under merciless sun and every day pulled out one of his fingernails with a pair of pliers. At night they locked him up in a tiger cage. He speaks softly. On the eleventh day they cut off his thumbs. Then they cooked them in a soup and told him to drink it. He hadn't eaten for two weeks, so he did.

"How did you survive?" I ask. "Why didn't you go crazy?"

"I pretended to be somewhere else. Somewhere at a time after our victory. I always knew we would win."

Dinh looks at my hands.

"You lucky," he says. "You have thumbs to do surgery. I can't even eat with chopsticks." He raises his hands, flexing his fingers. He glares at me with eyes as hard and black as gun bores. "This should happen to no one."

We finish our meal in silence. Under the afternoon sun the restaurant is stifling, and I feel queasy. I can get down only a little rice. But Dinh eats hungrily, shoveling in the food with his spoon as if to make up for all those years of rice and tapioca roots. When his plate is clean, he rinses his hands in a bowl of hot lime water with tea leaves floating on the surface.

He looks up at me and says, "To take the smell of fish from your skin."

IN the morning I walk from my hotel through steamy air, on streets boiling with people, to the hospital. Around the entryway dozens of crippled peasants and ragged children with skin sores squat on the powdery earth. Everything is dusty. I understand why Vietnamese peasants call

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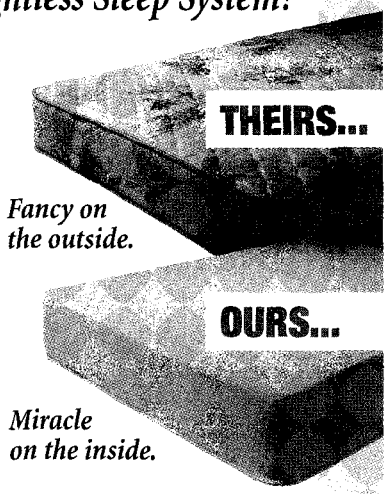

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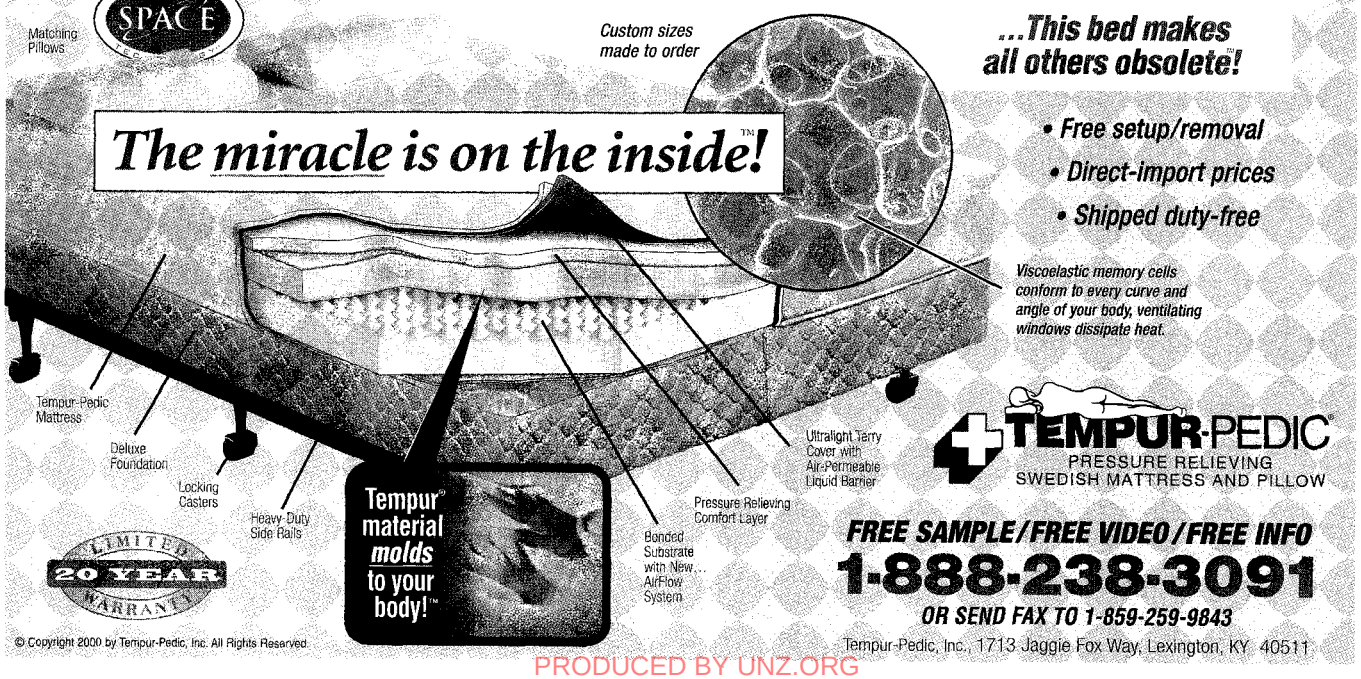

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themselves "the dust of life." A boy with weight-lifter arms calls to me in English from a bicycle that he pedals with his hands. He wants me to fix his paralyzed legs.

Khanh Hoa's pale-yellow façade gives me an impression of cleanliness and light, but inside, the wards are dim and grungy, with no glass or screens in the windows to keep out flies and mosquitoes. Often two patients occupy a single narrow bed, with family members sleeping on the floor nearby to assist with the feeding and bathing, the emptying of bedpans. A tiny, toothless woman with skin like teakwood waves a bamboo fan over a wasted man on a mattress without sheets. She gazes at me with longing. Everywhere I go, someone with sorrowful eyes looks at me as if I were Jesus.

DURING my first week I don't have any more conversations with Dinh, but I see him every morning when he comes in his white lab coat to the surgery suite to watch me operate. At the door he slips off his sandals and pads barefoot into the room, where he stands at the head of the table, his black eyes peering at the children whose lips are like hook-ripped fish mouths. He rarely speaks, and when he does, it is usually to address the Vietnamese doctors and nurses in a tone that suggests sarcasm.

It is impossible to know what his silence toward me means, but I become immersed in my work, and I don't worry about him. Once the operation starts, my concentration is complete, my only concern the child's face, framed in blue towels and bathed in bright light. I have always been gifted at drawing and carving, and with a scalpel in my hand I feel like an artist, forming something beautiful out of chaos. I love mapping out flaps of skin around a child's mouth and then rotating them over the cleft to create a nice Cupid's bow of lip with a clean vermilion border. My sutures are like the brushstrokes of a portrait. Dinh must envy the collaboration of my brain and fingers.

Between cases I rest in the doctors' lounge at a wooden table. I drink a pot of pale-tan tea, eat litchi fruit, and look out into the hospital courtyard that serves as the waiting room. I often see Dinh with his hands hidden in the pockets of his lab coat, squatting in the dust, talking with the parents of the cleft-lipped children who are undergoing surgery. His face, glistening under the hot sun, looks as if it has been oiled. His chronic scowl has become a comforting smile.

AT the end of my first week I call my wife and daughter to tell them that all is going well. When I report that I have repaired eighteen cleft lips without a complication, my wife seems proud of me. I am getting to like the nurses and doctors in the operating room. My feelings of guilt and ambivalence are being replaced by a sense of good will and atonement, as if Vietnam and I were two bad people who had unexpectedly done something nice for each other. But on Sunday, Dinh sends word for me to meet him in his "cabinet," as he calls his private office. I worry that I have done something wrong.

The room is the size of an armoire and sparsely furnished. A single bookcase contains the medical texts of the hospital's meager library. On the wall is a little green lizard and a yellowed photograph of Ho Chi Minh. From a cassette player on a homemade wooden table comes the music of a symphony orchestra playing Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons*. The hospital sewer system is backed up, and the air smells brackish. My stomach churns. I sit in a straight-backed chair across a metal desk from Dinh. My office in Lake Forest, with its Oriental carpet and polished cherry furniture, seems infinitely far away.

"Vivaldi," I say to break the silence.

Dinh looks up from a journal article in which he is underlining with a wooden pencil. His face, shadowed by years of hardship, is expressionless. He wears a white shirt and a clip-on red rayon tie. He has a small Band-Aid on his chin where, I assume, he nicked himself shaving. I imagine him handling a razor, buttoning a shirt, tying a tie or shoestrings. Without a thumb's ability to pinch and oppose, even simple tasks must be difficult for him.

"Do you enjoy Vivaldi?" he asks.

"*The Four Seasons* is one of my favorites. When did you develop a taste for Western music?"

"When I was in medical school in Hanoi, French doctors play music in surgery room. Music only good thing about Frenchmen. Music good healing medicine. I play music to calm my patients."

He clicks off the tape and hands me the article he has been reading. It is a reprint from a French journal of hand surgery. I leaf through its pages, scanning illustrations that depict an operation in which a toe is transferred to the hand to replace a missing thumb.

"Can you make thumb?" Dinh asks.

I sit for a moment, remembering my last toe transplant, performed a couple of years ago. It was on a young farm boy who had lost his thumb in a corn picker.

"Yes," I say. "I've done this operation. Not often, but I've done it."

"I want you do this to me," Dinh says.

"Here? Now? You want me to make you a thumb?"

"Yes. I want you make me new thumb."

It is as if, fighting a losing battle, I suddenly see the enemy waving a white flag. For a moment I look at his narrow, bony hands with the red ridges of scar tissue where thumbs once protruded.

"It's a very hard operation," I say. "Quite delicate. A microvascular procedure. Even under perfect conditions it often doesn't work."

"I watch you operate." Dinh lowers his eyes and his voice. "You very careful surgeon. I know you can do."

"Let me see your hand."

He extends his right hand toward me. I rise and move around

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the desk. I take his hand in mine and turn it slowly, studying skin tone and temperature. His radial pulse bounds against my fingers. His nail beds are pink with good capillary circulation. The skin of the palm is creased and thickly callused.

"Thumb reconstruction must be carefully planned," I say. "You don't just jump into it. There are several techniques to consider."

In my mind I review them: using a skin flap and a bone graft from the pelvis; pollicization, in which the index finger is rotated to oppose the third finger; and my favorite technique, which uses a tube graft of abdominal skin—but it has to be staged over several weeks.

"The new thumb must be free of pain," I say, carefully palpating the bones of his hand, searching for the missing thumb's metacarpal. I find it intact. "It has to have sensation so it can recognize objects. It has to be long enough to touch the tip of opposing digits. It must be flexible."

"You don't have to teach me," Dinh says gruffly. "I know about this. I read everything in literature. Toe transplant best for me."

"I'm not so sure about that."

"Toe transplant best."

"Maybe so, but you're the patient this time. I'm the doctor. Let me decide."

I bend over and lift his dusty foot into my lap. I slip off his tire-tread sandal. His foot is the size of my daughter's, the toenails poorly cared for. My fingers find strong dorsalis pedis and posterior tibial pulses at the ankle. I would prefer to transplant the second toe, but his is very small; I decide the big toe would make a better thumb.

"What you find?" he asks anxiously.

"You have good circulation and a metacarpal bone."

"So what you think? Toe transplant?"

I look up at Dinh's face. It is pale yellow, contrasting with the density of shadowed books and wall behind him. His haughty eyes have softened into a look of hope and longing.

"I agree," I say. "A toe transplant would be best for you."

"You must do it, then," he says.

"Maybe you could come to the States and have it done."

"I no rich American. No can get visa."

"There's a good chance the graft won't take. I don't have an operating microscope or some of the instruments I use."

He flexes and unflexes the four fingers on his right hand and smiles.

"Do it here tomorrow. I want to hold chopsticks again. I tired of eating like a Frenchman."

"Look," I say, "you don't realize how many things could go wrong."

"It work. I know it work."

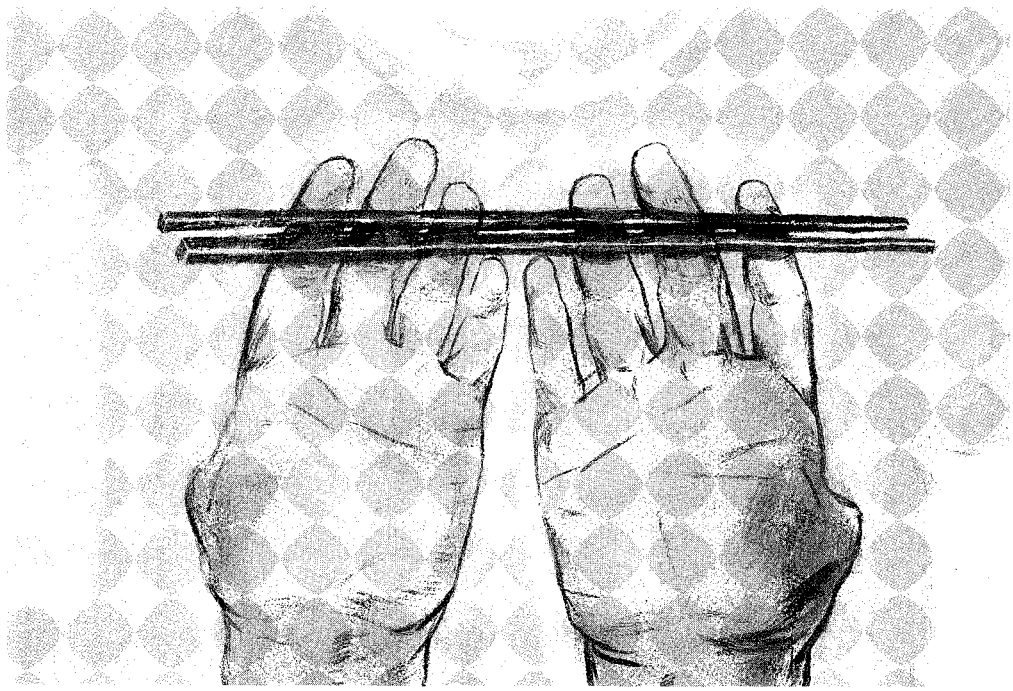
I think how the fortunes of the Vietnamese always seem to be in the hands of others.

"Okay," I say. "I'll do it. A local anesthetic would be safest. Would that be all right?"

"Pain no matter. You do it."

"You're on. But don't be surprised if it doesn't work."

THAT night I lie awake under the mosquito net on my bed, reviewing the technique of toe transplantation, suturing in my mind tendons and tiny digital nerves, minute veins and arteries. Tropical heat drenches me. The bark of dogs comes in from the street. When I finally fall asleep, I dream again of the man whose head I severed and stuck on the end of a pole. We meet in the Cao Dia temple in Tay Ninh, a vast, gaudy cathedral with a vaulted ceiling, pillars wound with gilded dragons and pink serpents, and a giant eye over the altar. He stands naked in front of me, holding his head with its sheen of black hair in the crook of his elbow.



THE surgery suite is high-ceilinged, with dirty windows and yellow tile walls, like the restroom in an old train station. The air is drowsy with the odor of ether that leaks from U.S. Army surplus anesthesia machines. Outside the operating room I attach magnifying loupes to a pair of glasses. I focus the lenses on the lines of my fingertips and begin scrub-

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bing my hands in cold water at an old porcelain sink. Through the door I see Dinh sedated and strapped to the operating table. Bathed in fierce white light, with his arms extended on boards at right angles to his body, he looks as if he has been crucified. I have sent an orderly to his office for his cassette player, and *The Four Seasons* plays softly at the head of the table.

For a moment I rinse my hands, designing in my mind skin incisions and tendon transfers. In the past, to decrease operating time and diminish my fatigue, I used a second surgical team to prepare the recipient site in the hand while I removed the donor tissue from the foot, but here I am alone.

With water dripping from my elbows, I step into the room. Suddenly I feel a surge of force, a sense of power that has been mine in no other place but surgery, except when my finger was on the trigger of an M-60.

The instruments I have brought with me lie on trays and tables. My weapons are tenotomy scissors and mosquito hemostats, atraumatic forceps and spring-loaded needle holders. A scrub technician, who worked as an interpreter in a MASH unit during the war, hands me a towel. Two masked nurses prep Dinh's foot and hand with a soap solution. The surgery team's spirits are high. Listening to them talk is like hearing finches chirp.

Gowned and gloved, I sit on a stool beside Dinh's right hand. I adjust the light and begin the numbing with an injection of Xylocaine. The prick of the needle rouses him from his narcotized slumber, and he groans.

"Everyone ready? Let's go. Knife."

The nurse pops the handle of the scalpel into my palm. A stillness settles over me and passes into my hand.

Dissecting out the filamentous vessels and nerves that once brought blood and sensation to Dinh's thumb is tedious and takes more than an hour. While I work, a nurse sits at Dinh's head, murmuring to him and wiping his forehead with a wet cloth. I wonder what Dinh is thinking. Is he remembering the men who cut off his thumbs? Is he dreaming of what he might do if he met them again? When all the digital nerves and vessels and tendons are isolated and tagged with black-silk sutures, I cover the hand with a sterile towel. Before I move to Dinh's foot to harvest his spare part, I step to the head of the table.

"It's going well," I say. "You all right?"

"Don't worry about Dinh," he replies. "Worry about operation."

I make a circular incision around the base of the phalanx, taking care to preserve skin in the web space so that the defect can be closed without a skin graft. When the toe is finally transected, with its trailing tentacles of tendons, nerves, and vessels, it looks like a baby squid. I wrap it in saline-soaked gauze and carry it to the hand. I'm tired and sweating. My back hurts. My eyes ache. I feel as if I were on a long forced march.

First I join the bones, using wires to fuse the toe's bone to the hand's metacarpal in a position of flexion and pronation, to provide Dinh with a good pinch. Next I unite the tendons with strong nylon sutures—extensor hallucis longus to extensor pollicis longus, flexor hallucis longus to flexor pollicis longus.

Fighting off fatigue, I begin the most critical and tedious part of the procedure—the anastomosis of filamentous nerves and vessels. It is like sewing strands of hair together. Under the magnification of the lenses the delicate instruments seem big and blunt; the slightest tremor of my fingers appears to be an awkward jerk. Blood oozes into the wound and obscures my vision. A few drops seem like a crimson flood.

"Suck. Will someone please suck."

I take a stitch in the digital artery, and Dinh's hand rises from the drapes. I push it down, pinning it to the table.

"Goddamn it," I say. "Hold still, Dinh."

"Dau," Dinh moans in pain. *"Dau. Dau."*

"He feel it," the nurse says.

"More Xylocaine," I say. His hand jerks again. "Hurry up, Goddamn it. Xylocaine."

After four hours Dinh has a new thumb, pinned in place by Kirschner wires through the bones and a neat ring of black-nylon skin sutures. Exhausted, I sit for a moment cradling his hand in mine and staring at my work. The graft is cool and cadaveric, as pale as plaster, but it twitches slightly with his pulse. I haven't prayed in years, and doubt that it does any good, but I silently ask the Lord to give the transplant life. The nurse hands me a sterile dressing, and I wrap Dinh's fingers in loose layers of fluffy gauze followed by a light cast of plaster of paris. I strip off my gloves and step to the head of the table. I look down at Dinh's face, resting my hand on his shoulder. His pitted cheeks puff with each breath, and his half-closed eyelids flutter.

"All done, Dinh," I say.

"How does it look?" he asks groggily.

"Like a thumb."

DINH believes that our lives move in circles, repeating themselves endlessly like the four seasons, like the cycle of his country's rice crop. Planting. Weeding and waiting. Harvesting. Fallowness. Planting again. If things don't work out, so what? Another chance will come around, the way winter always gives in to spring. But I believe that my life is somehow outside these circles, that I am on a straight march toward something final, and on that journey to the end of existence, the journey itself is all there is. When I fail along the way, when something I need eludes me because of a mistake I have made, the mistake itself becomes a defeat, and I am left with only loss, with emptiness, uncertainty, and regret.

Because that is my nature, the fate of Dinh's transplanted toe takes on a monumental importance. I lie awake at night in unbearable heat, sweating and worrying about infection and thrombosis. Each morning, before I start my surgery schedule, I visit Dinh in his stark hospital room, with its metal cot and the clay pot that serves as a bedside commode. Peering up at me from his pillow through circular Uncle Ho wire-rims, he seems calm and confident, talking of all the things that will

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be easier for him to do with his new thumb—holding a pen when he writes haiku, picking hibiscus blooms for his wife's table, playing his bamboo flute, and, of course, eating with chopsticks. He says he may even do a little minor surgery. The thought of him trying to operate makes me cringe.

One day I show him a few snapshots of my daughter. He leafs through the pictures and nods politely. Then he talks about all the children I operated on who can now smile and suck their bottles. The children, tender and pliant, are what is important, he tells me, not old people like him, who have become dry and rigid and whose lives are behind them.

When I examine him, I am relieved to find that he is free of fever. His pain is minimal. The dressing smells clean, and a little blood stains the cast, which is a good sign. The graft has to be taking. I begin to look forward to removing the dressing and seeing a nice new pink thumb. It will be a kind of miracle.

THE day before I am to leave Vietnam is the day of atonement, the time of truth, the moment to unwrap Dinh's hand and see if his thumb is viable. It is also the end of the rice harvest, and the farmers are burning off the fields to the west of the city. As I walk to the hospital, I can see a gray haze of smoke hanging over a horizon curtained with flames. It is a scorched-earth image, reminiscent of napalm and war.

In the surgery clinic I meet Dinh, sitting in a wheelchair with his bandaged hand in a sling and a confident smile on his face. Hoa, a petite nurse with a pretty smile and pearl earrings, places his hand on a white towel. A hush hangs over the room. My heart gallops. I cut the cast with heavy scissors and begin carefully unwinding the dressing. The gauze is stuck with dried blood, so I moisten it with saline and let it soak for a few minutes while I re-dress his foot. I am pleased to find the donor-site incision clean and healing well, but when I peel the last layer of gauze from his hand, I smell the faint odor of necrosis. Dinh's new thumb is the cold clay color of mildewed meat. I feel his eyes on me. I want to leave now, get on an airplane and fly home, let someone else amputate the dead thumb, let someone else clean up my mess. I glance up at his face. He is staring at the dead toe. God damn this dirty little Job of a country. Nothing turns out right here. I look out the window. The monsoon season is only a few days away, and already it is raining. Big drops kick up dust like rifle fire.

"It doesn't look good," I say. "Maybe I should re-dress it and give it a little more time."

"Gangrene," he says. "It dead. Take it off."

IN the operating room everyone works in silence. On the table Dinh looks small and fragile, exhausted, as if he had just climbed one of those mountains on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. I pull the Kirschner wires from his hand with a hemostat and snip the nylon sutures. It is a bloodless operation. The necrotic transplant falls off onto blue drapes, stiff and cold, no longer a thumb or a toe. Looking at it, I can scarcely believe my childish hope that it would survive. I pick it up with sterile forceps and drop it into a stainless-steel pan. I think of Dinh's torturers in their purple berets chopping off his thumbs with a big knife. I see him drinking soup made with his own flesh and bone.

THE day of my departure Dinh sends a driver in an old Toyota to take me to the airport. I am disappointed that he isn't riding with me, but something tells me he will be waiting for me in the terminal. I want to apologize to him because the transplant didn't work, and then have him laugh and say no problem, that in his next life he will have thumbs.

I check my bags at the ticket counter and hurry to the lounge, hoping that Dinh will be waiting there in a rattan chair with his bandaged foot propped up while he drinks a cup of green tea. Over the door to the sunny room a sign announces, NHA TRANG A GOOD PLACE FOR RESORT. With my heart hammering high in my chest, I step inside. No Dinh. The lounge is empty and silent except for the groan of a ceiling fan that churns warm, viscous air.

I move heavily between tables and out glass doors onto the tarmac. Silence surrounds me. The sun. The quiet blue sky. I stand for a while, gazing at tall brown grass and prickly pears that sprout through cracks in the airstrip. Concrete revetments built during the war to shelter American F-4 fighter jets from rocket attacks are empty and crumbling, like mausoleums of an earlier civilization. Beside the runway rests the rusty carcass of a US C141 Starlifter. I watch an old F-4, now a Vietnamese fighter jet with rocket launchers riveted to its wings, practice a touchdown. The plane bounces on the concrete, its tires screeching like the cry of some fierce predator. The gray gunship rises into sparkling blue sky. My eyes follow its flight until it disappears into the glare of the sun.

Soon an Air Vietnam passenger plane lands on the runway and taxies to the tarmac, where it shimmies to a stop. It is an old Russian turboprop with a dented skin and chipped blue-and-white paint. I have heard that Air Vietnam's planes are in poor repair because the airline has trouble getting parts, and that Japanese businessmen refuse to use it.

I mount the steps into the aircraft. Inside the fuselage, heat and the oily odor of fuel squeeze the breath out of me. Only two other travelers are on board, a mamasan in a conical hat and the baby she carries in a broad sling around her waist. She stands in the aisle, swaying back and forth to rock the infant. I choose a window seat with tattered upholstery. Soon the engines on the wings cough and sputter to life. I try to buckle my seat belt, but the clasp doesn't work. I shake my head and smile. In Vietnam danger has always been ubiquitous, life tenuous. For some reason I welcome the risky ride. It makes me feel a part of the land.

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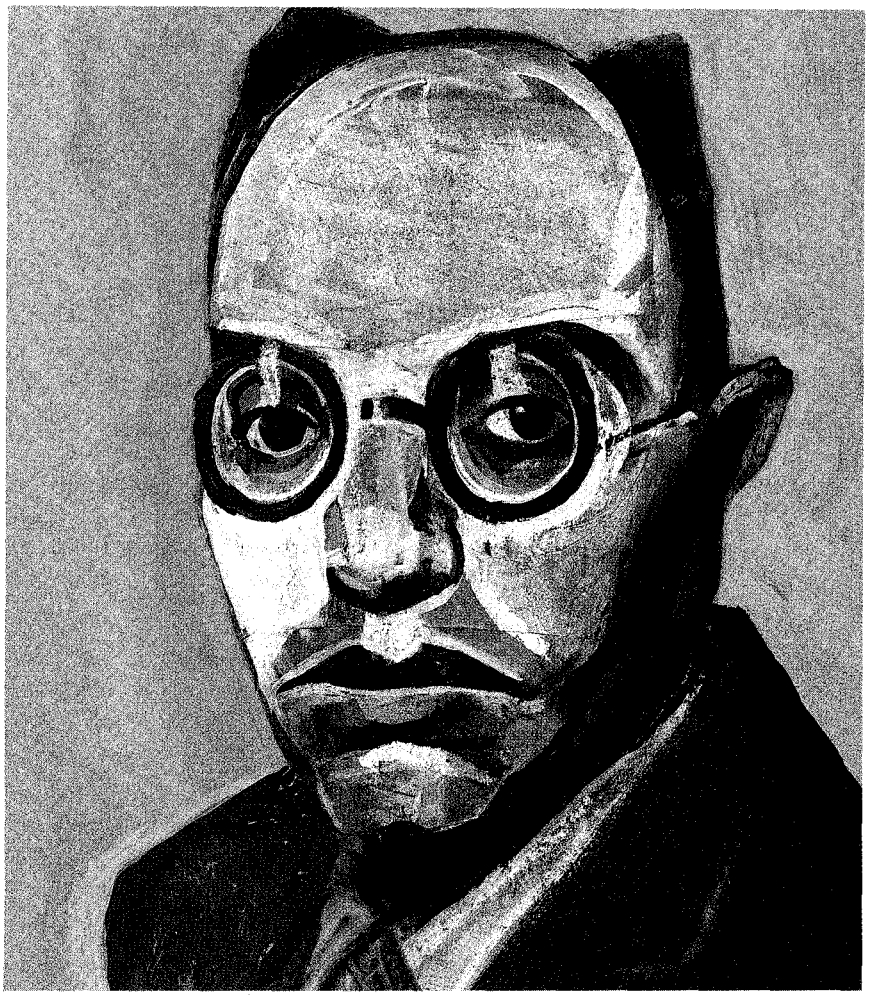

Threepenny Composer

Kurt Weill did not, as most critics would have it, sell out to Broadway after his early Berlin brilliance

by David Schiff

My favorite photograph of Kurt Weill captures the enigmatic quality of his life and music. At a rehearsal for the 1943 show *One Touch of Venus*, Mary Martin sits atop an upright piano, her shapely legs dangling in front of the composer's face. Weill seems to be somewhere else. Baby-faced and bald, his eyes half closed, he seems to be playing for himself alone. His blank expression could mask humiliation or contempt or delight—you can't tell. What is this professor doing on Broadway?

This year is Kurt Weill's centenary, so the calendar is full of Weill events—and for once there seems to be a real urgency to the commemorative festivities. Weill remains a cult composer, known mainly for a handful of songs; most of his complete works are rarely performed, and critical opinion is still unsettled. Hearing his works again—particularly the revelatory early Second Symphony and the overpraised "Broadway opera" *Street Scene*—could restore balance to a reputation long skewed.

The standard view of Weill divides his career into two distinct and unequal phases. The European Weill defined the dancing-on-the-volcano zeitgeist of pre-Hitler Berlin in collaborations with Bertolt Brecht such as *The Threepenny Opera* and *Mahagonny*. The American Weill composed a series of Broadway shows remembered mainly for a few hit tunes, such as "September Song" and "Speak Low," which seem indistinguishable in style and intent from the standard fare of Tin Pan Alley. Weill is seen as a composer who lost his way in America, who sold his artistic birthright for the pottage of commercial success—save, perhaps, for a too-brief return to his honorable musical roots with *Street Scene*, which was based on Elmer Rice's Pulitzer Prize–winning 1929 play.

Today Weill's embrace of popular music seems prophetic rather than opportunistic. When so much classical music aspires to the condition of pop, Weill—the first classical composer to reject high for low—seems a model of crossover. His music is performed by symphonies trying to lure tune-starved audiences and by lounge acts that want to give themselves an air of world-weary sophistication. On either side of the classical-pop divide there is something pretentious about Weill's adulators. If Weill anticipated anyone of note, it was Stephen Sondheim, another cult composer of popular music for the chosen few. Like Sondheim, Weill is fascinating, and at times maddening, for the unromantic and intellectual quality of his popular-sounding music. His willed simplicity sounds like the real thing—but is not at all.

Born in Dessau, Germany, in 1900, Weill displayed musical talent at an early age. He received a fine musical education and was soon recognized as a wunderkind. His first symphony, written when he was twenty-one but not performed until after his death, is astonishingly precocious, showing a mastery of orchestration, counterpoint, and form. Its advanced harmonic idiom demonstrates that Weill had already come to

Illustration by Andrea Ventura

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terms with the music of Strauss, Max Reger, Mahler, and even Schoenberg.

When he wrote the symphony, Weill had just begun studies with the pianist, composer, and musical guru Ferrucio Busoni, who urged his students to reject Romantic bombast and discover a new classicism. By the mid-1920s Weill and Paul Hindemith, five years his senior, were established as the bright young things of German music, linked by an anti-Romantic, objective attitude. They intended to make their music part of everyday life by taking advantage of the new media of recordings and radio. With the 1927 *Mahagonny Songspiel*, Weill began the partnership with Bertolt Brecht that yielded his most famous works—*The Threepenny Opera*, *Happy End*, *Mahagonny*, and *The Seven Deadly Sins*—and also many others, such as the children's opera *Der Jasager*, that are less familiar but equally pungent.

Despite the perfect fit of their music and words, Weill and Brecht were not composer and lyricist on the George and Ira Gershwin model but collaborators in the European fashion of Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Richard Strauss. Weill was in a secondary position—that is, carrying out the political agenda of the poet. But he also developed a musical ideology parallel to Brecht's aesthetic theory of nonrealistic, didactic "epic theater." Brecht's plays exposed the immorality of capitalism and the sins of the bourgeoisie. Weill set Brecht's Marxist analysis to music that similarly scraped away romantic effusions.

Working with Brecht, Weill radically simplified his style, rejecting the complexities of concert-hall art music in favor of the clear melodies and harmonies of American-style popular tunes. Unlike such contemporaries as Darius Milhaud and Ernst Krenek, Weill did not just have a brief fling with jazz. He found in popular song a way to purify the language of art music: "Mack the Knife" is even simpler in harmony and structure than most Tin Pan Alley songs, making do with a minimum of harmonic changes and contrasting ideas. In the "Cannon Song," from *The Threepenny Opera*, and "Surabaya Johnny," from *Happy End*, Weill distilled the subtlety and sophistication of art music down to tunes that all of Germany could whistle—a fact deplored by Brecht, who wanted listeners to remember the politically charged words, not the melodies.

Weill's synthetic "pop" style was an intellectual construct, like the imaginary America of Brecht's librettos. European modernist that he was, Weill spelled out the precise ideological purposes behind his music in a series of essays that presented the concept of "gestic" music. "Gestus" meant the simplification of musical means to express the realities, as Brecht and Weill saw them, of modern society. Although gestic music imitated the simple dance rhythms of popular song, it had its roots in the traditions of art music. Like other composers of the 1920s, Weill was bringing to classical music the clarity and directness of popular music—but he had no intention of becoming a "popular" composer.

We tend to forget Weill's reverence for the classical tradition, both because of the Jazz Age color of his most famous music and, more particularly, because of the decidedly unclassical timbre of his defining interpreter, Lotte Lenya. Weill met Lenya in 1924. Her serrated-edge baritone-range voice (George Gershwin termed it "squitchadickeh") soon came to stand for the Brecht-Weill partnership. Weill and Lenya married in 1926 and remained true to each other artistically, if not connubially, ever after. Many of the Brecht-Weill lead roles were conceived for Lenya or transposed down to fit her voice; the recordings she made in the 1950s of Weill's Berlin and Broadway songs (now on CD: Sony Classical SK 42658) put her indelible stamp on much music not written for her—to the consternation of musicologists. It often comes as a shock when a legitimate soprano sings a Weill song in its unfamiliar original form; Weill had composed most of his Berlin songs for operatic voices, but Lenya's voice gave much of his music a cabaret feeling.

Weill fled Berlin as soon as Hitler came to power, and went first to Paris, where he quickly composed three of his most important scores—*The Seven Deadly Sins*, the Second Symphony, and *Der Weg der Verheissung*, a Jewish pageant that would have its premiere in New York in 1937 as *The Eternal Road* and was recently produced, in a widely publicized restored version, by the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Ever since I first heard Weill's Second Symphony, in the 1970s (in a performance led by Gary Bertini that has been reissued by EMI on a low-priced CD), it has struck me as the pinnacle of his career and one of the great works of the century. Even though I have run into

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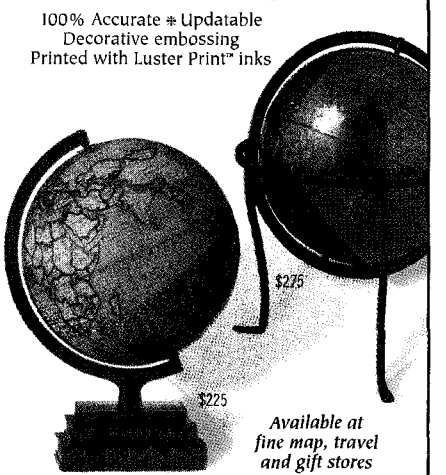

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Weill enthusiasts who share my view, it is apparently wrongheaded, for the work is still barely known and as far as I can tell has never figured in anyone else's top-ten list for twentieth-century music.

THE Second Symphony has been cursed by bad luck. It was commissioned in Paris by the Princesse de Polignac, the American heiress to the Singer sewing-machine fortune, composed in 1933, and given its premiere in Amsterdam by the Concertgebouw Orchestra, under Bruno Walter, in 1934. Despite enthusiastic audiences, some critics—perhaps expecting the acidic tone of *The Threepenny Opera*—found the work merely conventional. Its lack of pretense led some to claim that it was not a symphony at all; Walter changed the title to *Three Night Scenes*, with Weill's acquiescence, although the music is not at all impressionistic. After performances in Vienna and New York it dropped from sight.

In fact the symphony sums up the musical revolution that Weill had begun as an enfant terrible in the mid-twenties—a revolution that glorified the tunefulness of popular song and the catchy rhythms of the fox trot and the tango as an alternative to the hyperbolic excesses of music from Wagner to Schoenberg. Over the preceding hundred years music had become increasingly complex in syntax, form, and expression—an evolutionary trend that culminated just before World War I with the dense, atonal counterpoint of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* and the asymmetric, unpredictable rhythms of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*. After the war, with the musical language dismantled like much of the European landscape, young composers—in effect the first postmodernists—had to rebuild the language and re-establish its social function. First under Busoni's tutelage and then under Brecht's, Weill returned to simple harmonies and rhythms. He did not go back to Bach, as did the neo-Baroque Hindemith, or to Pergolesi, as did the neoclassical Stravinsky: if Weill had any musical model, it was probably Mahler, but Weill removed all traces of Mahler's nostalgia, grandiosity, and bombast, and also his contrapuntal complexity and elephantine structure. What remained was Mahler's ironic and tragic sense of life, to which Weill added a sharply bitter aftertaste that captured the contemporary mood.

In the early 1930s, as German politics became grim, Weill's music began to take on a greater warmth of expression, mainly in two operas that are just becoming familiar today: *Die Bürgschaft* and *Der Silbersee*, neither written with Brecht. The nihilism of *Mahagonny* gave way to a more poignant pessimism.

The Second Symphony continues the mood established in the two late operas, but in purely instrumental terms. It is both despairing and humane. The modest scale and accessible idiom result from a technical mastery so sophisticated that it is nearly invisible. Weill scored the symphony for an orchestra that could fit into a theater pit—yet at times it has the sonic grandeur that Bruckner could elicit only by enlisting a small army of brass players. The harmonies sound perfectly familiar yet rarely settle into a single key, and the themes are memorable even though they are altered on every reappearance instead of simply restated.

The symphony has three movements, with a funeral-march introduction that anticipates the second movement rather than the first. This Mahlerian ploy soon leads to a fast movement of Mozartean lucidity. Written in triple time, it is not quite a waltz and not quite a march, variously bittersweet, menacing, and militant—close in mood to the spiritual exhaustion of *The Seven Deadly Sins*. The second movement, as leisurely as the first movement was concise, is closer to Bruckner than Mahler, for there is no grotesquerie or irony even when a solo trombone carries the melody. The music makes its mournful way like a procession slowly crossing a ravaged city, becoming sadder with every return of its themes. The third movement juxtaposes jubilation and mockery. The music recovers its rhythmic life and then with two shrieking piccolos takes on the sound of an army band—or is it the sound of militant resistance? Toward the close the movement turns into a frantic tarantella, a dance of death punctuated by a prophetic chant from the trumpet. It whirls toward triumph or disaster, all the more terrifying because we cannot decide which it will be.

The neglect of this remarkable work would be almost incomprehensible today were it not for the fact that Weill continues to be thought of merely as the composer of "Mack the Knife" and "Speak Low." Anything but trivial, the symphony seems in retrospect to be Weill's farewell to Germany—a triptych of nostalgia, loss, and defiance that marks the death of a civilization.

EMOTIONAL complexity and formal elegance, the transformation of familiar gestures into an original narrative pattern—these are the particular achievements of art music, though only a small number of works achieve them as economically as does Weill's Second Symphony. The loss of Brechtian acidity marked a gain in Weill's expressive range that already pointed toward a wider audience. Out of idealism or necessity or both, Weill would now direct his talents to the popular theater.

In 1935 Weill and Lenya arrived in New York. One of Weill's first experiences of American culture was the dress rehearsal of *Porgy and Bess*. The score of *Street Scene*, which is set in a New York tenement with obvious similarities to Catfish Row, is the best evidence of the powerful impact Gershwin's opera had on Weill. *Porgy and Bess* made him think that the time for American musical theater to pursue higher artistic and political aspirations had arrived—a perilous misunderstanding. The rest of his career moved back and forth between those aspirations and the realities of Broadway economics.

Unlike many other émigrés, Weill made a deliberate break with his European past, choosing to speak English at all times, even with Lenya, and to pronounce the first letter of his name as a *W*, not a *V*. He now composed not for the concert hall or the opera house but for the Broadway stage, radio, schools, even the 1939 World's Fair. Weill's politics evolved from Brecht's hard-line European Marxism to American liberalism—and it was this shift that led Brecht and others to accuse Weill of opportunism. Although he wrote his first American show, *Johnny Johnson*, for the leftist Group Theater, Weill had his first success with the more conventional *Knickerbocker Holiday* (1938), the source of his first American hit tune, "September Song." Weill found himself economically secure, and remained so through a series of hits and flops, from the long-running *Lady in the Dark* to the disastrous *Firebrand of Florence*, both with lyrics by Ira Gershwin.

When Weill died of a heart attack, in 1950, critics hailed him as the leading craftsman of the American musical theater—a backhanded compliment. The impression remains to this day that the

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Broadway shows were unworthy of the composer of *The Threepenny Opera*—which, ironically, became Weill's biggest American hit a few years after his death.

The unflattering comparison of the Broadway Weill with the Berlin Weill is misleading, because there is so much continuity in the style and ideas of Weill's music. For all of his career he remained a man of the theater, and much of the music he wrote for, say, *Lady in the Dark* is interchangeable with passages from his German music of the 1920s. The context changed more than the music: Weill's tunes, like his speech, retained their thick German accent even when they set the idiomatic American lyrics of Ogden Nash (*One Touch of Venus*) or Langston Hughes (*Street Scene*). Weill remained as innovative in his approach to musical theater as he had been in Germany, but instead of simplifying the overdeveloped forms of European opera, he turned the song-and-dance format of the American musical into more-complex shapes, to suit issues such as psychoanalysis (in *Lady in the Dark*) and apartheid (in *Lost in the Stars*).

Musical Broadway was evolving quickly in the years Weill was turning out shows, and he was by no means the lone innovator. *Street Scene* (1947) competed with *Oklahoma!*, *Carousel*, *Annie Get Your Gun*, *Finian's Rainbow*, and *Brigadoon*. Neither was *Street Scene* unique in its lofty aspirations: several new operas opened on Broadway in that era, including Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Consul*, Marc Blitzstein's *Regina*, and Benjamin Britten's *Rape of Lucretia*. Broadway in the 1940s mixed Balanchine and burlesque, light revues and romantic operettas, in a diversity of form and style never equaled before or since. Even so, *Street Scene* stood out for its somber realism. On paper *Street Scene* should be the missing link between *Porgy and Bess* and *West Side Story*. In fact, though, that link was provided by the one composer Weill viewed as a real rival, Richard Rodgers, and his new collaborator, Oscar Hammerstein II. When Leonard Bernstein, Arthur Laurents, Jerome Robbins, and Stephen Sondheim conceived *West Side Story*, they followed the path of *South Pacific* like a treasure map. *Street Scene* is more accurately viewed not as a brilliant but flawed parallel to what Rodgers and Hammerstein were already doing better but as a precursor of quirky musicals that broke

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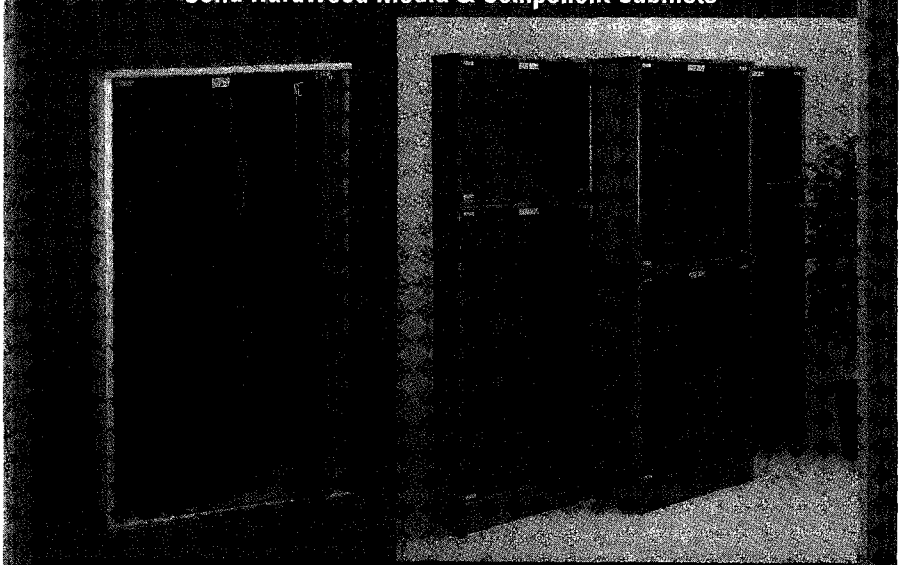

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ground on Broadway twenty years later.

Weill himself called *Street Scene* a Broadway opera, and wrote that it was the summation of all of his work since *Mahagonny*. Elmer Rice's overtly Marxist play had been a success when it was produced in Germany in 1930, and it may have appealed to Weill as a return to the social concerns of his collaborations with Brecht; the participation of Langston Hughes as lyricist further strengthened the politically progressive aspects of the project. But there were problems from the outset. Rice insisted on adapting his play and resisted making room for musical numbers. The play itself had not worn well. Its unlikely combination of ethnic characters—Jews, Italians, Irish, and Swedes (to which Rice added a black janitor)—speak in exaggerated radio-show accents and fill their conversation with racial epithets. The show's producers wanted a commercially viable product, with hit songs and without the explicit Marxist message. Such conflicts are nothing unusual on Broadway, but Weill's show was.

Listening to *Street Scene*, I'd better admit here, always makes me squirm. Much of it seems either perky or sappy, and Weill, unlike Rodgers, did not do perky or sappy well: he could never have written "When I Marry Mr. Snow" or "You'll Never Walk Alone." But that comparison may show that the problem is mine, not Weill's. *Street Scene* is not put together like the great Rodgers and Hammerstein shows. It is not a linear drama of character but a disjointed "gestic" portrait of contrasting human relationships, each one presented in a distinct musical idiom. Heard in these terms, it becomes a fascinating, flawed prototype for today's musical theater. *Street Scene* did not contain a hit tune—but neither does *Passion*, *Rent*, or *Marie Christine*, and like these recent shows it attempted to create a form somewhere between opera and musical comedy.

Elmer Rice's play is a grim slice of life that recounts the miserable existence of the inhabitants of a New York tenement. Much of Weill's music, however, is surprisingly upbeat. Although this disjuncture may be attributed to commercial pressure, I suspect that Weill was attracted by the seriousness of the story but found himself at odds with its harsh view of American life. Wittingly or not, he undermined Rice's social criticism, and so the show seems uncertain in tone. The opera interrupts the unfolding of Rice's melodramatic plot (jealous husband shoots wife) with a series of breezy musical numbers that lovingly parody many forms of American popular music, from a high school anthem to a jitterbug.

The shifts in style and tone form a sequence of events that translate the techniques of gestic music into the American vernacular while extending the forms of popular music in the direction of opera. There is only one conventional song in the whole score; all the other musical numbers are complex arias and ensembles. Unlike other Broadway composers, Weill orchestrated his own scores and wrote all the connecting music. The brief overture, for example, immediately sets the urban mood and then segues to a trio of housewives—Rhine maidens on the Bowery—who gradually break into their bluesy refrain, "Ain't it awful, the heat, ain't it awful?" The music is no more complicated than the "Fugue for Tinhorns" that opens *Guys and Dolls*, but Weill established the three gossiping women as a Greek chorus that would reappear throughout the show, sometimes for comic relief and sometimes to embody the pettiness that seems to doom all the characters.

Perhaps a postmodern production could turn *Street Scene*'s stylistic inconsistencies into strengths; it needs to be performed like a Sondheim show. Weill was no Hammerstein-like romantic, and a realistic approach to *Street Scene* that just tries to tell the story would probably seem as corny as Kansas in August. The show needs a director with an intelligence as finely honed as Weill's to free it from the self-pity of its main characters. Weill's strong suits—the qualities that give him a unique place in the music of the past hundred years—were economy, irony, and a capacity to express incongruous emotions in the simplest terms. Bring out these elements in *Street Scene* and it might sound as fresh, and disturbing, as the Second Symphony.

As musical Broadway has grown ever more tourist-oriented, Weill may have become relevant to the concert hall rather than to the theater. Composers may speak of reaching a wider audience, but few are willing to subject themselves to the intellectual discipline that gave Weill's populism its integrity. Weill did not aim to please: he pleased so as to make the audience think and feel in unaccustomed, and often uncomfortable, ways.

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Ice Cream for Beginners

Burnt caramel is a flavor that will make even novice ice-cream makers feel like sophisticates

by Corby Kummer

ANYTHING sweet is a friend of mine, I usually say, and as usual, I'm telling only part of the truth. Cookies do make up a scandalous portion of my diet, but I draw the line at anything cloying (and I, of course, define what's cloying). Just as wine-lovers say that all wine aspires to be red, to my mind all chocolate aspires to be bitter and all sorbet to be lemon.

Ice cream has thus held little appeal. It's harder for flavors with a balancing acidity to cut through butterfat and sugar than it is for clear fruit flavors to shine through the sugar syrup in sorbet. My frozen-dessert making has been focused on the perfect lemon and coffee granitas—the uniquely refreshing Italian versions of slush. Granita can be made in ice-cube trays and requires no special equipment, although breaking up the crystals every half hour or so as it freezes is tedious.

Ice cream seemed not worth the effort until I discovered the burnt caramel at Toscanini's Ice Cream, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Gus Rancatore, the owner, is the sort of eccentric who makes Cambridge eternally appealing. The original and largest of the three Toscanini's—there are two at MIT and one in Harvard Square—is a magnet not only for new Internet millionaires but also for artists, intellectuals of all stripes, and what remains of academic bohemia.

Many of Toscanini's original flavors

Burnt caramel (center, front)—like other Toscanini flavors, uncomplicated and intense

Photograph by Furnald/Gray

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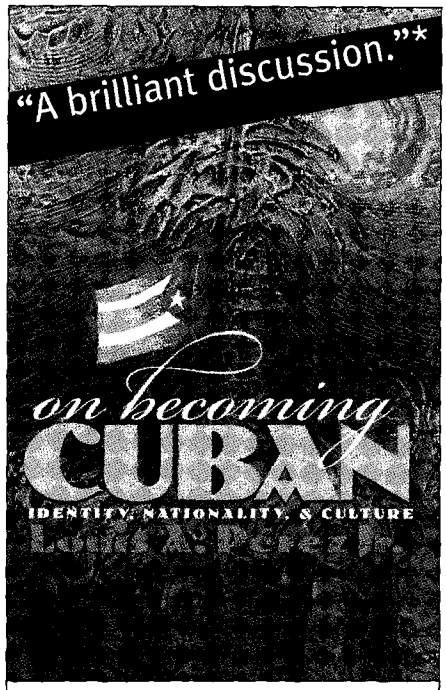

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are strikingly good: gingersnap molasses, for example, and *khulfee* (Urdu for "ice cream"), which includes cardamom, almonds, and pistachios ("This is a flavor that most people like when they try it," a sign from Rancatore reassures doubtful customers). Some flavors appear seldom but have their devoted admirers, chief among them Rancatore himself: saffron, avocado, halvah, cucumber sorbet.

Unusual suggestions are frequent, and Rancatore acts on many of them. When I visited Toscanini's kitchen recently for a burnt-caramel demonstration, Chi Leung, an ice-cream maker, was deftly ladling two kinds of softened ice cream from plastic tubs—cocoa pudding, Toscanini's best and strongest chocolate flavor, with almonds and chocolate chips added in, and Belgian chocolate with Hydrox cookies added in—into a third tub and drizzling Pollockesque swirls of cooled hot fudge between the layers. This updated parfait is called Chocolate Sluggo, for the nickname of the longtime customer who requested it—"the pugnacious professor Paul Slovenski," as another sign says. ("He has a thing about twos," Rancatore told me. "He tried to get me to put in two toppings, but I had to tell him that was too much.") Leung closed the third tub and danced energetically with it on the way to the walk-in freezer, to eliminate air pockets and amalgamate the layers. This sort of elaborateness is rare for Rancatore, who prefers unadorned flavors that are innovative in their concept, not their "add-ins." Chocolate Sluggo is, however, irresistible. I kept spooning the nearly melted ice cream from the two tubs on their way to be washed, and Leung packed himself a small container of the parfait to take home—high praise.

Burnt caramel is generally agreed to be in a class above Toscanini's other flavors and is never off the menu. The bittersweet intensity of burnt sugar—too strong for even diehards to take straight—is diffused and amplified by milk and cream. There are none of the egg-yolk distractions that mar nearly all commercial ice creams. Only the richness stops me from eating unlimited quantities. With most ice cream, palate fatigue sets in on my third bite, when it becomes clear that the flavorings can't stand up to sugar, cream, and yolk. Burnt caramel is almost forbiddingly spare and austerely perfect. It is Rancatore's Seagram Building.

LIKE many great inventions, Toscanini's burnt caramel began as an accident. As Rancatore, pouring sugar into a big, battered saucepan, began to tell me the story, a former ice-cream maker named Adam Simha wandered in to borrow some Belgian chocolate and cocoa for a flourless chocolate-espresso cake he intended to make at home. Although Simha now designs and makes steel furniture, he still has the keys to the kitchen; he told me that every so often he comes in at two or three in the morning to make a few batches of ice cream—an activity he finds therapeutic. Simha was present at the creation, when Bruce Frankel, then the chef and owner of a neighboring restaurant, dropped by late one night after work. Frankel was an inspirational but curmudgeonly figure in the city's food world; he once tasted Simha's plum-Armagnac-habanero sorbet and announced, "This is all that's wrong with food today."

Caramel, as makers of nut brittle and flan know, is very hard to control and also dangerous to make. Sugar reaches extremely high temperatures—above 300°—when heated over a direct flame and allowed to darken. If it splatters on your skin, it sticks as it burns, and the only thing to do is plunge your hand or arm into cold water and pull off the caramel. Candy makers use various methods—adding water or lemon juice, plunging the pan into cold water—to halt cooking at any of several well-defined stages, including "hard ball" and "soft ball." These methods don't always work. A rich mahogany brown can turn an acrid black in a second.

It is especially unwise to chat while melting sugar. Toscanini's cook was chatting with Frankel when the honey-gold caramel for a standard caramel ice cream suddenly went black. Frankel told the cook not to start over. "Make it big," he said. The idea was to take crème caramel, say, or the crust of crème brûlée, or dulce de leche, a recent runaway success for Häagen-Dazs, to the nth degree.

Thus was born a flavor that could convert any skeptic—or at least anyone who has ever savored the skin of a toasted marshmallow. Harold McGee, the author of *On Food and Cooking*, wrote an influential essay in *The Curious Cook* about the hundreds of flavor-making chemical changes that take place during browning. Some cooks use these transformations as an excuse to burn nearly

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anything they please, often ruinously. But McGee's essay explains why these flavors add so much depth, and how the burnt edges of almost all kinds of food, be they vegetable or meat, chemically resemble one another. Burnt sugar is a fast and easy way to add flavor to anything pallid. Chefs will blacken a cut onion (naturally high in sugar) over a gas flame and put it into a stockpot; if a sauce is particularly wan, they may melt sugar in a skillet and add red-wine vinegar to make a "gastric"—a kind of quick-fix homemade Gravy Master. (Gravy Master is almost pure caramel and salt.)

BURNT caramel is a flavor particularly suitable for the novice ice-cream maker. You don't have to worry about stopping the caramel at exactly the right moment—it's supposed to burn. In any case, the sudden addition of cold milk stops the process. Sugar gives texture to ice cream, and the relatively high sugar content of caramel eliminates the need for egg yolks, which are usually necessary to thicken and stabilize the frozen mixture. I prefer the cleaner flavors of sherbet and ice milk, both of which are usually eggless, to custard-based ice creams. (The original sherbet, whose name comes from an Arab word that provided the root for both "syrup" and "sorbet," was a sweetened drink; in this country sherbet is frozen and usually contains milk. The original ice cream was just frozen flavored cream or milk.) The absence of eggs means that the mixture won't curdle, and to my great surprise it did not stick to or stain the pan. For my experiments I bought a nonstick saucepan at a hardware store, assuming that any pan in which I repeatedly burned sugar would blacken and be impossible to clean; five or six batches later, washing easily removed any charred spots.

You'll need an ice-cream freezer. I long prided myself on using a wooden bucket that requires ice and coarse salt; masters will affirm that this kind offers generous capacity (a gallon) and the most control, and produces beautiful results—not to mention the appeal of licking the dasher. White Mountain still makes bucket machines for home use. But having to deal with the ice and salt can mean that homemade ice cream becomes a once-a-year treat—as it did for me, until I gave away the bucket and started using an iceless maker. Twenty years ago a hand-cranked, small-capacity machine called the Donvier made preparing ice cream practicable and easy. As long as you remember to freeze the thick-walled, coolant-filled metal bowl beforehand for at least twelve hours, you can have ice cream in about forty to fifty minutes. You can find the Donvier online for around $40. Krups and Cuisinart make similar but machine-cranked models, both priced at about $70; Krups's La Glacière takes up a bit less space and is sleeker-looking.

To make about a quart of burnt-caramel ice cream, have on hand a two-quart saucepan (this size will reduce the possibility of spatters); please don't use your best one, especially if it isn't nonstick. Combine and set aside one cup of heavy cream and two cups of whole milk. Put two thirds of a cup of sugar and a quarter teaspoon of salt into the pan and set over moderate heat. The salt is crucial, as I discovered last year in Brittany and Normandy, regions famous for their cream, butter, and "fleur de sel"—shockingly expensive air-dried sea salt with an excellent, nuanced flavor. The best of the regions' famous caramels feature liberal amounts of that salt, which has recently become a prestige ingredient in American kitchens. My favorite salt of the moment—and any cook with pretensions needs one, like a favorite olive oil—is Maldon Sea Salt, from a small and charming family-run business on the Essex coast of England; you can order it from www.zingermans.com.

Tip the pan back and forth to nudge the pockets of white sugar to the bottom. In two or three minutes all the sugar will have melted; the color will be uneven, varying from light honey to dark maple syrup. When the first black spots appear, the steam rising from the pan will turn to smoke.

Immediately pour in half the cream-milk mixture all at once. The caramel will clump, or "seize," and the gobs and twisted tentacles will make it look like some creature from the deep. Stir over moderate heat with a wooden spoon or a sturdy spatula; the sticky mess will soon turn docile, and within five minutes the mixture will be homogenous and light mahogany in color. Keep it at a low simmer for twenty minutes or so, stirring frequently. The mixture will thicken and darken. During the last three or four minutes your stirring should leave a line at the bottom of the pan.

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The proteins in the milk and cream will begin to solidify and form small strings, which need to be strained out. Pour the hot mixture into a fine-mesh sieve set over the remaining milk and cream and push it through with a spoon or a spatula. Stir or whisk the warm mixture; the uncooked milk and cream will cool the base sufficiently that it can go straight into the chilled container of the ice-cream maker. (Technique for the usual cooked custard calls for thoroughly chilling the mixture in the refrigerator—a step that does have the additional benefit of allowing the flavors to ripen.)

I urge you to taste how powerful and lush just four ingredients can be. But you'll doubtless want to embellish—resisting the urge, I hope, to "accentuate the negative," as one of my favorite writers on food, Miriam Ungerer, said of pouring sweet liqueurs over ice cream. Toppings and additions to the mixture are better seen as opportunities to add bitter or acidic or spicy flavors rather than yet more sweet ones. Italians, for example, drizzle balsamic vinegar or Scotch whisky over ice cream.

Before freezing the cooled mixture you could stir into it a half teaspoon or more of vanilla extract, or a teaspoon of instant coffee dissolved in a tablespoon of milk, or a teaspoon of ground espresso (I like the fine grit and the strength of the coffee as it steeps in the cream, but the texture is not to everyone's liking), or a dash of freshly ground nutmeg. Too much liquid, such as brewed coffee or liqueur, will risk ice-crystal formation. So will fresh fruit, which is better used as a topping. If you're set on chunky additions, add them half or two thirds of the way through freezing—after at least twenty minutes. The only additions of which I wholeheartedly approve are crushed gingersnaps and chopped crystallized ginger, but it would be hard to oppose toasted chopped hazelnuts or almonds or finely chopped bittersweet chocolate.

I also like Rancatore's idea for a parfait he made a few years ago: cheap commercial ice-cream sandwiches cut up and mixed into coffee ice cream. Homemade coffee-caramel ice cream as a base for this typically eccentric and nostalgic Rancatore creation would be an even more persuasive way to evoke childhood memories in an adult context. That is not to say, of course, that eating ice cream need ever be a wholly adult activity.

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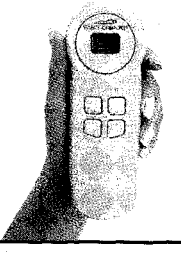

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Secret Gardens

How to turn patchwork urban back yards into neighborly communal parks

by William Drayton

EVERYONE bemoans the loss of community in our lives, but a powerful tool for rebuilding it has been overlooked: the creation of private gardens that unify the interiors of city blocks. These are hidden places, but they are also communal—secret squares of green and light and flowers tucked into the hearts of city blocks, invisible to all but those whose back doors open onto the glory of a one-block commons.

One of the earliest and most famous of these secret gardens is the Macdougal-Sullivan Gardens Historic District, in New York City's Greenwich Village. This gorgeous park, hidden from passersby, has for seven decades molded a community spirit in its neighborhood that, if it were duplicated around the country, would make city living far more attractive and also safer. Delicious as it is, however, the garden has had only a few imitators in Manhattan—chiefly the much smaller Bleecker Street Gardens, at Eleventh Street, and the famed Turtle Bay Gardens. For children the Macdougal-Sullivan garden—which measures about forty by 200 feet and occupies the full interior of a city block—is a private playground; for parents it is a godsend; for busy professionals it is a civilized bit of Europe in the concrete jungle. Owners of the twenty-one townhouses surrounding the garden retain small private areas that they can plant as they choose, but fences higher than four and a half feet are prohibited. The private greens merge visually with the common green, a rectangle of grass shaded by tall trees. At one end is a children's play area and a basketball court, at the other end a garden planted with flowers. Here the residents have children's birthday parties, charity cocktail parties, egg hunts, trick-or-treating, visits from Santa (who travels over the garden in a sleigh drawn along a wire, showering candy onto squealing children below), caroling, and ice skating when they decide to flood the green.

Given the obvious attractiveness of these secret gardens, why aren't cities across America filled with blocks of row houses built around a verdant heart? The explanation lies in a quirk of the English property laws that the early Colonists brought with them. These laws were the result of a long struggle by the English to free the country of the tangle of overlapping claims that made it impossible for most property to change hands in the medieval period. American property laws

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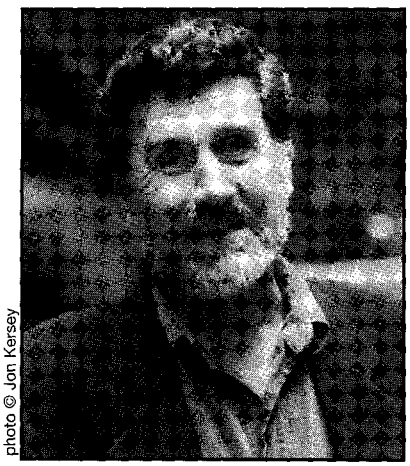

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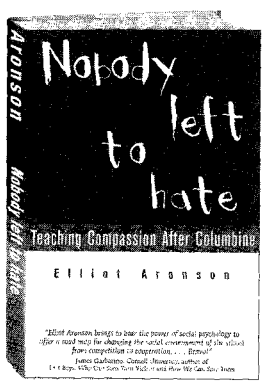

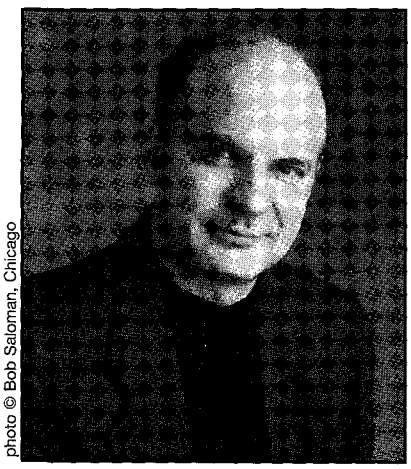

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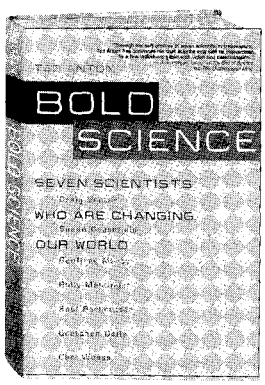

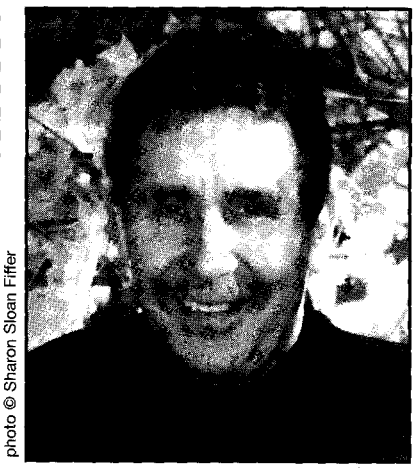

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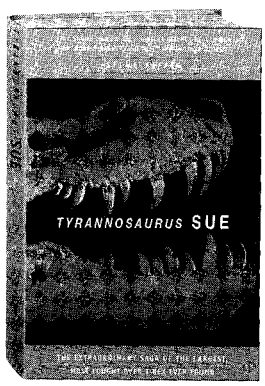

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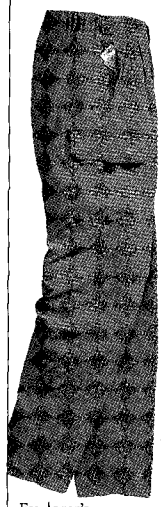

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were from the start stacked firmly against multiple claims that might inhibit any property's sale or development.

The political leader and Bank of New York director Nicholas Low bought the Macdougal-Sullivan property in 1796. His heirs built its fashionable Greek Revival townhouses beginning in 1844. Their heirs, rather than demolishing the houses to build tenements, enjoyed the rents and let the properties deteriorate.

The garden was created by one man, William Sloane Coffin, a New York businessman and the heir to W. & J. Sloane & Co., the home-furnishings business, who was disturbed by the decline and by the flight of the middle class from New York. Coffin believed that providing attractive, affordable housing to the middle class through the renovation of old buildings was a solution. He wanted to give homes to "writers, businessmen, artists, actors, and musicians." Coffin's real-estate company, Hearth and Home, bought the block in 1920 from Low's heirs and joined its back yards into one communal garden. Four years later the houses were made available for purchase by the people who were renting them.

Alden Cohen, one resident, told *The New York Times* in 1974 that because it belonged to the community, the garden taught many lessons in cooperation. This spirit began as an "economic necessity," she recalled. "No one had very much money." Residents had to agree on how to plant the garden (a committee still decides each spring, and everyone turns out on Digging Day to touch up paint and to plant flowers and grass). They also had to decide such issues as whether to allow touch football and whether to give small children bicycle rights. Mothers grew close as their children played together. There have been lapses in neighborliness: once a kid threw a rock through the window of fellow resident Bob Dylan's house and caught hell; once an owner tried to build a wall. However, in general the communal feeling is so strong that sociologists have descended to measure it. The garden's merits are now so clear that houses abutting it sell for several million dollars.

Turtle Bay Gardens, created around the time of Macdougal-Sullivan, is a fancier, Italianate garden with a central fountain, cool shade, and a tree celebrated by E. B. White. Nora Ephron grew up on Turtle Bay and received visits through the garden from Katharine Hepburn. Turtle Bay, between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Streets and Second and Third Avenues, was the creation of a Mrs. Walton Martin, who bought the surrounding twenty houses in 1919 and 1920. She altered each one so that all the living rooms faced the garden, tore down fences that separated back yards, and filled in swampy areas for a plan based on group housing she had seen in Italy and France. Rare trees were planted and a central path was set down between low garden walls. Homeowners voluntarily agree to submit to some control over both the houses' exteriors and the upkeep of private terraces; the original covenant stipulates that no fences be built in the rear, no laundry lines or garbage cans be visible, and no building be used as a boardinghouse. Today Turtle Bay is one of New York's most sought-after addresses.

DESPITE the enormous success of these pioneering gardens on every level from human to financial, they haven't multiplied. It is hopelessly expensive to buy twenty houses in a city block in order to tear down their backyard fences. What should be an essential part of cities' ability to compete with the suburbs never came to be. But an urban paradise is surprisingly feasible. All that is required is a modest and relatively simple change in property law. In cities such as Boston, San Francisco, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, and even Los Angeles thousands of blocks with hollow centers could renew themselves—and in the process strengthen their surrounding neighborhoods. The magnitude of the opportunity is startling, because the housing codes in most cities have long required that the rear walls of homes be set back from the center of their blocks. The resulting hollows make up, in fact, the largest available open space in our cities. Robert Wagner Jr., at one time the chairman of the New York City Planning Commission, estimated in the early eighties that up to three fifths of Manhattan's city blocks (there are approximately 3,200) could have central gardens.

New York's co-op law provides the key. It stipulates that if 51 percent of the tenants in a building that is being transformed from a rental into a cooperative agree to buy their apartments, the minor-

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ity can be forced to buy or leave. Modern law favors such conversions, even if they create complex patterns of shared ownership, because they advance a number of public goals—including better building maintenance and more homeownership.

The same principle could easily extend to creating co-op gardens. New legislation could make it easy for a majority of a block's owners to negotiate a communal open space. Such an agreement would increase both the value of their property and the quality of their life. The helter-skelter back yards that now divide neighbors would become a crime-stopping, neighborhood-creating common. The new laws could also reward real-estate agents and community organizers with a piece of the action. Thus motivated, these groups would learn how to negotiate attractive designs, speedily resolve problems, ensure that minority rights are protected, and, ultimately, win the required majority support of homeowners.

Once a garden was launched, its beauty and the sense of community it fostered would work their magic. Americans' deep-rooted love of voluntary associations—every bit as distinctive as their individualism—would manifest itself, and everything from new friendships among children to new neighborhood customs to the sharing of names of plumbers and electricians would follow. Disputes could be handled as they are in apartment co-ops—by voting.

Municipal legislatures would have to decide how to balance what a majority of neighbors could mandate for their block and what safeguards were necessary to protect the minority. They might also want to experiment with added incentives—for example, providing reserved on-street parking for residents who give up back-yard garages for the sake of a block garden.

In time, as urban gardens became widespread, the idea could easily be applied to other settings. Owners of lakefront property, for example, could use similar legislation to create or preserve common waterfront access and a green strip. As the world becomes more crowded, people must learn to share limited resources intelligently. Modernizing property laws to enable urban residents to create their own magical gardens would strengthen cities, limit sprawl, and help build communities in a too-divided world.

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"Draw with deuces wild" = SEDUCE *(anag.). In four Across entries* TWO *is entered in mixed order (as a "wild deuce"). Across.* 10. G(R)IN 11. WRIT(H)E 12. LA + S(T)WORD 13. D + EAR 14. PLA(Y + PE)N 15. O + INK 16. ELIA (hidden) 17. E(A + ST + WOO)D 18. LE(A + N)ER 19. C(E)SIUM (*music* anag.) 23. DO(SI)DO 25. LESSER (homophone) 27. OUTWORLD (anag.) 29. C + OR + E 31. MARS (double def.) 32. R(IS)OT + TO 33. ROLE (homophone) 34. CATWOMAN (anag.) 35. BINARY (anag.) 36. NO + RM *Down.* 1. PE(D)AL 2. AL(L)EGRO (*Al Gore* anag.) 3. SAR(O + Y)AN 4. P(EEW)IT (*wee* rev.) 5. WE(A + RD) + OWN 6. WEIR + DO 7. ID + I(O)T 8. TIGHTEN (homophone) 9. MURD + ERE + D (*drum* rev.) 18. DOORBELL (anag.) 19. SCULL + I + ON 20. WAL + NUTS (rev.) 21. C(O + W)RIES 22. T(ALL)IER 24. CREDOS (hidden) 26. STOWE + D 28. RE + A + CT 30. ODE + ON

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A New Social Type Is Born

In this work of "comic sociology" David Brooks presents a conceptual key to American society

by Thomas Mallon

BOBOS IN PARADISE:
The New Upper Class and How They Got There

by David Brooks.
Simon & Schuster, 284 pages, $25.00.

DECADES ago cabaret singers sometimes performed a number in which "He caught her in the kitchen playing Westport," a ballad of sozzled suburban adultery—one of the sloppy folkways that made America, in the words of a John Updike hero, "all in all . . . the happiest fucking country the world has ever seen." Westport, home to Sloan Wilson's Man in the Gray Flannel Suit (and, today, my town), isn't much like that now. Husbands and wives, if not both working at home, are on the cell phone twenty times a day, fiber-optically tethered to each other and to their soccer-practicing, SAT-prepping, UNICEF-collecting kids—fewer of them in each family now, the better to see that each rises to his or her full potential while Mom and Dad miss not a minute of theirs.

The same transformation has occurred in Wayne, Pennsylvania, the childhood home of David Brooks, whose new book is a smart, amusing look at the big Boomer plutocracy now belted into its SUVs for that giddy ride along the Nasdaq. The "Bobos" represent a new American mixture of sturdy bourgeois standards and nonjudgmental bohemian ease; they are certain not only of their economic well-being but also of their fine feelings and social good intentions.

Wayne, Brooks writes, has changed from "strictly a white bread" bedroom community into a place with "six gourmet coffeehouses," a "fabulous independent bookstore," and "Studio B, a gift emporium that hosts creative birthday parties to ensure that self-esteeming kids get even more self-esteeming." Like Westport, it has evolved from the bourgeois toward the bohemian (Brooks admits to a very broad use of the latter term), whereas what Brooks calls "Latte Towns" have gone in the other direction, grafting a new respect for consumer capitalism onto their raffish, sometimes radical pasts. The Latte Towns are "often university based," and demonstrate a cultural peace that allows "the Babbitt lion [to] mingle with the beatnik lamb." In Burlington, Vermont, Brooks's LT paradigm, the Ann Taylor franchise is right next to the Peace and Justice thrift shop. If Latte Towns are "havens for everything that now goes by the name 'alternative'—alternative music, alternative media, alternative lifestyles—they are also fantastic business centers," ones in which you hear much about "socially responsible investing" by manufacturers of expensively natural items like Summer Glory Vinegar and Putney Pasta.

Brooks traces the marriage of bourgeois and bohemian to some early-1960s matchmaking by the author Jane Jacobs, whose book *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* decried big development and urban renewal in favor of ad hoc patchwork neighborhoods like Greenwich Village. Admiring both the shopkeeper and the artist renting an apartment above his store, Jacobs reconciled "the bourgeois love of order with the bohemian love of emancipation." Brooks now sees these two sensibilities coupling every Sunday on the Weddings pages of *The New York Times*, which he brightly analyzes (or "deconstructs," as Bobos with

Illustrations by David Navascues

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Brown diplomas would say) in an early chapter. Brains have replaced old money; accomplishment now trumps religion and wealth; a pair of "awesome résumés" unite in meritocratic contentment. The truest Bobo match comes when a "predator" (an MBA, say, and usually the groom) weds a "nurturer" (a liberal-arts major now working as a foundation officer). To compute the status of these savvy, compassionate duos, you take each person's "net worth and multiply it by his antimaterialistic attitudes."

In *Bobos in Paradise*, Brooks argues that "a new reconciliation has been forged." His Bobos "march under reconciling banners such as compassionate conservatism, practical idealism, sustainable development, smart growth, prosperity with a purpose." Like Luther Burbank admiring his hybrids, or the designer-coffee man dispensing a new blend from behind his butcher-block countertop, Brooks makes an appreciative, witty survey of the various ways in which "the bohemians and the bourgeois co-opted each other." He's especially good on the new world of commerce, where countercultural references drive the ads of hip-capitalist companies (the safely dead William S. Burroughs for Nike and Jack Kerouac for The Gap) whose offices exhibit a decor of "pseudo-transgressions" and "socially approved deviances"—"the remnants of a comic book collection may be tacked to the wall near the torn cover from a Curious George book or a photo of Gandhi." Pace Marx, social classes now define themselves by their means of consumption rather than of production, and Daniel Bell's "cultural contradictions of capitalism"—his prediction that the system would create the very leisure and hedonism needed to undo it—are, Brooks declares, "Resolved!" The Bobos love work too much ever to clock out; they go in for "utilitarian pleasures"—running, for example—that render them even fitter to do their jobs. Similarly, in the ethical algebra of Bobo consumption, spending great sums on top-of-the-line kitchens is better than buying jewelry. "It's egalitarian to spend money on parts of the house that would previously have been used by the servants."

BROOKS, a senior editor at *The Weekly Standard*, does not survey popular culture with anything like the revulsion registered by Gertrude Himmelfarb (*The De-Moralization of Society*) and

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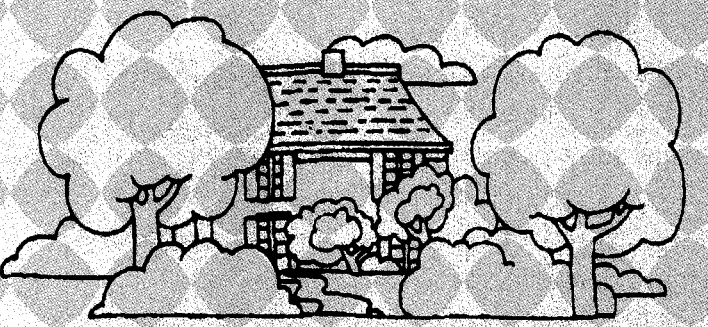

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other neoconservatives. He is relaxed about—even to a great degree approving of—what he sees, and a far better, more specific observer than many neocon scolds. He characterizes his method as "comic sociology," and up against other wits of the right he comes across as less pleased with himself than P. J. O'Rourke, less fundamentally pissed-off than Joe Queenan, and less loudly delighted with everything before his eyes than Tom Wolfe—though Brooks gives even the last some competition with his gaudy nomenclature and excellent ear. For example, you "will want to perfect a code to subtly downplay your academic credentials" if you're a budding Bobo. "If asked where you went to school, you will reply 'Harvard?' with a little upward lilt at the end of your pronunciation, as if to imply, 'Have you ever heard of it?'"

Bobos does most of its work through set pieces. Brooks recounts his failure to have a transcendent moment in Montana, that Range Rovered garden of Bobo exstasis, and offers an upward-mobility primer on "How to Be an Intellectual Giant": you proceed methodically from ghostwriting op-ed pieces to appearing on television, where Brooks himself is an increasingly frequent presence these days. He also explains "Status-Income Disequilibrium" (SID), a condition endured by chattering-class Bobos, whose pay tends to be much more modest than the social position afforded by their jobs.

> At work they go off and give lectures—all eyes upon them—appear on TV and on NPR, chair meetings. If they work in the media or in publishing, they can enjoy fancy expense-account lunches. All day long phone messages pile up on their desks—calls from rich and famous people seeking favors or attention—but at night they realize the bathroom needs cleaning so they have to pull out the Ajax.

Brooks creates his social types and scenes with such imaginative particularity that you can count on it that some Bobo editor will soon sign him up to write a novel—if he isn't writing one already.

Brooks's then-and-now assessment of intellectual life makes for the first in a series of stimulating quarrels that the reader may be inclined to pick with *Bobos*. The author knows that the disappearance of fifties middlebrow culture has been a bad thing, but insists that at the top, all things considered, "intellectual

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life has been improved." Where the old-style *Partisan Review* crowd was superior and standoffish, today's intellectuals—among them "such six-figure celebrities as Henry Louis Gates"—fit in with the mass culture of their time.

> Intellectuals have come to see their careers in capitalist terms. They seek out market niches. They compete for attention. They used to regard ideas as weapons but are now more inclined to regard their ideas as property.

Brooks acknowledges that the pseudo-debates on cable TV—the screen now split four ways instead of two—produce "symbiotic bogeyman relationships" whose jawing participants are expected to be rigidly predictable instead of thoughtful. But even so, he seems too willing to equate opinions with thought, and too complacent about a world in which Laura Ingraham and Joe Conason can be regarded as serious thinkers. Looking back to the 1950s and 1960s, he admires the books of such uncredentialed intellectuals as Jacobs, Betty Friedan, Rachel Carson, and William H. Whyte (*The Organization Man*), pointing out that these writers achieved far more impact than the old academics and Partisans. Can he really say that the overbooked TV talkers of today are likely to go home and produce work anywhere near as influential as that of Jacobs and company? These strident new creatures are made solely for the producer's Rolodex, not for the library shelf.

The Bobos' spiritual life provokes greater unease. Brooks seems skeptical, even contemptuous, of the group's soft, ecumenical pieties, which he calls "spirituality without obligation" and "Orthodoxy without obedience." Living in their "moral temperate zone," Bobos find a measure of good in all religions, choosing to emphasize each creed's bland possibilities for social improvement and fellowship rather than any stringent sacrifice that may once have been required for salvation.

> Sometimes it will be the religious objects of an oppressed culture that will be displayed in an educated home: Amazonian figures, Native American totems, Egyptian deities, animistic shells, or Shinto statuettes. It is acceptable to display sacred items in an educated person's home so long as they are from a religion neither the host nor any of his or her guests is likely to profess.

The almost always good-natured author allows himself a measure of genuine irritation over "too many compromises and spiritual fudges," though one would like him to go further, in the manner of Flannery O'Connor, who at a 1950s dinner party responded to someone's characterization of the Eucharist as a healthful symbol by saying, "Well, if it's a symbol, to hell with it." (Vatican II, with its handshakes of peace, guitar-strumming, and audience participation, might be described as the Bobos' first great awakening to the delightful knowledge that faith-wise it's really all about us, not Him.)

Brooks argues that current politics proceeds from the great irony that "when the children of the 1960s achieved power, they produced a style of governance that was centrist, muddled, and if anything, anti-ideological." Disliking conviction politicians at either end of the spectrum, Bobo Boomers reject "authority as physics—one powerful body exerting pressure on a smaller body" in favor of "authority as biology, with all the members

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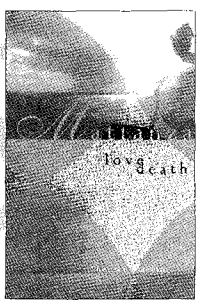

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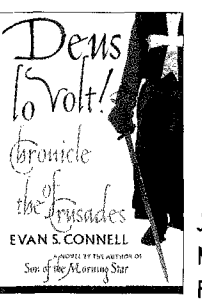

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of the ecosystem exerting a gradual and subtle pressure on the others so the whole network can thrive." The new Bobo establishment may have lurched through a phase of campus speech codes and over-zealous rules against sexual harassment, but out of those missteps, Brooks believes, "a shared set of understandings and practices has cohered into a widely accepted set of social norms." The good news is all around: a less violent, more civil society. "Don't Ask, Don't Tell," he argues, is just the sort of "reconciling banner" under which Bobos like to march.

But even by its proponents' admission "Don't ask, don't tell" has been a failure; and I would argue that certain organisms in this new biological authority—say, Hillary Clinton and Ira Magaziner, the chief designer of the Administration's 1993 health plan, were held in check by a penicillin known as the Republican Congress. If that medicine had been withdrawn, they would have been delighted by the chance to break out of quarantine and start a brand-new "authority of physics" through some good old social engineering. Just look at academe—the one world that young, politicized Boomers, those Bobos aborning, did manage to redesign, straight through the Reagan years, and which they still rule today. Their curricular monstrosities are now as firmly rooted as the Plasticrete campus architecture. In the larger world their Third Way has been an insincere substitute for the managed utopia they would still, in their heart of hearts, like to enforce.

Brooks views the Bobos as a still-young elite just beginning to develop a "public-service ethos." He wishes they would grow beyond "the comforts of private and local life" to move the country toward a "unique historical mission." This sounds like the "national-greatness conservatism" that the author and William Kristol advocated a couple of years back, though I'm not sure what Bobo-backed form it could take. A mission to Mars? Bobos would veto that as inconsistent with what the President likes to call "our values"; the money, after all, could be better spent on The Children.

OUTSIDE Bob Jones University we are all Bobos now, I suppose. Brooks himself slips into the first-person plural on a couple of occasions, and although he regrets the Bobos' tendency to be "too easy on ourselves," he cheerfully of-

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fers himself as "on balance . . . a defender of the Bobo culture." Still, there are one or two remarks I wish Brooks wouldn't make with quite so straight a face. "Bobos are pleasant to be around," he says. And—sounding a bit like that other Brooks, Mel—he declares, "It's good to live in a Bobo world."

Yes, it's good to be the king, or even just to be part of an elite much bigger than the one that used to rule. But there really is no Bobo world: the patient poor and the impatient lower-middle class are now, as always, with us. When Brooks judges that "the culture war is over," he rightly adds the caveat "at least in the realm of the affluent." We Bobos are not the whole story, and it's sobering to remember that the denizens of Jane Jacobs's bustling little street could not have afforded the mortgages in Latte Town.

None of these objections would surprise Brooks, I'm sure. He has done exactly what one ought to do in spotting and describing a new social phenomenon, whether it's the Lonely Crowd or the Organization Man or just the Right Stuff. And that is to overstate the case a little, with vividness and style. Up to now the Bobos may have been oft discerned, but ne'er so well anatomized.

How long they will be around is an interesting question. Brooks again takes care to sound some qualifying notes ("barring a severe economic downturn"), but he bets that the Bobos will be difficult to unseat from their socioeconomic horse. I'm not so sure. A few weeks ago I was in Seattle, the new heart of the country, and at the offices of Amazon.com (full of the playful "pseudo-transgressive" personal decoration Brooks gets so right) much of the talk was about layoffs. I'm inclined to think that at some point a hard rain's gonna fall. But as it drums on the café roof, it will be difficult to imagine sharing that last decaf mocha cappuccino with more-intelligent company than David Brooks.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

At End of Day

by George V. Higgins.
Harcourt, 392 pages, $24.00.

The last novel of the late George V. Higgins shows no hint of failing skill or mellowing temper. The dialogue is as raffishly eloquent as ever, the action as disconcerting to the lawfully minded, and the author's underlying attitude what it has regularly been—a plague on all your houses. The story is densely packed with characters whose positions are initially murky and with events that display no immediate connections, leading the reader through a labyrinth of guesswork in pursuit of a plot that does not, in a standard sense, exist. Higgins is describing the business of a Boston racketeer and the system by which it operates—a network of people who do what they are told (frequently with good humor and no moral qualms), plus a long-established détente with federal law officers. Progress is not what the boss wants. If serious violence becomes necessary, he takes personal action. An assassination described meticulously, move by precise move, is bone-chilling in its patient efficiency. Questions of law and justice, as discussed by the characters, become almost equally unnerving. Higgins was a brilliantly clever, savagely bitter observer of society. His death is a severe loss.

A Fly for the Prosecution

by M. Lee Goff.
Harvard, 225 pages, $22.95.

Mr. Goff is a professor of entomology at the University of Hawaii. He is also a specialist in determining time of death by examination of the type and condition of insects battening on a corpse. Forensic entomology is not a pretty job, and is frequently so unpleasant that Mr. Goff's

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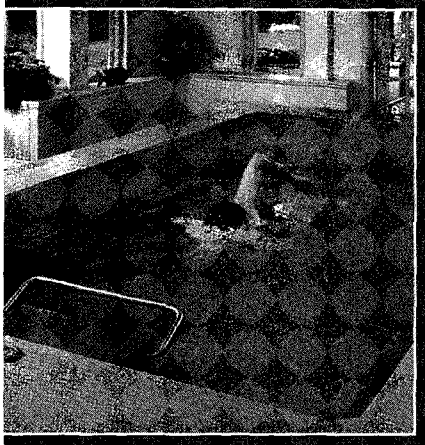

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helpers profess illness and stay at home. The author does his best to keep nausea to a minimum—with limited success, given his materials. The subject is interesting, however, because it describes a technique seldom mentioned in public and often of great importance in a criminal investigation.

Kosovo: War and Revenge

by Tim Judah.
Yale, 368 pages, $37.50/$17.95.

Mr. Judah is a journalist who has observed Balkan affairs for ten years. His report on Kosovo begins with medieval history and legend, containing less of the former than of the latter. As he points out, "In Kosovo, history is war by other means." Outside observers reported more or less objectively on Kosovo and its neighbors in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and their reports were of constant quarrels and hostilities. Suppressed during Tito's regime, these have now resurfaced, as virulent and brutal as they were centuries ago. Mr. Judah describes events in modern Kosovo in thorough detail and with a serious attempt at fairness to all parties. His book will be of great value to anyone who wishes to know exactly what has been done, and when, and by whom, during the current upheaval. Readers with a less profound concern are likely to fall back on the simple, pessimistic conclusion that peaceful compromise has never been known in Kosovo and never will be.

No Great Mischief

by Alistair MacLeod.
Norton, 288 pages, $23.95.

Mr. MacLeod's narrator, a prosperous dentist, gradually reveals the history of the MacDonald family in Canada. Calum Ruadh MacDonald, with twelve children, a son-in-law, and a devoted dog, arrived on Cape Breton Island in 1779, and established a Gaelic-speaking tribe that has survived and expanded without ever forgetting its roots. Events shift from past to present, and from Atlantic coast to inland mining, with easy grace and believability. The story is an affirmation of all that has gone before—kinship, loyalty, and the continuity of tradition, celebrated without sentimentality. Mr. MacLeod is an admirable writer.

The Happy Bottom Riding Club: The Life and Times of Pancho Barnes

by Lauren Kessler.
Random House, 336 pages, $24.95.

Thaddeus Sobieski Constantine Lowe was a "Civil War hero, pioneering balloonist, renowned inventor, promoter, and showman, known nationwide as the man who had created the grandest, most astonishing, most popular tourist attraction in turn-of-the-century southern California." He made a fortune that established him among the millionaires of Pasadena, and lost it in the aftermath of the panic of 1893. The family style was not seriously cramped, because his son had married solid, conventional old money, and his granddaughter, Florence, grew up with all the benefits of maids and butlers. The girl was an echo of old Thaddeus—a bold, ingenious, outspoken tomboy, addicted to horses, dogs, practical jokes, and flamboyant conduct. Her mother thought matrimony would reform her, and literally arranged a match with a somewhat older man who was handsome, intelligent, and highly respected in Pasadena. He was also, of all things, an Episcopal clergyman. Florence soon fled the rectory. She proceeded from early Hollywood horse operas arranged by equestrian friends to Roaring Twenties parties on her family inheritance to flying lessons and work with Howard Hughes on *Hell's Angels*. She acquired the nickname Pancho on a hobo trek through Mexico, and it stuck. She was admired for nerve, skill, and a notably foul mouth. She established a combination flying and riding resort next to the outpost that developed into Edwards Air Force Base. As the base expanded, the government proposed to take her property by eminent domain. Pancho fought, and aquired a taste for acting as her own attorney. Litigation became a habit. Financial problems multiplied. She died in squalor in a shack full of dogs—probably murdered, although the authorities did nothing about it. In summary, her life seems willful folly. Actually it was a fine example of what a determined woman could accomplish by going her own way with no fear of possible consequences. It was certainly not dull, and Ms. Kessler has done it justice.

—*Phoebe-Lou Adams*

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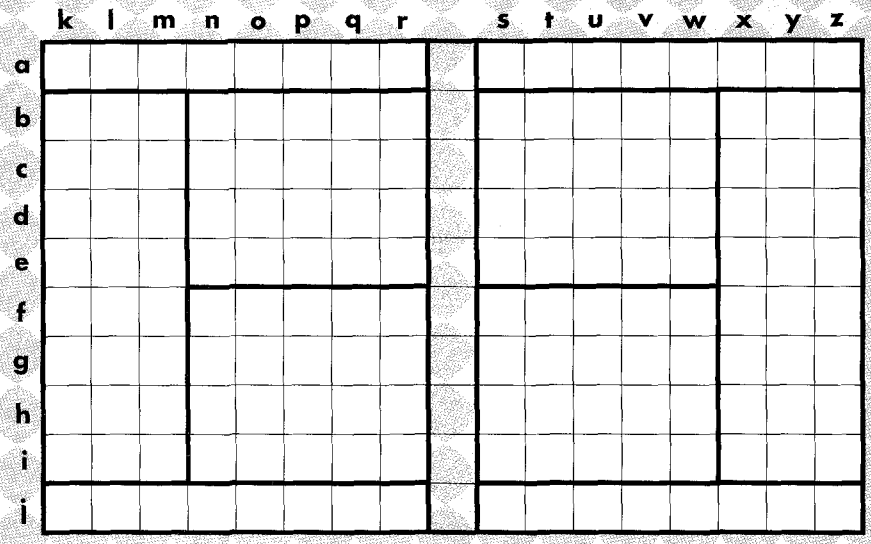
THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Cryptic Tennis

This puzzle's grid represents a tennis court, with heavy lines demarcating its sections rather than the beginnings and ends of entries. Clue answers should be entered without regard to bars, starting in the designated squares. Each section contains one square whose Across and Down letters are different. These letter pairs form a sort of connect-the-dots sequence that bounces back and forth across the net (shaded central column). Starting with the leftmost pair, remove one letter (from the Down entry in this case, but it may be either thereafter) and circle its duplicate among the right side's pairs. Remove the other letter from the second pair and circle its double on the left side. (There may be more than one double, but only one is correct.) Continue in this manner until ten letters have been removed and ten circled. Start with the leftmost circled letter and repeat the bouncing trail to form an appropriate two-word phrase. To complete the puzzle write that phrase in the shaded column. Answers include nine capitalized words.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 111.

Across

ak. Something played in court with round object, outside whenever summer's close (8)
as. Seamstress put in netting for game (8)
bo. Low-down humor (4)
bw. Loafer worn by a children's author (4)
ck. One in a thousand backing fad (5)
cs. Beside myself, cry out for compassion (5)
dk. Mark English is a former top court figure (8)
ds. Prison farm surrounded by groundwork (8)
en. Tries to catch lengthy naps (5)
ev. Carried by mail service, I assume (5)
fk. Lifting the feet (5)
fs. Republican employs tricks (5)
gk. Nitwit is nuts about snack, that guy (8)
gs. Great fruit fights (8)
hn. State capital announced (5)
hv. Play at rummy, discarding one ace, fittingly (5)
ik. Praise entirely in French (4)
is. Biblical book's accuracy found wanting initially (4)
jk. Warehouse damaged tent rope (8)
js. Short-tempered sort's malice about tree (8)

Down

ak. Fighter of Batman tossing and turning in bed (9)
am. Bridge sequence with a gap of two cards (6)
an. Change jailbirds, self included (5)
ap. Heard stray in ancient city (4)
aq. Goes downhill fast, having finally given in to swamp vapor (9)
as. Arm pusher with some cheese (9)
au. Mounts some authors' essays (6)
av. Summary return of restless walker (5)
ax. Cruise south, and suffer (4)
ay. Awesomely slimy blue liquid (9)
bl. Leave poultry at Greek temple (9)
br. Objector insisted on reforming about 500 (9)
bt. Prove capable ump wrong about error—one, certainly (7,2)
bz. Goddess redistributed men's money (9)
ep. Auditor's gone clear from the bottom (6)
ex. Laurel around the head of Upper Volta's central ruler (6)
fo. Irritate help at first in restaurant (5)
fw. Special love of parody (5)
gm. Touch horn on the way back (4)
gu. Unfriendly in quarantine (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 02114.

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WORD IMPROVISATION

by J. E. Lighter

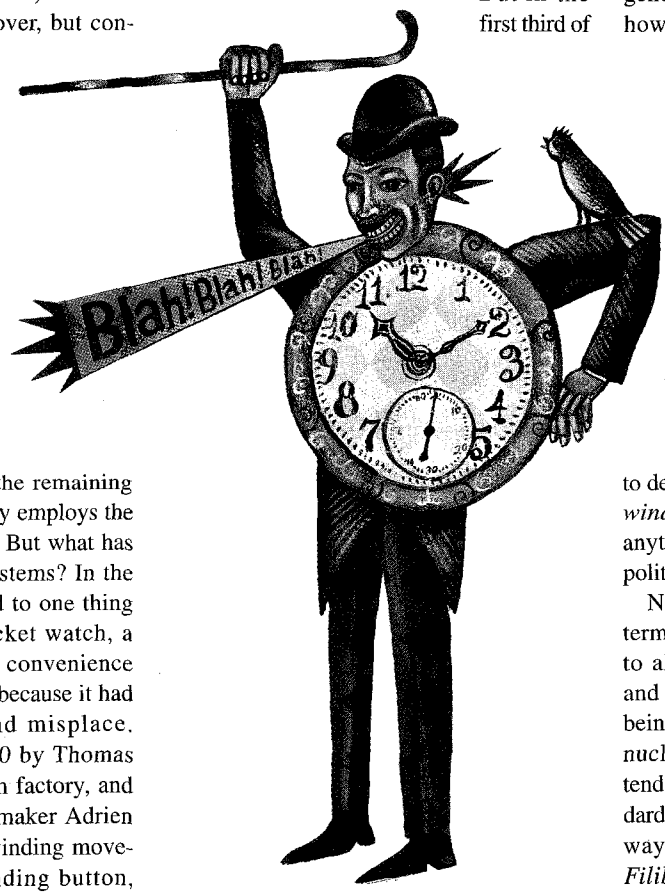
Party Lines

"ALL politics," Will Rogers wrote in the presidential-election year of 1924, "is *applesauce*" (that was Jazz Age slang for "attractive nonsense"). In 1966 Ronald Reagan mused to an aide that "politics is just like show business" (show business being another kind of *applesauce*). The crucial primaries may now be over, but considerable *applesauce* lies ahead, especially in the form of speechifying.

When the former ambassador Alan Keyes turned out to be the only declared Republican challenger left standing before the advance of George W. Bush, a commentator ventured the opinion that Keyes would fight to the bitter end for the chance to deliver "a *stem-winding* speech" to the convened party faithful. Of the remaining candidates, Keyes undoubtedly employs the grandest rhetorical flourishes. But what has that got to do with winding stems? In the 1860s *stem-winder* referred to one thing only: the stem-winding pocket watch, a remarkable improvement in convenience over less costly predecessors, because it had no key to fumble with and misplace. Invented in England in 1820 by Thomas Prest, the foreman of a watch factory, and refined by the French watchmaker Adrien Philippe in 1842, the stem-winding movement, with its knurled winding button, became standard in America in the years after the Civil War.

Satisfaction at being rid of a minor encumbrance—the watch key—eventually led to out-and-out linguistic recognition that the keyless pocket watch represented a new level of practical excellence. By the 1890s *stem-winder* was used to refer to anything or anybody possessed of superior qualities or ability—as in "Ain't he a *stem-winder*?" The associated notion of winding up a spring probably added connotations of productive energy, both kinetic and potential.

Word meanings usually move from the more to the less specific, and that's what happened to *stem-winder*: it moved from specifying a kind of watch to describing anything sensational. But in the first third of the twentieth century its meaning began to narrow again.



Before use of the electric microphone became widespread, politicians had to shout to be heard. Relying primarily on oratory and the force of personality, a keynote speaker in particular was expected to exalt the crowd to a pitch of unbridled enthusiasm. Such a rousing speaker earned the label *stem-winder*. The word has lasted in politics (and watchmaking) long after its disappearance from general American slang. Since the 1940s, however, *stem-winder* has been applied more frequently to a rousing hortatory address than to the person giving it.

A rousing speech may also be referred to as a *barn burner*. The term was coincidentally an epithet for a member of the radical antislavery wing of the New York State Democratic Party during the 1840s, which was accused of figuratively trying to "burn down the barn just to get rid of the rats." A century later *barn burner* began to show up among bridge players to denote an extraordinary hand. Like *stem-winder*, *barn burner* soon came to refer to anything or anybody exciting, including a political speech.

No potpourri of political-speechifying terms is likely to omit *filibuster*, familiar to all Congress watchers as both a noun and a verb. It's not exactly slang—politics being one of those professions, like law and nuclear physics, whose particular idioms tend to make their way promptly into standard English simply because there's no other way to get the idea across so succinctly. *Filibustero* is a Spanish word for "freebooter." The anglicized *filibuster* came into being in the early 1850s, to designate North American adventurers who were bent on seizing power in, for example, Mexico and Nicaragua. *Filibuster* quickly became a snarl-word for an extreme partisan trying to stall a legislative decision with delaying tactics such as a long-winded speech; the point of the comparison seems to have been the ruthless politics of both kinds of *filibuster*. By 1853 *filibuster* was a verb, and an indispensable part of the lexicon of both parties.

Investigations of slang by the editor of the
Random House Historical Dictionary of American Slang

Illustration by Christian Clayton

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